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JOHN S. SARGENT

By Royal Cortissoz

MR. SARGENT'S princely rank in modern painting was conferred upon him at his birth. In his career, which already has entered into the history of art as something singular and important, every condition has been favorable. All things, from the start, conspired to make him a painter, and even in his student days he possessed the instinctive authority over his brushes which, in an age of technicians, is nevertheless rare. The point means more than is immediately obvious. Scores of modern painters paint so well that in any exhibition, until the self-confessed amateurs are reached, a certain workmanlike standard is taken as a matter of course. But look beneath the surface in any collection of contemporary pictures, and a surprising number of celebrated names are found to spell one of two things—mechanism or effort. Mr. Sargent's name does not spell either. Bred in the studio of a Parisian of the Parisians, he has never adopted any of the hollow tricks of the Salonnier, who reduces execution to a science, and calls it art; and, paradoxically, while "the way in which he does it" is a matter of perpetual interest to his critics, he offers in his work the proof of Mr. Whistler's maxim, that "a picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared."

I am aware of the danger in approaching Mr. Sargent along these cheerful lines. For the last two or three years he has tyrannized over the Royal Academy in a way well calculated to make a great many excellent mediocrities hate the sight of his productions. It has been a case of Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere. One show in particular at Burlington House—it was, I think, in 1900—I vividly remember. The vast wall space was, as usual, more than well covered. I scrutinized every inch of it with care, and an open mind. Literally, every canvas that had something profitable to say for itself was a Sargent. His peers have accepted the situation with amiability. But a mild reaction has recently set in, and as Mr. Sargent is not able, any more than any other man, to strike twelve every time he paints a picture, he has been terribly taken to task for his failures; divers critics have been finding out that he hasn't really any genius at all, but is simply one more "talent"—of a rather unusual order, to be sure, but still only a talent. For my own part, the shock of one of his failures has always been especially distressing; it has come with a weight in proportion to its source. But why in the world it should set any one to a solemn shaking of the head over the painter of the "Carmencita," or the "Miss Beatrice Goelet," or the "Asher Wertheimer, Esq.," it is difficult to perceive. Most of the Jeremiads intoned over him, apropos of an unsuccessful portrait, actually amount to this: that he does not paint like somebody else, like Titian, or Rembrandt, or Gainsborough, or Degas. Better a hundred failures than the one most humiliating of all—the failure to paint like himself.

He has been his own inspiration from the outset, a fact redoubled in interest when his early environment is considered.

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He was born in Florence (in 1856), and I suppose the future historian will accordingly look for traces of Italian art in his development. They lurk, presumably, in the copies of Venetian portraits which he is said to have made, and, doubtless, in boyish sketch-books thus far hidden from the public. Certainly, too, the scenes of his youth must be counted among those favorable conditions to which allusion has been made above. No one with the artistic temperament could live, at the most impressionable of all ages, among the masterpieces of the Southern schools, and not of the "Croizette," the "Sabine," and other memorable canvases of the seventies and thereabouts. These were among the first-fruits of a reorganized state of affairs, and, it may be remarked in passing, Mr. Sargent is inconceivable save as a follower of the new, essentially modern régime.

It is interesting to consider the situation in Paris as he confronted it on his arrival twenty or twenty-five years ago. By that time the Barbizon painters had begun to reap the rewards of their long struggle with adversity, and impressionism had made

Study for "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose."

experience a fertilization of his nature, a purification of his taste. But whatsoever he may have derived, in the way of stimulus or suggestion, from the linear charm of the Tuscan Primitives, the plastic power of the North Italians, or the sensuous beauty of the Venetians, he has kept to himself. When the time for his apprenticeship arrived he gravitated to Paris as naturally and, from all we know to the contrary, as little encumbered with prejudice, as any American leaving New York or Boston for the artistic workshop of the world. He found there the one teacher, as it seems to me, best fitted to his own aptitudes—Carolus Duran. Not the Duran of that specious virtuosity which of late years has glittered in the Salon with the gaudy pride of fashionable vulgarity itself, but the Duran some of its most violent excursions into the enemy's country. But the enemy was not by any means to be ejected in a day from his Academic citadel, and, moreover, to the young painter then feeling his way, the official exhibitions presented appeals which it would have required some courage and more stupidity for him to disdain. The truth is that there was a good deal going on in the Paris of Mr. Sargent's salad days which did not need a novel label to recommend it. Academic ideals were waning, but not all the Academicians, or all their fellow-believers in the artistic principles handed down by the fathers, were committed to a soulless routine. If Cabanel was painting his correct and cold presentments of the *grande dame* of his day, Bonnat was modelling, with a kind of brutal en-

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"Carnation Lily, Lily Rose."

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ergy, portrait after portrait of the statesman, the poet, and the soldier, and making them anything but cold. Degas himself, creating a new school, was not unmindful of an old one. He emulated, in his independent way, the classicist he adored—Ingres. There appeared in a New York gallery not long ago a souvenir of Degas in this backward-glancing mood of his, a portrait of a woman, which was a little sermon in itself against always looking for the virtues of change where change is most manifest. In some of its aspects this painting might pass for a page from the ante-impressionistic era. It has in it the sobriety and the rectitude of Ingres himself, and draws near to the "finish," while it assuredly possesses the solidity, characteristic of many an Academician. The note in the thing, of an aim new at that time, lies altogether in the quality of its execution, in the personal treatment of a scheme entirely impersonal, in beauty of modelling and tone.

Study for "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose."

It is the fashion to enhance applause of an innovator by contempt of the men he has risen to supplant. As a matter of fact there were capable painters before Manet, and contemporary with him, who had no impulse toward his subversive tendencies, and the formation of Mr. Sargent's style is the more interesting to observe if we see it going on, not amid the harmonious teachings of a single school, but in a time of many movements and in one of transition into the bargain. The choice of a definite line of action at such a time involves the use of so much the more judgment and individuality. One point it is important to remember. Mr. Sargent, studying under the wing of Carolus Duran, was in an atmosphere sympathetic to new ideas, but not at all inhospitable to old ones. While he emerged from his master's studio a modern in the best sense of the term, it was with a vein of conservatism in him which has never disappeared. Of how many modern painters, endowed as he has been with superabundant technical brilliance, could it be said that they have never exceeded a certain limit of audacity? I know of no canvas of his which could fairly be called sensational. One of the least conventional of painters, his art nevertheless remains adjusted to the tone and movement of the world in which he lives—surely a fine example of genius expressing its age. Like Degas, in the portrait aforesaid, he has poured new wine into an old bottle without breaking the bottle.

Thus far I have taken it for granted that it is of Sargent the portrait-painter we are

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Mrs. Henry G. Marquand.

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speaking, yet his predestination to that rôle, which has since been made unmistakable, is not clear in the opening incidents of his career. He painted portraits, but he painted other things, notably some Spanish and Venetian subjects out of which he got so much of the charm of Southern picturesqueness, without any of its factitious and theatrical elements, that if he were not indispensable in portraiture one might sigh for his return to the freedom and variety of

Italian With Rope.

the casual composition. I say "casual" advisedly, for some of the most characteristic of the earlier works I have in mind are, if not exactly unstudied, at all events chiefly admirable for the spontaneity and almost artless vivacity with which they record impressions of things seen. One of them is "A Street in Venice," in which two cloaked idlers watch a girl who passes them, her shawl drawn close about her, her face toward the spectator. "Venetian Bead Stringers," which dates apparently from the same period, is a shadowy interior with three figures. It is a long time since I have seen either of these paintings, but I retain as clearly as though I had seen them yesterday, a sense of the vitality in them; of their charm as of motives taken from common life and lifted at once out of the commonplace. The figures are so effectively placed, the light and shade playing about them are so skilfully directed, the touch is so fresh and so sure. Here is, in short, what Mr. Sargent, the painter of such subjects, always gives us—a sane and winning naturalism.

Sometimes it has taken a delicately romantic tone. In a volume of "Spanish and Italian Folk-Songs," published by Miss Alma Strettell in 1887, six of the twelve illustrations are by Mr. Sargent. The frontispiece is a sketch of a gypsy dance, with figures thrust forth from, or almost buried in, mysterious gloom. One of the plates in the body of the book is of a quaint image of the Madonna such as Southern peasants worship. In a second a woman draws back in terror from the mystic message of the cards whose power she has invoked; in a third a dancer, with superb gesture, is drawn with wonderful

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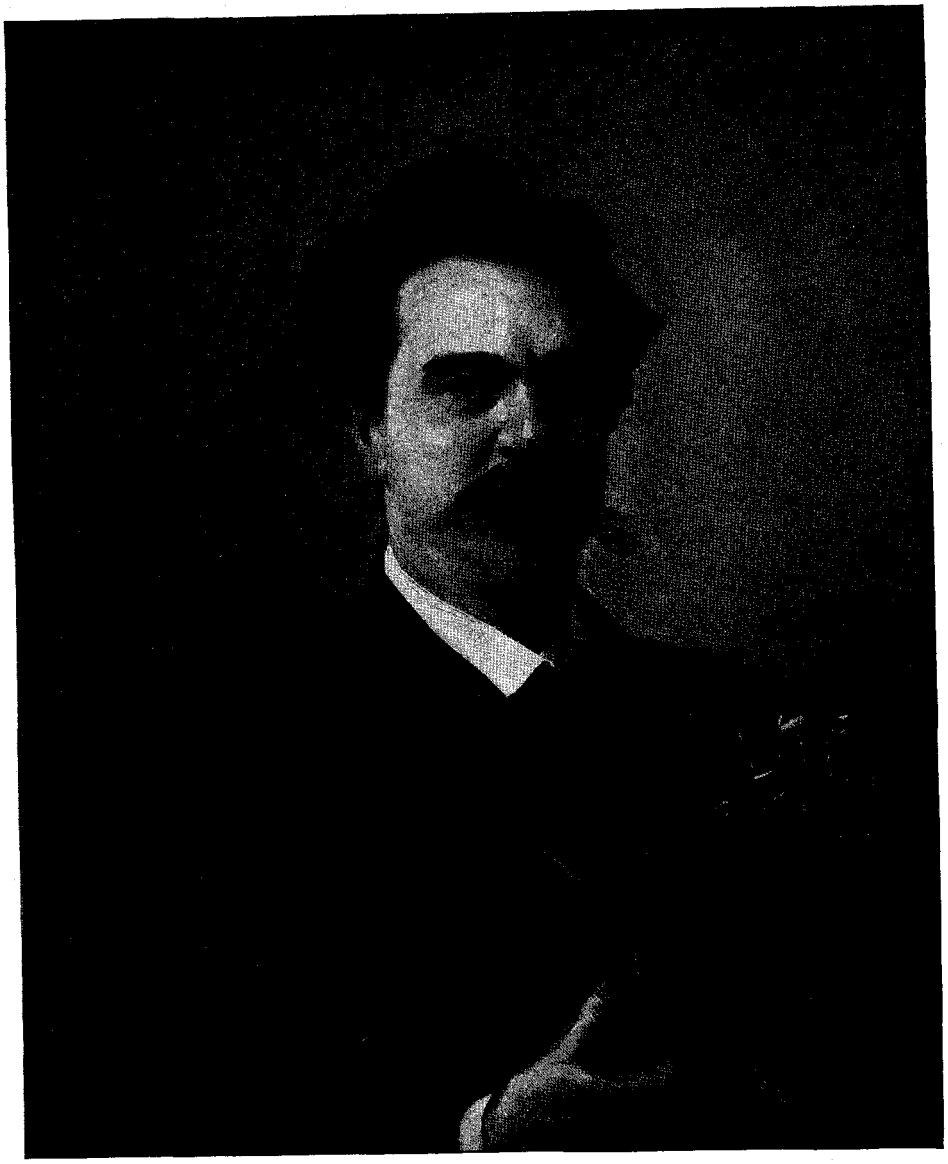

Johannes Wolff.

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feeling for rhythmic motion; the next subject is a dainty garden scene, and the last is a Crucifixion. In all the drawings there is an emotion not of the surface, a hint that the painter has caught the strain of *macabre* poetry in his material. But even in these one cannot but feel that his salient faculty is that of the artist who labors most fruitfully "with his eye on the object," not with his imagination hovering around its inner secrets. How secure he has ever been from drifting, through this purely visual preoccupation, into the cruder naturalism of the French school—the influence of which was in the air in his younger days—is shown, even more than in these fugitive smaller essays, by the large picture of a Spanish dance, "El Jaleo," which he sent to the Salon of 1882 and which was for some years lent to the Fine Arts Museum of Boston by the gentleman in that city to whom it belongs.

I can imagine Mr. Sargent contemplating an inroad upon the Salon, remembering the conditions imposed by that storm-tossed arena upon the contributor who does not want to be swamped, and speculating as to whether this painting of his, in subject, scale, and treatment, would "do." Decidedly it would do. "El Jaleo" is the kind of picture that "makes a hole in the wall." It would hold its own amid a host of *machins*. But I cannot imagine Mr. Sargent allowing anything of the *machin* to creep into it. He must know the language of the Parisian studios, but he does not speak it in his work. Perhaps it is his Florentine up-bringing, steadying his taste; perhaps it is his effortless originality. Whatever the safeguard, he is as free from the *cliché*—and from vulgarity—in "El Jaleo" as he is, say, in his portrait of "Miss Beatrice Goelet," a painting in which the innocent sweetness of childhood unfolds itself like a flower. "El Jaleo," though it was in the Salon, was not of it. Like the Venetian studies just cited, it is a piece of naturalistic painting; every ingredient of visible passion, grace, and Spanish glamour which belongs to the famous dance, as I have seen it again and again in Seville and Madrid, is reflected as in a mir-

Bedouin Arab.

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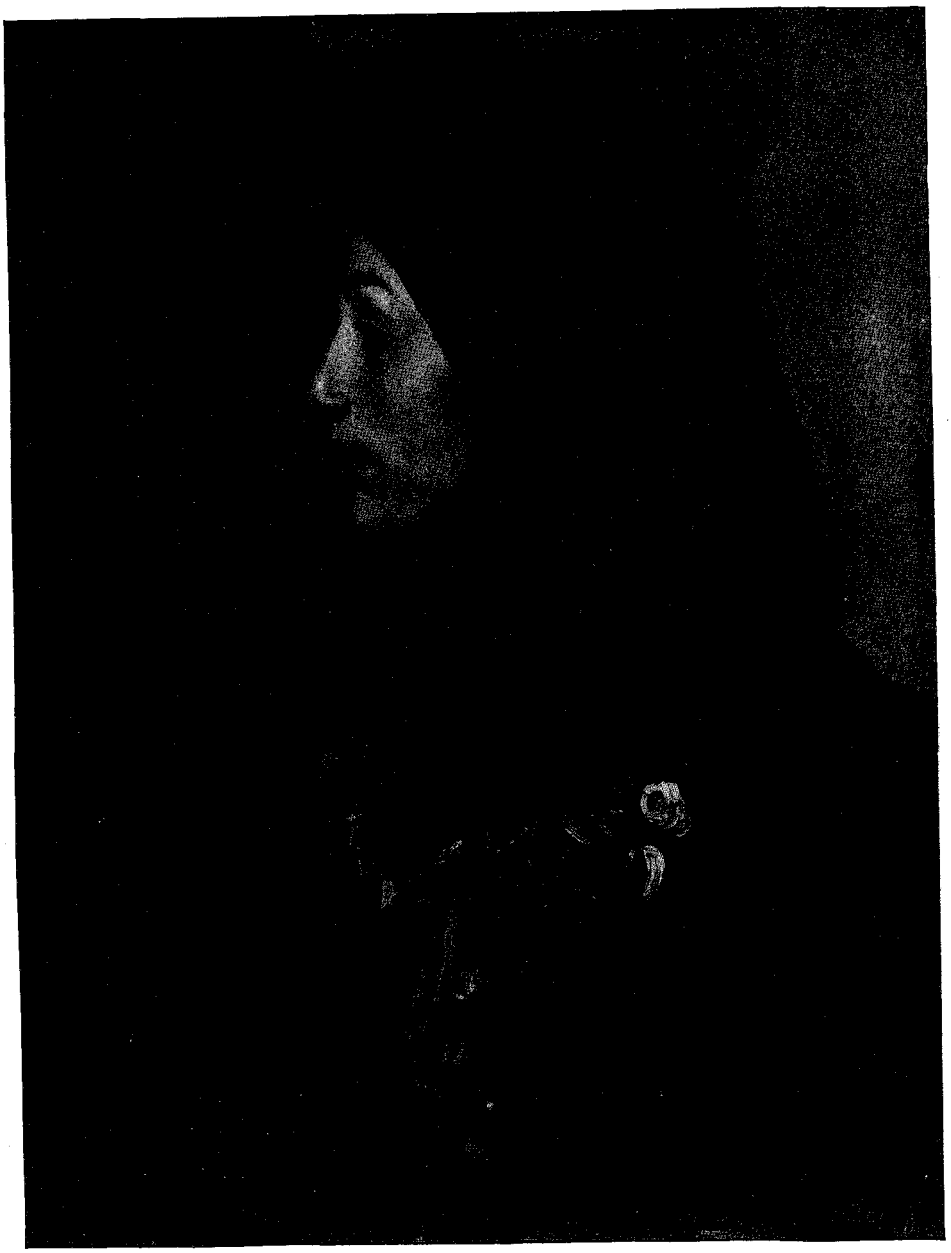

Egyptian Woman with Coin Necklace.

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ror; but there is no tincture of the photograph there. Merely as a realistic record of facts this makes the numerous studies of the same theme which have passed through the Salon, look forced and garish, its realism being of the higher order. Put its veracity aside and you still have what is, after all, the thing most worth having in the circumstances,—a beautiful work of art, beautiful in its rich darks, its luminous yet restrained yellows, its grouping of some eight or ten figures in a design which seems simplicity itself—until you take the trouble to analyze the balance of its movement, and the subtle co-ordination of its values. What holds one, moreover, in this production of a young man still in his twenties, is its astonishing aplomb; the ease and keen unhackneyed "attack" with which the thing is done, proclaim a painter who has "arrived" and with whom modern art will henceforth have to reckon. It has been reckoning with him ever since, now breathless with admiration, now full of impatience and indignation over some ill-considered piece of work, but never indifferent.

One way of emphasizing this point is to face the fact that for years Mr. Sargent has sent scarcely anything save portraits to the exhibitions. A great portrait is one of the greatest things in the world, but it is not, to-day, the portrait-painter of whom one would ordinarily hear most. The subject-picture has a way of taking the centre of the stage, and in the twenty years and more that have elapsed since "El Jaleo" was painted, Mr. Sargent has done nothing save the charming "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," to follow up the success of that work. His decorations for the Boston Public Library occupy a place apart in his activity, and form in no sense a sequence to his early triumph. Possibly we have lost by his abstention, though it may be that he gives us all that it is really delightful to have, outside of his portraiture, in such studies and sketches as those with which he amuses himself when on his travels, and in the intervals of painting portraits at home. At any rate, a good portrait by him has an interest quite as potent as that of a subject-picture. This, which is so true of him to-day, has never been truer than it was when he was only nearing the threshold of his present extraordinary vogue. I might cite in evidence that noted portrait which he painted, in 1879, of his master, in worthy requital of all that Carolus Duran had done in teaching him the rudiments of his profession. But an apter illustration is provided by the full-length he made of a famous Parisian beauty, Madame Gautreau. That inspiring personality we may see also in a brilliant half-length by Courtois, and it is most instructive to compare the two. The Frenchman's work is a polished piece of draughtsmanship. He has handled his motive somewhat in the vein of an old Florentine or Milanese profile, and has achieved a pure distinction in the contour, a delicacy in the tone, by virtue of which he has carried the panel through one exhibition after another, undiminished in its prestige. Sargent's much larger portrait, which he sent to the Salon two years after "El Jaleo," is inferior to it in linear austerity, and in atmosphere, as of something sculpturesque and fragile. But in everything else it is a much more striking performance. I need not pause upon the technique, save to note that it has a good deal of the characteristic Sargent effulgence, and an elasticity and breadth to which Courtois could lay no claim. What is important is the conception, which is as modern and personal as the other is neo-Italian and Academic; and in addition there is the masterful accent of the man born to paint portraits, born to draw from each of his sitters the one unforgettable and vital impression which is waiting for the artist.

People complain that Mr. Sargent violates the secret recesses of human vanity, and brings hidden, because unlovely, traits out into the light of day; that his candor with the brush is startling, to say the least, and sometimes even perilous. He is accused not simply of painting his sitter, "wart and all," but of exaggerating the physical or moral disfigurement. If this is true there is something humorous in the spectacle, which is constantly being presented, of men and women running the risk. But the risk is not so great as it seems. Take the portrait of Madame Gautreau. It is no encroachment upon the privacy of that lady to consider both portraits of her with brief reference to their original, and to observe that while Courtois gives us an enchanting variation on his theme, Sargent's canvas vibrates with the

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Miss Octavia Hill.

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exquisite quality of the theme itself, in all its integrity. That is his great gift. He does not betray his sitter. He takes his or her essential traits and makes them the stuff of a kind of pictorial demonstration, interesting us in them profoundly. Few of his sitters seem, as we see them on the canvas, to have been passive on his hands. The electric currents of a duel are in the air. Character has thrown down its challenge, the painter has taken it up, and the result is a work in which character is fused with design, plays its part in the artistic unit as powerfully, and almost as vividly, as any one of the tangible facts of the portrait. Where Madame Gautreau has received a happier commemoration at Sargent's hands than at those of Courtois, has been in the greater extent to which the American has allowed her to co-operate, as it were, with him. Her style, her atmosphere, the last, most evanescent perfume of her individuality, help enormously to make this portrait appealing not simply as a portrait, but as a painting. I cannot see in this any of the "risk" to which I have just referred. Complaint is apt to come, I fear, from those who cannot understand that the business of the portrait-painter is to tell the truth. That the truth happens to strike Mr. Sargent as a factor in portraiture of no less constructive importance than form or color is simply one of the proofs of his adequacy.

There is a good story of the late Coventry Patmore and the portrait of him by Mr. Sargent which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Basil Champneys, in his biography of the poet, relates that when the work was finished and he went down to Lymington to see what the original declared to be "the best portrait which Sargent, or probably any other painter, had ever painted," it struck him as inclining toward caricature. Patmore asked for his opinion. "I told him," says Mr. Champneys, "that if the picture had been extended downwards there must have appeared the handle of a whip, and that he would then have been fully revealed as a sort of Southern planter on the point of thrashing his slaves and exclaiming, 'You damned niggers!'" Patmore was pleased. "He always delighted in any tribute to his grasp of active life, and prided himself on his power of dealing blows to the adversary." Mr. Sargent had missed the aspect of "seer," which in later years had alone seemed to Mr. Champneys characteristic of his friend. Is posterity the loser? Will

Portrait Sketch.

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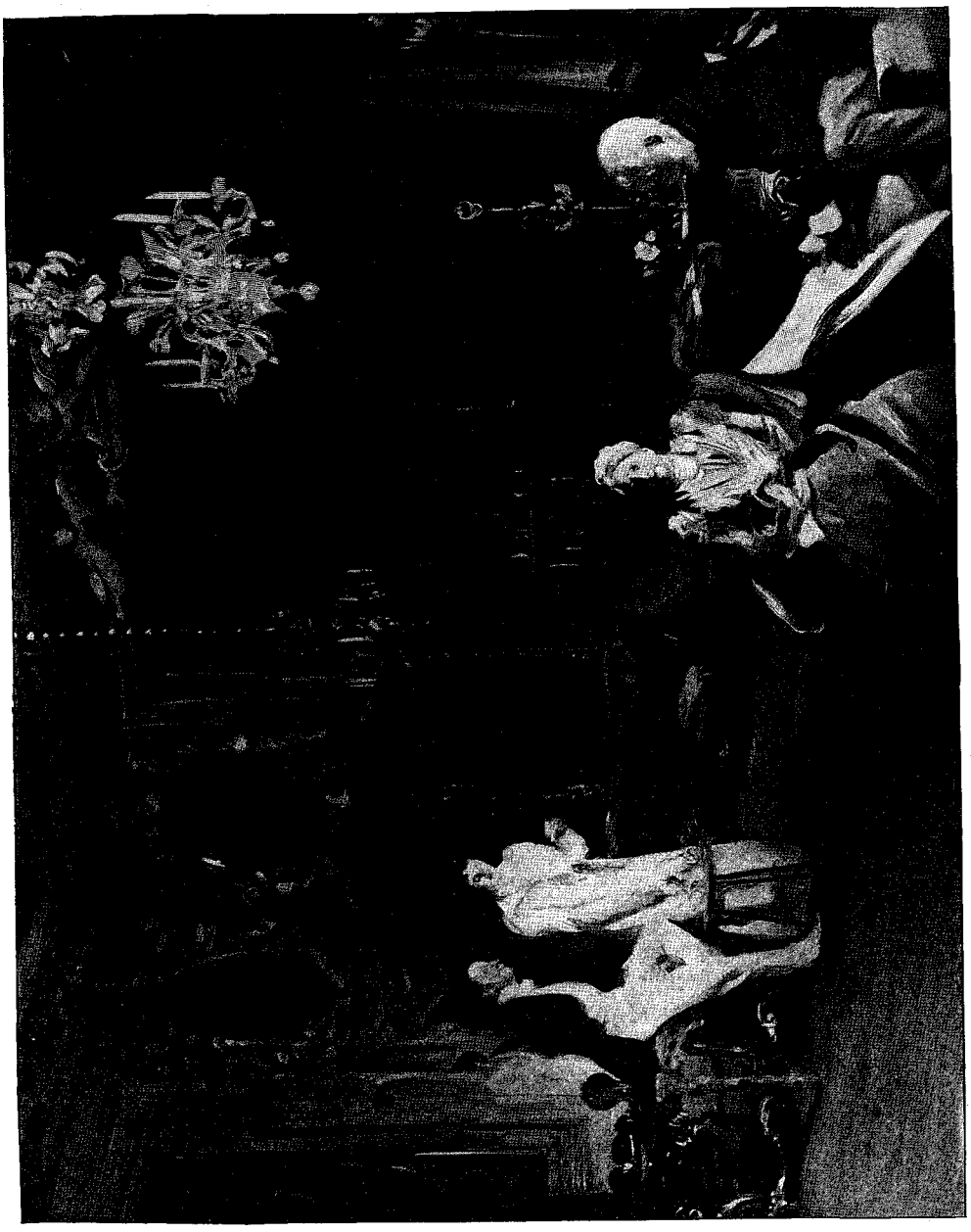

A Venetian Interior.

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it receive a false impression of Patmore? I doubt it.

In the light of the long procession of portraits which he has put to his credit, it seems to me that if there is a living painter in whose interpretations of character confidence can be placed, it is Mr. Sargent. His range is apparently unlimited. He has painted Carmencita in all the pomp and insolence of her mundane beauty; and not only in the "Miss Beatrice Goelet," but in the "Hon. Laura Lister," the "Homer St. Gaudens," the "Master Goodrich," and "The Boit Children," he has treated adolescence with the most searching understanding. He has painted men and women in their prime and in their old age, and in whatever walk of life he has found them, he has apprehended them with the "seeing eye" that is half the battle. Actors, actresses, lawyers, architects, soldiers, painters, statesmen, poets, noblemen, commoners, men of affairs, and nobodies, all these has he painted and painted well, and, besides, he has portrayed the woman of fashion, in her infinite

Dante and Virgil.
Sketch for an illustration.

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Capri Girl.

variety, with incomparable elegance and penetration.

Five years ago, when the only representative exhibition of his works which has thus far been held, was given in Boston, I remember with what human interest the hall seemed filled. It was as though one were witnessing some great levee or other ceremonial, crowded with beautiful and distinguished personalities, and murmurous with living voices. Nowhere in that assemblage did the note seem forced. It was not criticism, but an irresistible play upon words in which Mr. Whistler indulged when he looked at the "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," and said, "Darnation Silly, Silly Pose." It is worth noticing that it is not in his portraits of men, but in his portraits of women, who illustrate far more histrionically the nervous tension of the age, that Mr. Sargent has painted his most unconventional compositions. And when his subject has permitted him to exchange nervousness for repose, with what felicity he has seized his opportunity! There is not in modern portraiture a more satisfactory study in dignity and noble stateliness than his "Mrs. Marquand." On the other hand, the quality which is so well expressed in this canvas, while evidently accessible to Mr. Sargent when he is painting a single figure, escapes him on some other occasions when his task is more complicated. He could repeat the quiet pose of the "Mrs. Marquand" in his portrait of Lady Agnew, one of the most refined works he has ever painted, but in his group portraits, where poise is most needed, it is markedly absent. Sometimes it hardly matters. The "Mrs. Carl Meyer and Her Children," for example, is so captivating in its Gallic lightness of feeling, so dazzling in its technique, that it were futile to quarrel with its composition—an application to portraiture of the principle of spontaneity which we have seen in action in his early Venetian

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sketches. "The Misses Vickers," which was painted in the middle eighties, some ten or twelve years before the "Mrs. Meyer," also justifies itself through the sheer charm of the effect which the painter has secured from his lawless arrangement of forms. But what of "The Three Graces," as by common consent it was called, the big canvas (representing Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane, the daughters of Mrs. Wyndham) which created a furore in the Academy four years since? The uneasy balance of the thing was, in my opinion, only thrown into clearer relief by the presence of Watts's portrait of Mrs. Wyndham in the background, where Mr. Sargent had dimly indicated that fine souvenir of a modern exemplar of the grand manner. What of the other large group which he has since executed, "The Misses Hunter"?

A Study.

They are interesting paintings. Mr. Sargent could not be dull if he tried. But they do not seem, like his single portraits, or even like one of his double portraits, "The Daughters of Asher Wertheimer," to be—there is no other word—inevitable. There is work in them finer than anything any of his contemporaries could do—and there is the sense of artifice and effort, of lines teased into relations to one another which, when he is himself, Mr. Sargent never discloses. The trouble, I take it, is that he is groping through the intricacies of a formula, a thing foreign to his genius, and, what is more, foreign to his time. The only artists who have ever succeeded in doing the sort of thing Mr. Sargent has latterly been trying to do in these groups of his, have been painters like Mignard, Rigaud, Largillière, and the rest, in France, or like Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and their school in England —men who have been born to a tradition half social and half artistic, and have therefore moved within its boundaries with unconscious ease. In his endeavor to reconcile the mode of the eighteenth century with the spirit of the twentieth, Mr. Sargent has "gone against nature," and, for once, his consummate ability has been set at naught. In other words, in these groups he is not himself; and in being himself, as cannot be too often reiterated, resides a great part of his strength.

He is himself in his reading of character, in his design, and in his style. To say this is not to forget his indebtedness, where style is concerned, to other painters, even to Duran. I think there is something of Duran in his mere cleverness, which, like so much that is fluent and self-possessed in modern craftsmanship, could have been developed in Paris and nowhere else. The broad, slashing stroke of Hals has taught him something, it is fair to assume, and the influence of Velasquez in his work is sufficiently obvious. Yet there is not in all his painting the ghost of what it would be reasonable to call an imitative passage. The rapidity and *bravura* of Hals he recalls often enough, but never the Dutchman's blunt simplicity. The temperament of the racy old master and that of the cosmopolitan modern are poles apart. He revives sometimes, in terms of brush-work, the tradition of Velasquez, but it is not by brush-work alone that style is made; with the painter of "Las Meninas" and "Las Hilanderas," color is peculiarly important, and between color as he understood it, and

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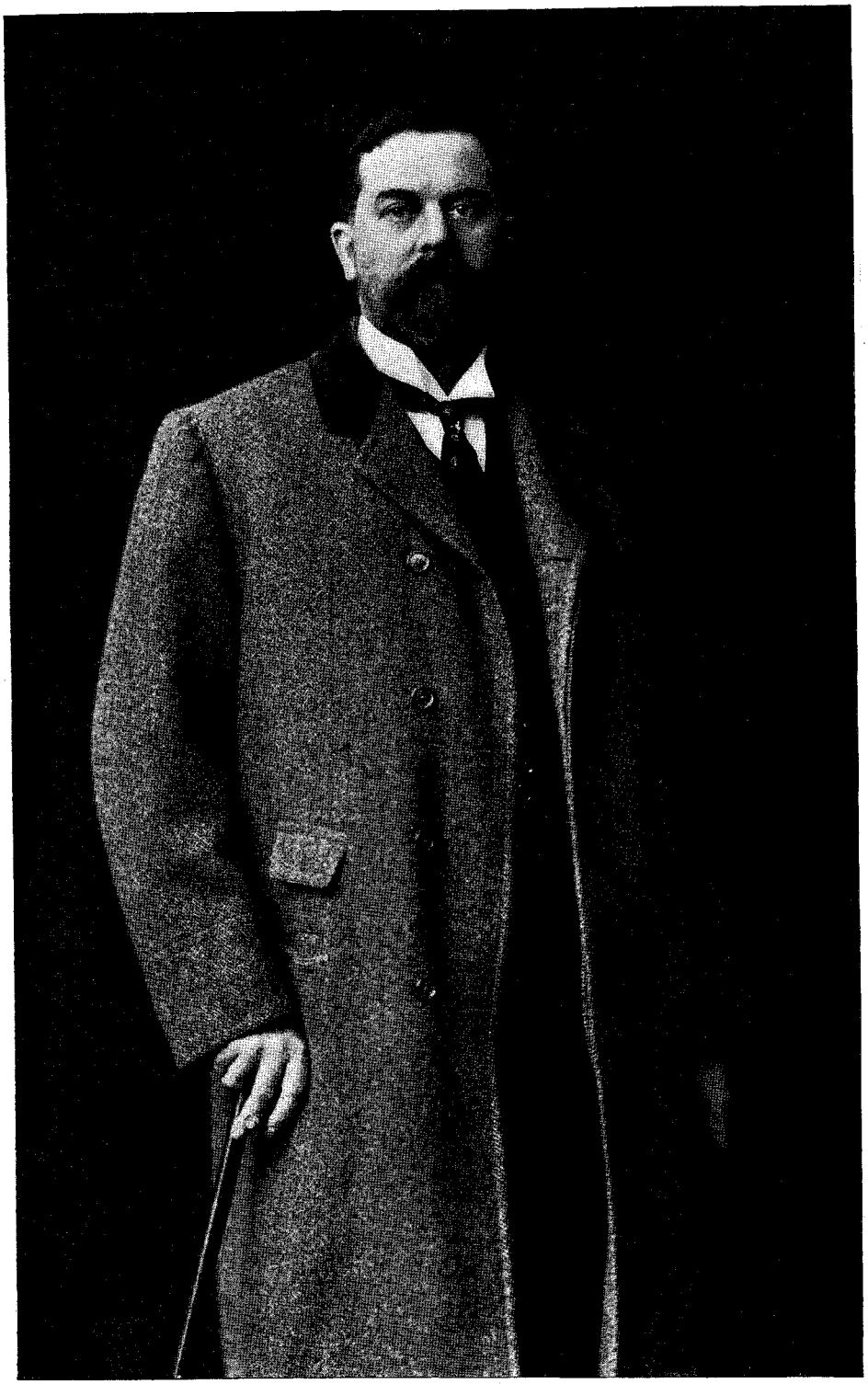

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John S. Sargent.

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Mr. Sargent's, there is no connecting link. One is all limpidity and sober charm, even when it is in its higher keys. The other is sharp, vibrating, and, though always in good taste, never deep or tender. To see the point in a nutshell, compare the plangent brilliance of the costume in the portrait of Carmencita with the melting, bloom-like beauty of a dress worn by one of the Infantas of the Prado. The clear *timbre* of the older colorists, resonant and haunting, has always struck me as lying outside the scope of Mr. Sargent's art, if not, perhaps, incompatible with so militant and pyrotechnical a phenomenon. The differences between him and his illustrious predecessors go to the very root of the matter. If his prototype is to be looked for anywhere—though there is, to be sure, no great necessity for finding one—it must be in another modern, the Belgian, Alfred Stevens. He is no more a modern Hals or Velasquez than he is a modern Rembrandt or Botticelli, for he looks at life and art from a totally different point of view; not simply, or grandly, or tragically, or imaginatively, but with the detached, intellectual curiosity of a man of the world. He paints with a dexterity that is of the same modern, eclectic, and yet intensely individualized origin as his mental attitude. Of course he has profited by the great exemplars of technique. As a great technician he could not have done anything else.

He has his place in the hierarchy, the place of a portrait-painter, for all that the pictures mentioned above have such rare merit. The decorations in the Boston Public Library serve but to confirm this hypothesis. They represent a high ambition, they fill given spaces with impressive ideas eloquently expressed; but as decorations in the strict sense they want the unity which elsewhere Mr. Sargent so easily achieves. The strongest elements in them are elements of portraiture—the powerful characterization and varied handling of forms in the now famous frieze of Prophets, and certain specific embodiments, like the Astarte or the Moloch, in the upper sections of the scheme at either end of the hall. It is as a portrait-painter that he stands head and shoulders above all his contemporaries, even his failures possessing an interest denied to many a clever painter's successes. Those failures he would probably be the first to acknowledge and deplore, and I dare say that they have been due to want of sympathy more than to anything else.

In the exhibition held at Boston this summer, of the fifteen or twenty portraits executed during his recent visit to this country, the good works and the bad ones were clearly those which had been done with enthusiasm and those which were perfunctory. If he had failed to wreak himself to good purpose upon some of his subjects it was because they had given him no such inspiration as that by which he was moved when he painted, for example, the large portrait of Colonel Higginson for the Harvard Union. To the making of that he had brought warm feeling, and he lifted it to an almost heroic plane. When he paints pot-boilers he is lost. Not his most elaborate portrait of a gorgeous personage, set in the most luxurious surroundings, has, if he has put nothing but mere workmanship into it, anything like the interest which attaches to some such sincere fragment as his sketch of the painter Helleu, working in the open air. His pencil portraits are uneven. They are only worthy of him when they reveal that caressing instinct for delicacy of linear effect which a long time ago he showed to such beguiling purpose in the sketch he painted of the wax bust at Lille attributed to Raphael. Yet in recalling the great mass of Mr. Sargent's work, I have been impressed by the comparative scarcity of portraits to which the word failure might in justice be applied—and by the disposition, moreover, of most of his successes to not merely fill the moment with their *éclat*, but to "wear well." Fortunate is the generation that is privileged to be painted by him!

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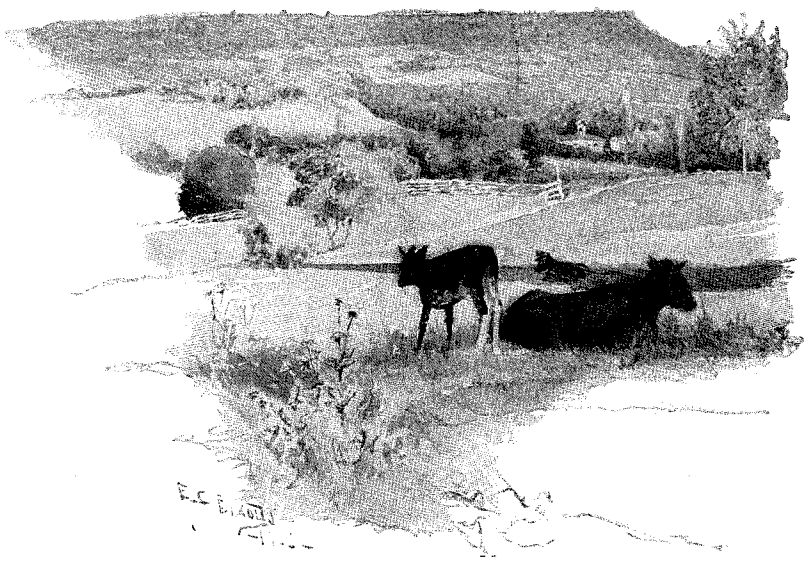

Table Mountain from Jackass Hill.

THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE days of '49 will always hold a glamour of their own; the farther they recede into the past the more they seem tinged with a certain romantic charm. Among the Sierra foothills, those bulwarks of eternal snowpeaks, the country is even now full of interest, riddled as it is with mines, befouled with dumps, intersected by flumes and ditches of rushing water, saffron-tinted with iron oxides, torn and scraped as by the greedy hand of some Cyclops, some Titan, insensate with the lust for gold.

The mines that Bret Harte knew best, and in fact the only ones he did know, except those in Trinity County, were what Californians call the Southern Mines, situated along the Stanislaus River, east of San Francisco. For Bret Harte was none too familiar with the *mise-en-scène* of his stories; he never hesitated to take liberties with the geography of California, and would make men ride a hundred miles or more a day between two places whose names had caught his fancy. His critics, going farther, and judging from these minor discrepancies, have urged that he did not correctly portray the life of the early mining days, and there, I think, they are at fault. Ofttimes, even to-day, gambling dens at Angel's are as lively as ever they were in the '50's. Men play poker with pistols on the table, stake all that they possess upon the outcome of a horserace, or coolly lay wagers on the time taken in dying of a Chinaman

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stabbed with a cheese-knife in their presence.

As I sat one day on the porch of the "General Store" at You Bet, I thought that Kentuck could not have shown a prettier vein of poetry than did old Dutch Jake as he told me how he had put up the little dove-cote on a pole-top to house the wandering martens, and how they returned "year after year and year after year, always to the same little nest, and always the same family."

And another day, as I lounged on Jackass Hill, and heard old "Billy" Gillis tell of two prospectors who started off across the divide to a near-by camp and were caught in a snow-storm and never returned, I thought of another of Bret Harte's critics, who wrote that there was nothing convincingly hopeless in the situation of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Had he ever seen the Sierra thickets of manzanita and chaparral?

How the temper of the old miners was mirrored in the names they gave their claims! the optimists who dubbed them Ophir Hill, Kohinoor, or Potosi, and those less sanguine who could go no further than All's Well; while the pessimists contented themselves with Little Done and Hard Luck. The old camp names still linger, quaint and picturesque in sound and fraught with suggestion: Piety Flat and Poverty Hill, Rough-and-Ready and Red Dog, Gold Run and Sandy Bar, Whiskey Hill and Gougeye.

The recently constructed Sierra railway has opened up Tuolumne County, making it possible to travel there quite comfortably, and it has added new life to the old town of Jimtown (now dignified in the time-table as Jamestown, if you please) by making it the junction of a branch line to Angel's Camp. The railroad station at Jimtown houses a good hotel, or a good hotel houses the railroad station, whichever you prefer. From the porch a hollow dips down to the gravelly bed of Wood Creek, along whose banks the town nestles. Opposite, a long hill occupies the entire background—a strange formation created by Nature in one of her

Torn and scraped as if by the hand of some Cyclops.

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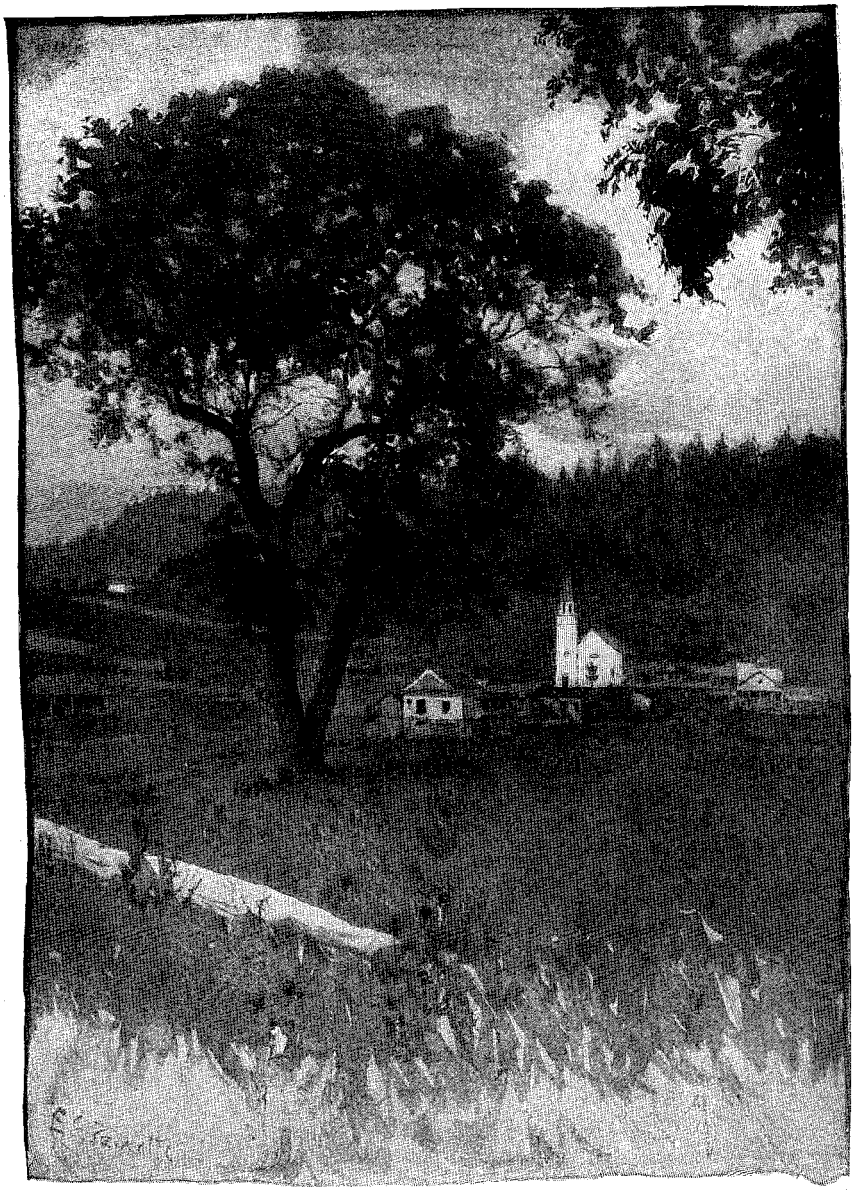

The old town of Tuolumne.

ugly moods—level as the ocean's horizon and more than twenty miles long,—Table Mountain, so well described in the initial paragraphs of the "Twins of Table Mountain," and the residence of Truthful James:

"I reside on Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James."

Table Mountain, rugged and grimy as the Etna fields, was formed in prehistoric days by a flow of lava that came down from the high Sierras over an ancient river bed. In the course of ages the surrounding hill-sides were washed away, and fifty years ago the gravelly creek bottom, now high up on the mountain side, was tapped by numerous mines, whence immense quantities of ore have been extracted.

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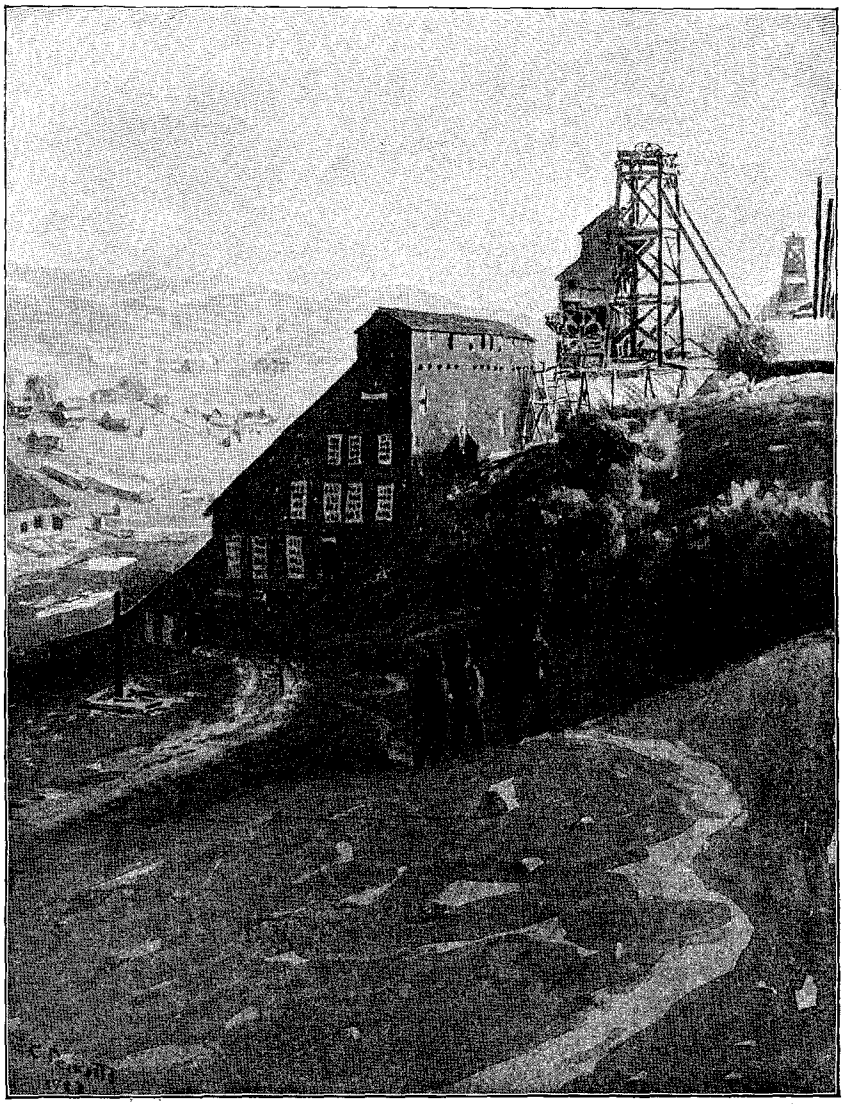

A quartz mine and stamp mill of to-day.

Truthful James recounts the row "Upon the Stanislow," and men in Tut letown, or Jimtown, will tell you of mastodon's teeth and vertebræ of antediluvian monsters found to-day in these creek-bed mines.

Truthful James had a prototype in real life, and he earned his sobriquet naturally, by being the greatest liar in the country. He was a newspaper man and "mine promoter," whose every sentence was an exaggeration or a prevarication. According to him, there was a "mine in Table Mountain so dark that charcoal looked white in it," and "in Sacramento mosquitoes were so thick that if you waved a pint can round your head you would catch a quart of them." His last exploit in Tuolumne County nearly cost him a term in prison. He found a gullible banker in Stockton who agreed to pay him one hundred dollars a month toward opening up a mine that Jim said he had discovered. For months the money was paid into the promoter's pocket, and he

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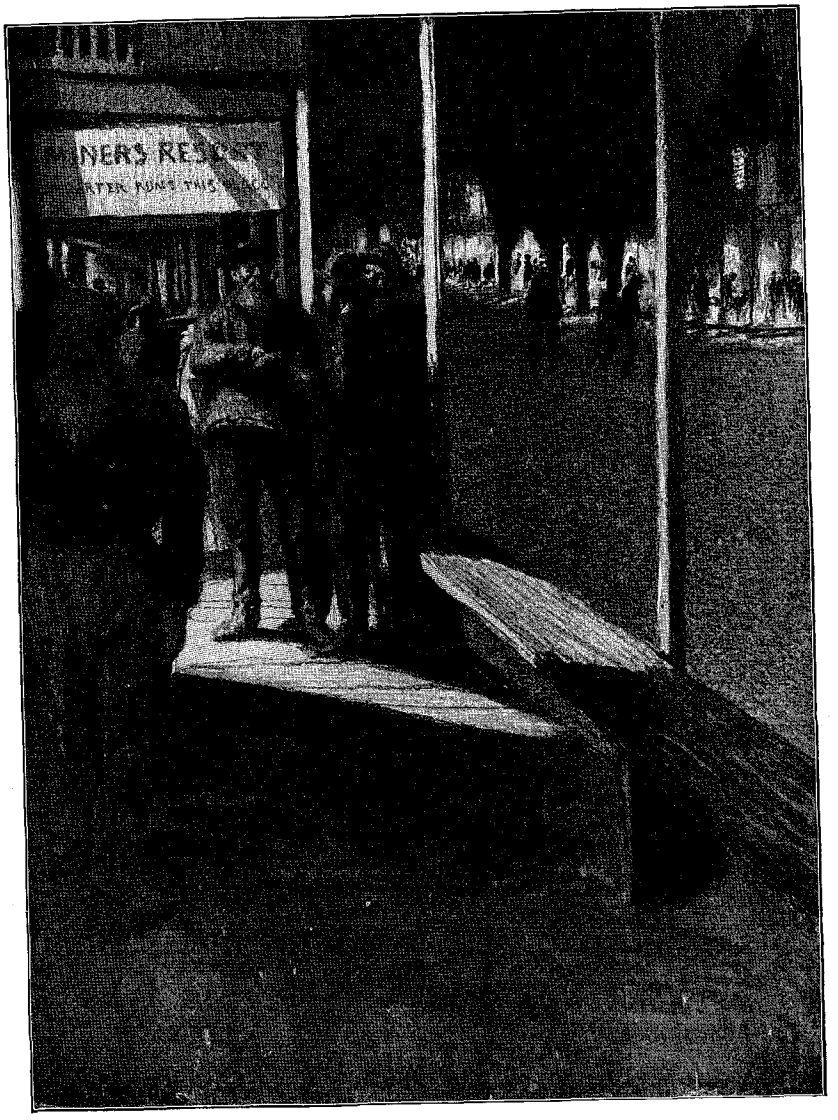

The main street at Angel's Camp.

in return sent assays and specimens of ore and a fictitious pay-roll, declaring each time that monthly dividends would shortly be declared. Finally, at the end of the year, the banker took it into his head to come up and see the famous mine himself, only to find that no such claim existed, and that the men whose names figured on the pay-roll had never been heard of in the county. When the promoter found he was discovered he started off on foot across the Sierras and landed in a distant part of the State, where he quit mining and went back to newspaper work.

In one of the hotels of Tuttletown I met a hospitable host in the person of the "bar-keep." Just before dinner he introduced me, with the usual formula in these parts —"Mr. So-and-so, shake hands with Mr. Somebody-else," to a number of old-timers lined up along the bar; and we ordered ki-yi and conversation-water, as the case might be, but all got straight

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whiskey. Among the men I noted one who had carefully bestowed his wooden toothpick, an old and battered one by the way, in the ribbon of his derby hat for future and indefinite use.

The barkeep presided at dinner in his shirt sleeves, and among the assemblage was one who for forty years had mined in the vicinity. With his own hands he had built a cottage, fearful and strange in design, and conspicuous among its simple neighbors on account of the wonderful ornaments—crescents, stars, cupolas and balconies—that decorated its walls and roof. He constructed it, as the men told me, for his "China wife," for he had married, years before, a Chinese woman. For her he had papered the rooms with gaudy patterns and decorated them with wooden domes and arabesques; for her he had hung upon the walls gay prints and lithographs of the Virgin, and for her he kept as a pet a poor tame eagle, shorn of its feathers, and an owl who had hatched and raised a quartet of ducklings! Even in comic opera could a stranger combination be devised?

A typical old-timer.

From Tuttletown the traveller may go by rail to Angel's Camp, through a lovely country wooded with cedars, firs, oaks, and magnificent sugar pines. Dog-wood blossoms stand star-white against the foliage; the azalea, the manzanita and the *yerba santa*, with its delicate purple bloom, add rich color to the prevailing verdure and the madroño, inspiration of one of the most charming of Bret Harte's poems, beginning:

> Captain of the Western wood,
> Thou that apest Robin Hood!
> Green above thy scarlet hose,
> How thy velvet mantle shows!
> Never tree like thee arrayed,
> Oh, thou gallant of the glade!

From the top of a divide the eye plunges down into the valley of the Stanislaus, a rushing, turbid stream, roaring in cascades over a rocky bed—scene of countless '49-er camps and the location of most of the Bars, Gulches, Flats and Fords that figure in Bret Harte's stories. On its banks John Oakhurst wandered, and Jack Hamlin, with his "pale Greek face and Homeric gravity"; its waters drowned Kentuck and the Luck of Roaring Camp; and at Wayne's Bar dwelt McGee, "the Bell-ringer of Angel's."

The railroad crosses the river on a high bridge, and as it ascends the opposite bank we look down on Robinson's Ferry, where two wagon roads, coming to the water's edge, are connected by a flat wooden ferryboat running on a cable in most primitive fashion, and until this year the only means of crossing the river for many a league above or below. And now as we climb, flumes like antediluvian reptiles with narrow bodies and long legs again wriggle down the hill-sides; gray piles of tailings and abandoned stamp-mills tell of the ruined hopes of many a gold-seeker. The

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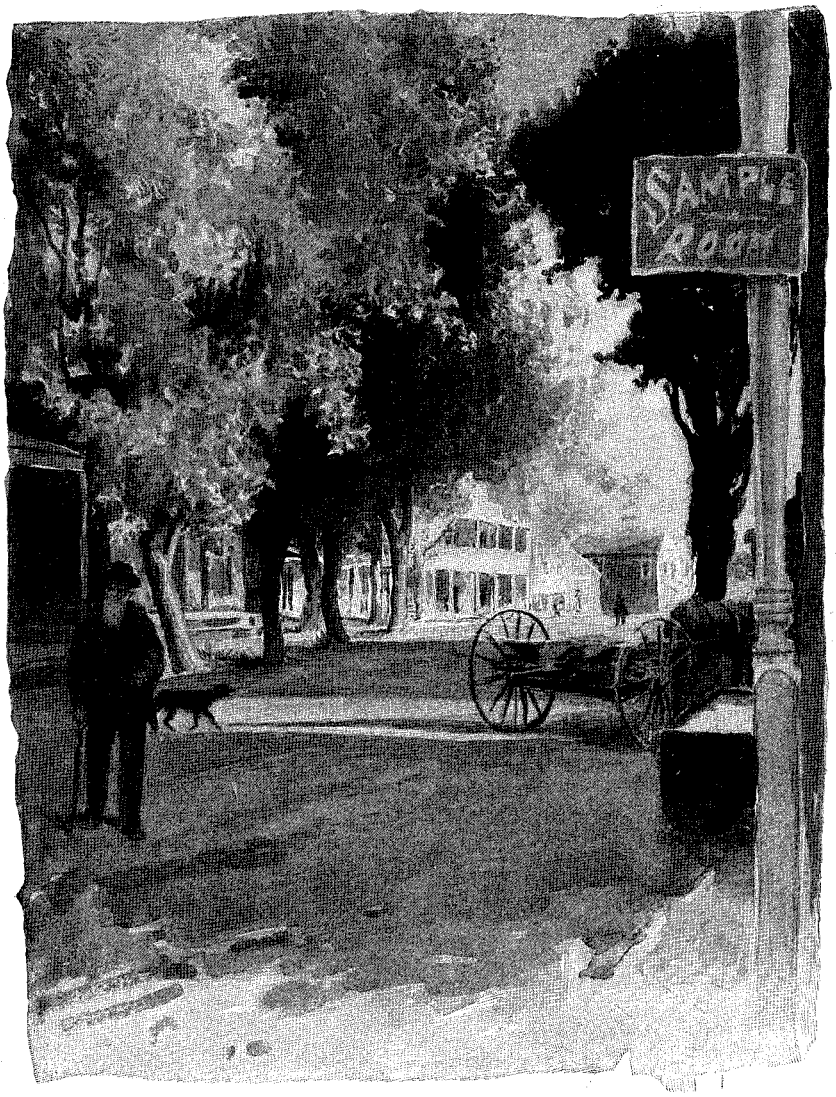

Jimtown.

creek beds are torn and mangled; deep in canyons tumble-down cabins fall to ruin, their hearth-stones open to the sky.

The sun was just setting in a burnished sky as we came in sight of Angel's Camp, its houses dotted against the darkening slopes, its smelting works vomiting a mass of smoke, copper-red against the sky. In the deepening twilight a hotel 'bus whirls us down a road half mine, half town, and along the edge of a foaming river whose slate-gray waters are opaque and thick with sulphurets. A sharp turn to the right and the horses are pulled up in the main street in front of the Angel's Hotel. Electric lights glow under sheds and wooden awnings; dark silhouettes of hoists and mills cut strange shapes above the house-tops. Cheap-looking shops display gaudy wares and glaring signboards everywhere. Here is life and to spare. From brilliantly lighted saloons and poker dens issue the strains of automatic pianos; black groups talk in front of "Dick's" and "Jake's," "The Pioneer" and the "Utica." Fresh-looking girls in clean muslin frocks

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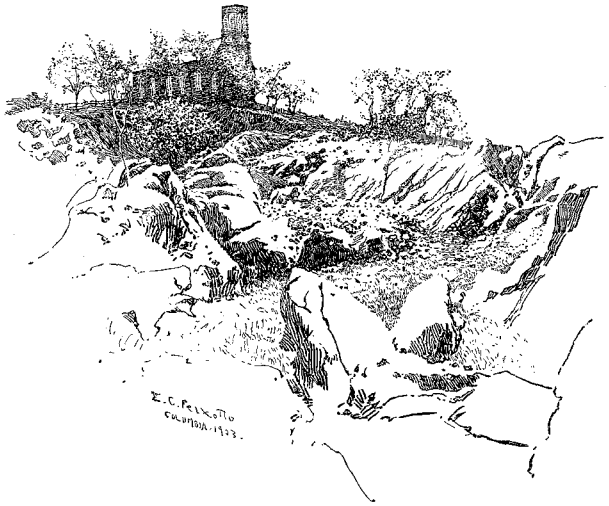
pass by on their way to the soda-water fountain at the drug store. Swarthy Dalmatian miners slink by in the shadows, their nationality revealed in many an Austrian boarding-house. A "heathen Chinee" furtively vends peanuts to the crowd. On the outer edge of the sidewalk, the occupants of boot-black stands lazily gaze at the stage from Murphy's as it plunges down the street with all the rattle of its four horses, its heavy creaking springs and rumbling baggage, and with a flourish and a crack of the whip spills its hungry and dust-covered load before the hotel.

Angel's is now as much a mining camp as ever it was, but the miners of to-day are different individuals from their red-shirted prototypes of the '50's. They too, however, are picturesque fellows as at noon they come up the shaft in dripping oilskins with flaring lights in their firemen's hats, to receive their dinner-pails from expectant sons and daughters. The most interesting type—for he worked in God's free open air—the placer-miner, has quite disappeared, owing to restrictions placed by the State upon hydraulic mining. I have seen a scattered instance here and there, and well remember an old Chinaman washing with rocker and cradle just as we entered Columbia—a picturesque figure indeed, sheltered at a creek-side by his broad coolie hat and shaded by a huge mass of limestone rock riddled with holes and towering above him in the form of an elephant. If you want to see what the '49-ers did, go to Columbia and ride over the "diggings"—that vast upheaval of the soil miles in extent, resembling rather a terrific convulsion of primeval nature than the work of man: piles of tailings, gullies worn by watercourses, miniature mountain ranges, baked, seamed, cracked and scarred by rain and sunshine; deep holes where stagnates brackish water; huge peaks of limestone worn into strange and fantastic shapes.

Standing among these "slickens" whence one man extracted a fortune and his neighbor nothing at all, get some old-timer to tell you of the old days when Columbia was one of the largest towns in California, third only to San Francisco and Sacramento; when these hill-sides and plains teemed with miners, and Columbia was a "h— of a place." Hear him tell of the days when "there were no children here"; when one could sell no less than half a pound of gold on Saturday night at the assayer's; when an old shoemaker, for some time the village cobbler, housed in a hovel, made a hundred and fifty dollars a day finding pocket after pocket, but spending all with the characteristic recklessness of "easy come and easy go," and you will realize that Bret Harte's stories are not pure fiction, and that the embroidery he put upon them is but a varnish over cold fact.



The old church at Columbia.
The ground, being consecrated, has never been mined.

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THE SENATE

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

IN discussions concerning the political development of the United States it is almost always asserted that the growth and extension of the power of the Senate has been one of the most marked and significant features of our history. It is also one of the commonplaces of a certain kind of criticism to declare with much gloomy foreboding at some period of each administration that the Senate has usurped and is constantly usurping power with great consequent peril to our political health and to the balance of the government. That the power of the Senate is very great, and that it has developed to its present proportions since the organization of the government, is unquestionably true. But it is equally true that there has been no usurpation by the Senate of power not rightfully belonging to it, and no one, I venture to think, would make this charge or criticism who had studied the origin of the Senate or considered carefully the powers conferred upon it by the Constitution.

To understand the Senate as it is to-day, therefore, and to comprehend its meaning and functions in our body politic, it is absolutely necessary to appreciate fully, and to know well, just how and why the Senate was created, and with what powers its creators endowed it. By this comparative method, and in this way alone, can we learn what the Senate is now after more than a century of existence.

The framers of the Constitution of the United States had no serious difficulty in agreeing that there should be two houses in the legislative body of the new government. Even if they all had not been wedded to the double chamber system by tradition, experience, and their own clear, good sense, there was no such success apparent in Franklin's single-chamber experiment in Pennsylvania, then drawing to an unlamented end, or in that of Georgia, or in the Congress of the Confederation, as to convert them to this new doctrine or even to make its nominal supporters very solicitous for its extension. Such opposition as there was to two chambers came solely from the fact that the single chamber was thought to involve the vital question of the equality of the States, as against the national principle which was sure to prevail, wholly or in part, with two chambers. There was no real support for a single chamber purely on its merits, and, as has been said, there was no serious difficulty in agreeing upon two houses. With that point passed, however, trouble began, and so serious was it that, as everyone knows, the convention came near dissolution, the whole Constitution was almost wrecked upon the question as to the basis of representation in the new Congress. The situation was saved by the adoption of the principle laid down by Oliver Ellsworth that the only road to success lay through grafting the new government upon the State governments, and following out this principle the House was made to represent population, and the Senate the separate States. This was the great compromise of the Constitution, the "Connecticut Compromise," as it is usually called, but it really was the solution of the most crucial problem presented to the framers of the Constitution. Without it there probably would have been no Constitution, and if one had been made with the representation of both Houses based on population, at the first attempt of the large States to control the government the Union would, at the very outset, have gone to pieces. The Senate, therefore, was regarded as the key-stone of the new scheme, and the framers showed their belief in its overwhelming importance by providing that the basis of representation in the Senate should not be altered except by the consent of every State, while every other clause of the Constitution could be amended by a two-thirds vote of Congress followed by a ratification by three-fourths of the States.

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The reason for fixing the basis of representation for the Senate so firmly in the Constitution that so far as possible it should be beyond change is obvious, although often overlooked. The Convention which framed the Constitution voted by States, as did the Continental Congress and the Congress of the Confederation. All Sovereign powers of every kind therefore, were in possession of the States as such, and consequently every power which was given in the new Constitution to the people of the Union at large was given by the States; every power that was reserved was reserved to the States; and all powers conferred upon the Senate were intended to guard and preserve the influence and authority of the States in the new government. Hence in the formation of the Senate the States were retaining for themselves all the powers which they believed needful for their safety, and as everything was theirs to give or to withhold, they were naturally liberal in their endowment of the body which was to continue to represent them under a system where they necessarily parted with so much.

It was for these reasons that the Convention conferred upon the Senate both executive and judicial as well as legislative powers. The Executive was to be elected by the people at large, and the executive power, therefore, passed away from the States, but the States took pains to limit this great gift by conferring upon the Senate the power to reject all nominations to office made by the President, and by granting to the Senate an equal and co-ordinate part in making all treaties with foreign nations. These sovereign powers of appointing executive officers and of treating with foreign nations, were, at the time of the Philadelphia Convention, vested wholly in the States, and when the States parted with them to an Executive elected by the people at large, they reserved to themselves an equal share and an absolute veto in the performance of both these great and vital functions of government.

In their legislative capacity the Senate was given all the powers conferred upon the House, or, in other words, the States retained for their branch of the national legislature all the powers allotted to the branch elected on the basis of population with a single exception. That exception was the reservation to the House of the sole right to originate all measures to raise revenue, a power of the most fundamental kind, but as the Convention took pains to provide that the Senate should have an unlimited right to amend such bills the reservation in favor of the House is so curtailed that their only real privilege is the monopoly of merely initiating revenue bills, which does not seriously affect the legislative equality of the two Houses even on this point. The Senate, also, was made the high court to try all impeachments of officers of the United States, and this great function was performed by the Senators in the cases of certain judges at the beginning of the nineteenth century and in 1867 in the trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. The upper House of Congress was the natural and obvious body to act as a court in impeachment cases, but the fact is of interest here because it shows that the Senate was given judicial as well as executive and legislative power, and was made in this way to share in the duties of both the co-ordinate branches of the government, this participation being emphasized by the fact that when the Senate sits as a court for the trial of the President the Chief Justice of the United States presides over its deliberations.

The States in convention having thus created an upper House to represent them and continue their authority in the general government, and having endowed their creation with an unprecedented combination of legislative and executive powers, then further provided that the Senators should be elected for a term of six years, and that only one-third of the Senate should be changed every two years at the biennial national elections. These are very familiar facts, and it is obvious enough that the long term gives greater stability and a larger freedom of action than would be possible with a short term to the body which enjoys it. But only a somewhat careful consideration will disclose the ingenuity with which the Convention, representing as it did the separate States, sought to enhance the authority of the Senate by these apparently formal arrangements for terms and times of election. The term of six years is three times

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as long as that of members of the House, and half as long again as that of the President. There are always, therefore, two-thirds of the Senators whose terms extend either two or four years beyond the life of the existing House. When a President comes into office, he meets a Senate two-thirds of whose membership have terms coequal with or two years longer than his own period of service, and in the middle of his term he has a Senate two-thirds of whose members have terms of service either two or four years longer than his own. Stated in this way it becomes at once apparent that the Convention sought by the six-year term not merely to add to the stability and dignity of the Senate but to make it, so far as possible, independent at all times, through the superior length of terms possessed by a majority of the Senators, as against the House on the one side and the President on the other, who were chosen alike by all the people of the Union on the basis of population. This painstaking arrangement as to the length of the term is supplemented and made most effective by the provision that only one-third of the Senate should be elected every two years. Joined with the six-year term, as has just been shown, the division of the Senate into three classes, elected respectively at intervals of two years, gives it always a majority of longer life than the President or the House, but it also gives the Senate a quality of permanency not possessed by the lower branch or even by the executive power. A House passes out of existence on March 4th in alternate years, and then ensues a period when there is no House, and can be none, until the members-elect are brought together by the summons of the President, or by the operation of law to meet in Washington and organize one. The Senate, on the other hand, is always organized, always in existence. It was organized in April, 1789, and has remained so ever since, for there never has been a moment since that time when there were not two-thirds of the Senators in office, able to meet at any instant and transact business without further formality than calling the roll in order to show the presence of a quorum, or, under certain contingencies, choosing a president *pro tempore*.

In this connection it is not without interest to contrast the minute care of the Constitution-makers in regard to the perpetual existence of the Senate with the dangerous oversight of which they were guilty in making similar provision for the Executive. A Vice-President was created to take the place of the President in case of the latter's death, resignation, or disability, and in the event of the death or disability of both the President and Vice-President Congress was empowered to settle the succession by law. But in the case, by no means an impossible one, of the death or disability of the President-elect, or of both the President and Vice-President elect, after the adjournment of the electoral colleges and before March 4th, no provision whatever was made for the succession or for the continuance of the Executive subsequent to March 4th. This was the way the matter was left by the framers in the original Constitution. In the Twelfth Amendment, adopted in 1804 and regulating the manner of choosing a President by the House in the case of a failure to elect by the people, it is said that if the House does not elect before March 4th the Vice-President "shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President." Thus this amendment by implication provides for the possibility of the death of the President elect, but the case of the death of both the President and Vice-President elect remains as the Constitution itself originally left it, wholly uncovered. Should this contingency just mentioned ever occur, as it well might, some way out of the grave situation thus created would no doubt be found, but it would have to be extra-constitutional and through an assumption of power by Congress. In the essential duty of maintaining the existence of the government without lapse or break this is a serious, if not perilous, omission. There is no such oversight, no such instance of neglect to be found in the constitutional arrangements guaranteeing the perpetuity and unchanging character of the Senate.

Having now shown the origin of the Senate, the manner in which it was formed, the great powers conferred upon it, and the care taken for its continued and unbroken existence, the next step, in order to understand the Senate as it is to-

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day, is to learn the conception entertained in regard to it by the men contemporary with the adoption of the Constitution who first organized the upper chamber of the new Congress and set it in motion.

Early in the first session the Senate adopted the following set of brief and simple rules :

IST.

The President having taken the Chair and a quorum being present the Journal of the preceding day shall be read, to the end that any mistake may be corrected that shall have been made in the entries.

IID.

No member shall speak to another, or otherwise interrupt the business of the Senate, or read any printed paper while the Journals or public papers are reading, or when any member is speaking in any debate.

IIID.

Every member when he speaks shall address the Chair standing in his place, and when he has finished shall sit down.

IVTH.

No member shall speak more than twice in any one debate on the same day, without leave of the Senate.

VTH.

When two members rise at the same time, the President shall name the person to speak ; but in all cases the member first rising shall speak first.

VITH.

No motion shall be debated until the same shall be seconded.

VIITH.

When a motion shall be made and seconded, it shall be reduced to writing, if desired by the President, or any member, delivered in at the table, and read by the President before the same shall be debated.

VIIITH.

While a question is before the Senate, no motion shall be received unless for an amendment, for the previous question, or for postponing the main question, or to commit it, or to adjourn.

IXTH.

The previous question being moved and seconded, the question from the Chair shall be—" Shall the main question be now put ? "—And if the nays prevail, the main question shall not then be put.

XTH.

If a question in debate contain several points, any member may have the same divided.

XITH.

When the yeas and nays shall be called for by one-fifth of the members present, each member called upon shall, unless for special reasons he be excused by the Senate, declare openly and without debate his assent or dissent to the question. In taking the yeas and nays, and upon the call of the House, the names of the members shall be taken alphabetically.

XIITH.

One day's notice at least shall be given of an intended motion for leave to bring in a bill.

XIIITH.

Every bill shall receive three readings previous to its being passed : and the President shall give notice at each, whether it be the first, second, or third ; which readings shall be on three different days, unless the Senate unanimously direct otherwise.

XIVTH.

No bill shall be committed or amended until it shall have been twice read, after which it may be referred to a Committee.

XVTH.

All Committees shall be appointed by BALLOT and a plurality of votes shall make a choice.

XVITH.

When a member shall be called to order, he shall sit down until the President shall have determined whether he is in order or not ; and every question of order shall be decided by the President without debate : but if there be a doubt in his mind, he may call for the sense of the Senate.

XVIITH.

If a member be called to order for words spoken, the exceptionable words

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shall be immediately taken down in writing, that the President may be better enabled to judge of the matter.

XVIIITH.

When a blank is to be filled, and different sums shall be proposed, the question shall be taken on the highest sum first.

XIXTH.

No member shall absent himself from the service of the Senate without leave of the Senate first obtained.*

For a legislative body charged with executive functions these rules seem rudimentary to the last degree. But it must be remembered that the first Senate which assembled in the Federal Hall of New York in April, 1789, consisted of only twenty-two members, as North Carolina did not accede to the Constitution until November of the same year, while Rhode Island held off until June, 1790. These twenty-two gentlemen, therefore, sat together in one not very large room and talked matters over with an informality and a familiarity which have never entirely departed from the Senate debates, and which still reign in executive sessions. All their sessions at the outset were entirely private, there was no record of the debates, and the deliberations in legislative session were not opened to the public until 1793, on the occasion of the contest over the right of Albert Gallatin to a seat. This small body of men, sitting in this way in private, with comparatively little to do and with no record of the proceedings but the journal, did not require anything very elaborate in the way of rules. Business was largely transacted by general assent, and with much regard for the convenience of each Senator, habits which have survived unchanged to the present time, and which, although often jeered at by persons outside the Senate, are of much value and comfort to those within. There is, however, one rule in this primitive code which seems almost needless for so small a body and which is at direct variance with what is to-day one of the most cherished traditions and most characteristic features of the Senate. This rule is numbered nine, and provides for the previous question to close debate in the simplest and most drastic manner. The previous question in the first Senate was a privileged motion, as appears by rule eight. It could be moved and seconded at any time, passed by a majority vote, and if agreed to it cut off all debate then and there. When the rules were revised, in 1806, this provision for closing debate was dropped, and unlimited debate has been the unchanging rule of the Senate ever since. In fact, the rules of 1806, despite numerous revisions, which made no very vital changes, and a few amendments, have remained substantially the rules of the Senate down to the present time. Under these century-old rules, for which there is often a fine disregard in practice, the Senate still transacts its business largely by unanimous consent and with a consideration for the wishes and convenience of each Senator very agreeable to them, although not a little laughed at by an irreverent public. These rules, which have endured so long, are an excellent illustration of the conservatism of the Senate and of the unbroken continuity of its existence as an organized body since the foundation of the government. They also show how closely the Senate has adhered to the conception of its duties and functions entertained by the framers of the Constitution and the organizers of the government.

Beyond this the Senate rules do not require any detailed examination. There is, indeed, only one which first appears in the revision of 1806 which needs to be mentioned on account of the light which it throws on the relation of the Senate to the purely executive branch of the government, and it is only by a just comprehension of the relations of the Senate to the President and to the House that a proper understanding of what the Senate has come to be and what part it plays in our political system can be obtained.

The first code of rules, adopted in 1789, makes, as will have been seen, no provision for the President's meeting with the Senate in executive session. That he should do so was taken as a matter of course, and was in conformity with the

* From the "Journal of the First Session of the Senate of the United States of America, March 4th, 1789. New-York, 1789." Pp. 14-15.

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ideas of the framers of the instrument. In accordance with this view Washington, in August, 1789, met with the Senate twice to formulate the provisions of a treaty to be made with the Choctaw Indians. The scheme did not work well. The President did not enjoy sitting by and hearing the terms of his treaty discussed, and Senators were embarrassed by being compelled to debate and vote upon the President's proposals in his presence. The plan of personal meeting with the Senate was, therefore, given up by Washington, and has never been resumed. But the right of the President to come to the Senate for personal consultation, and the original constitutional theory in this respect, have never been abandoned, as will appear if we examine the later rules.

In the revision of the rules adopted March 26, 1806, rule thirty-four provides, under the head of nominations, that: "When the President of the United States shall meet the Senate in the Senate Chamber the President of the Senate shall have a chair on the floor, be considered as the head of the Senate, and his chair shall be assigned to the President of the United States."

Rule thirty-five provides that: "All questions shall be put by the President of the Senate either in the presence or absence of the President of the United States."

In the revision of 1820 the provision of rule thirty-five of 1806 was dropped, but that of rule thirty-four was retained and continued as a rule of the Senate until 1877, when the following rule (sixty-five), differing only in phraseology, was substituted for it:

"When the President of the United States shall meet the Senate in the Senate Chamber for the consideration of executive business, he shall have a seat on the right of the chair."

This is the rule at the present time, and although it is never put into practical operation it has importance not merely as embodying an unbroken tradition but as a formal recognition of certain constitutional principles of very great moment. By this rule are recognized the right of the President to consult personally with the Senate, the position of the Senators as the President's only constitutional advisers and the equality of the Senate in the conduct of all executive business in which, under the Constitution, they are entitled to share. The right of the President personally to consult the Senate as a body involves also the correlative right of the Senate, in the language of the Constitution, to advise the President. To the Senate alone is given this right to advise the Executive. The members of the Cabinet are often loosely spoken of as the constitutional advisers of the President. They are, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort. They are not created by the Constitution but by the laws which the Constitution authorizes Congress to pass in order to carry out its provisions. The Constitution contemplates the establishment of executive departments, and says that the President may require the opinion in writing of the heads of such departments, but these departments can only exist by the pleasure of Congress and the President is not bound to consult their chiefs. A story is told of Lincoln's submitting a proposition which he favored to his Cabinet. All were against it; "Seven nays; one yea," said the President; "the ayes have it, and it is so ordered." Whether apocryphal or not the anecdote illustrates the distinction between the constitutional Senate and the statutory Cabinet. An adverse majority in the Senate cannot be overcome in that way, for the Constitution gives the Senate power, and the law alone creates the Cabinet, whose members represent in the last analysis simply the policy and will of the Executive. The equality of the Senate in executive business—the last point recognized by the rule—is shown by the care taken from the beginning to make it perfectly clear that the President is neither to preside over nor to share in the discussions of the Senate but is to deal with them as an organized body under the guidance of their own presiding officer.

Such being the theory of the Constitution, never abandoned since the beginning, the manner in which it has been worked out in practice shows at once the position of the Senate to-day. Since August, 1789, the President has never consulted or sat with the Senate in person to consider executive business, either in relation to nominations or to treaties.

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But while the inconvenience of personal consultation thus early was made apparent it became at once equally obvious that to hold no consultation with a body of constitutional advisers about nominations and treaties upon which they had the power to put an absolute veto would be at once dangerous and absurd.

In 1789 Washington sent in the nomination of Benjamin Fishburn for the place of Naval Officer at the port of Savannah. He was rejected by the Senate. Fishburn had been an old soldier, and was well known to Washington, who was very much annoyed by his rejection. When he sent in another name for the same place he transmitted a message to the Senate in which he said: "Whatever may have been the reasons which induced your dissent, I am persuaded that they were such as you deemed sufficient. Permit me to submit to your consideration, whether, on occasions where the propriety of nominations appears questionable to you, it would not be expedient to communicate that circumstance to me, and thereby avail yourselves of the information which led me to make them, and which I would with pleasure lay before you. Probably my reasons for nominating Mr. Fishburn may tend to show that such a mode of proceeding, in such cases, might be useful. I will therefore detail them." He then went on to give an account of Colonel Fishburn and the reasons which had led to his nomination. The motives which influenced the Senate in the rejection of Fishburn do not appear, but the passage which has been quoted from Washington's special message demonstrates not only his belief in the need of consultation with the Senate about nominations, but the absolute necessity for it in order to prevent constant friction between the Senate and the Executive. This case undoubtedly led, therefore, to the practice which has been continued to the present time of the President consulting with Senators in regard to appointments. As the Senate, after it has confirmed a nomination, becomes equally responsible with the President for the appointment, it is obvious that the right of consultation under the Constitution, which has already been defined, must be exercised in some way. Thus it came about that informal consultations with individual Senators took the place of the cumbrous and inconvenient method of consulting the Senate as a body, and in this way the intent of the Constitution has been carried out. Nothing, therefore, is more inept than to criticise a President because he consults the Senators from a State in regard to an appointment in that State or from it. The Senators are his constitutional advisers. In some way he must consult them, and it is impossible that any President should be able to know enough about the men in forty-five States to enable him to appoint intelligently unless he could avail himself of the knowledge of those who represent the several States. The consultation of Senators by the President, therefore, in regard to appointments, is nothing more than carrying out the intent of the Constitution in the manner which practice has shown to be the only convenient one. The influence of the Senate in making appointments is not increased thereby, except so far as the multiplication of officers has made it more necessary for the President to receive local information and depend for it upon the Senators more than was essential in the early days. All that has been done constitutionally is to substitute an informal consultation with individual Senators for the consultation of the Senate as a body, which has been always recognized as a constitutional right in the simple rule already quoted.

The question of appointments to office was closely allied to that of removals, and while the right of the Senate to confirm or reject all nominations was plain and undoubted, the question of the right of the President to remove gave rise from the beginning to a great deal of discussion. There was a protracted debate upon this point in regard to the act establishing the Treasury Department, passed in 1789, the question being whether the President had the right to remove absolutely under the Constitution, either with or without any reference to it in the law, or whether the Congress could confer upon the President or withhold from him the right to remove from an office which Congress had established. The act of 1789 finally provided, in section 7, "that whenever the Secretary should be removed

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from office by the President of the United States or in any other case of vacancy," etc. This recognized the right of the President to remove, but the fact of the recognition in the law conveyed the implication that it was not a purely constitutional right of the Executive for which no legislation was necessary. The question remained an open one and was discussed at intervals for some years, the Senate on more than one occasion, especially under Andrew Jackson, making efforts to establish some control over removals from office. Finally, in the bitter controversy with Andrew Johnson, the well-known Tenure of Office Act was passed. It was so obviously objectionable that General Grant sent in a message to his first Congress urging its repeal, but the Senate, fresh from the struggle with Johnson, refused to do more than modify it. During Mr. Cleveland's first term the Senate, led by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, had a controversy with the President as to its right to require him to give reasons for his removals, and thereby some of the nominations were hung up for a good many months. The sympathy of the country was with the President, and the contest seemed to be doing a great deal of harm. In the session of 1886–87, Senator Hoar introduced a bill, which became law on March 3, 1887, by which the Tenure of Office Act was repealed. This ended the controversy, and it may now be taken as settled that the absolute right of the President to remove, under the Constitution, is recognized, and that the right of the Senate to ask for the reasons for removals, which they clearly had under the Tenure of Office Act, has also been abandoned. That the present position is sound constitutionally is, I think, clear, but the course of events shows that in this important direction the Senate has given up a power which at one time it asserted not only in debate but by a law.

In regard to the other branch of the Senate's executive functions, the treaty-making power, the course of development has been much the same—consultation of individual Senators, either directly by the President or through the Secretary of State by means of communication with the Committee on Foreign Relations, having been substituted for the old plan of counselling beforehand with the Senate as a body. The treaty-making power of the Senate is a large subject which I have already discussed at length in an article which appeared in a previous number of this magazine, but the results of more than a century of development in this direction may be briefly summed up.

The Senate has the right, under the language of the Constitution, to advise beforehand that the negotiation be entered into, or the reverse. This right has been exercised on two or three occasions, but very rarely, and has usually been allowed to fall into abeyance, although circumstances may make its use necessary and desirable at any time. The Presidents have from time to time consulted the Senate prior to negotiation, and this right, although not often exercised, has been made use of at intervals down to the present day. The right of the Senate to amend has been always freely used at all periods of our history, and, of course, will continue to be exercised, because it is the only method by which the Senate can take part in the negotiations, as the Constitution intended it to do.

This summary of the history of the treaty-making power as exercised by the Senate shows that the Senate has not only not sought to extend its power over treaties unduly, or in doubtful directions, but that it has wisely allowed certain undoubted privileges to fall into abeyance and has contented itself with discussion and amendment when a treaty came before it, and with the informal consultations which it has been the practice of most Presidents to extend to members of the Senate in regard to our foreign relations.

This covers the relations of the Senate with the Executive in regard to its executive functions of confirming nominations and of ratifying treaties. It only remains now to consider the relations of the Senate with the House, and there is only one point in the Constitution where the powers of either house are restrained. That is the clause which gives to the House of Representatives the sole right to originate bills to raise revenue. In all other respects the Senate and the House are upon an absolute legislative equality. This right of the House thus given in the

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Constitution has, of course, never been questioned, nor has the right of the Senate to make unlimited amendments to bills to raise revenue ever been successfully contested, but the practice has grown up of allowing the House to originate not only bills to raise revenue but also the great appropriation bills which provide for the expenditure of the public money. The Senate has an undoubted right to originate any appropriation bill, large or small, and it frequently passes bills carrying an appropriation for some single and specific object, such as the construction of a light-house or of a public building, but at the same time the Senate has, without serious resistance, conceded to the House the sole right to originate the great appropriation bills, although its own right to originate such measures is the same as that of the lower branch. That this is a wise practice I think few persons will doubt, but it certainly does not show on the part of the Senate a desire to usurp authority.

Thus it appears that both in relation to the Executive and the House of Representatives the Senate has not sought to extend its constitutional powers, but has, on the contrary, refrained from the exercise of some undoubted rights and has allowed others to rest in abeyance. Yet there can be no doubt that it is equally true that the power of the Senate has grown enormously in the one hundred years and more of our history. The influence of the Senate in legislation and in all departments of government is much greater than at the beginning, and far exceeds that of the House, but this is not due to any usurpations on the part of the Senate, as has been shown by the preceding review of the history of its constitutional functions. The increase in the importance, weight, and power of the Senate is due primarily to its inherent strength, and this strength rests upon the manner in which it was endowed by the framers of the Constitution. With equal authority in legislation, with executive functions which involve all appointments to office and all our foreign relations, it was inevitable that as the country and the government grew the power of the Senate should increase more largely than that of any other branch of the government, for the simple reason that its original opportunity for growth was greater. This increase of power in the Senate has undoubtedly been stimulated by the fact that the rigid rules necessary in the lower branch has prevented the House from doing many important things which the Senate, with its easy methods of conducting business, could readily take up. Many matters from which the House excluded itself by its own rules were in this way thrown into the possession of the Senate, which is a sure method of enhancing legislative power. In the same way, although the support of the entire Congress is necessary to a successful administration, no President can get on without the Senate, even if he has the House with him, because it is always within the power of the Senate, if it is so disposed, to hamper the Executive without going into open opposition, both in administration, through the offices, and in foreign relations, through its treaty-making power. Very naturally, therefore, Presidents are always anxious to be on the best terms with the Senators, who are their constitutional advisers, and for this reason as the Executive power has expanded with the growth of the nation and the extension of the government, the power of the Senate has gone hand in hand with it.

The Senate is to-day the most powerful single chamber in any legislative body in the world, but this power, which is shown daily by the wide attention to all that is said and done in the Senate of the United States, is not the product of selfish and cunning usurpations on the part of an ambitious body. It is due to the original constitution of the Senate, to the fact that the Senate represents States, to the powers conferred upon it at the outset by the makers of the Constitution, to its permanency of organization, and to the combination of legislative, executive, and judicial functions, which set it apart from all other legislative bodies. Without the assent of the Senate no bill can become law, no office can be filled, no treaty ratified.

The most important bills are largely the work of the Senate, owing not only to its large powers but to its liberty of debate and amendment possible in a body of the size of the Senate and very difficult in a

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body as large as the House. In the Senate, to take a very recent instance, the bill for the Isthmian canal was finally made. In the Senate the long debate upon the Philippine government bill disposed of the question so entirely that it was not heard of in the ensuing campaign. The House, in 1894, initiated, made and passed the Wilson tariff bill. But the Senate re-made the bill and it was the Senate bill which without the alteration of a single line became law against the bitter opposition of both House and the Executive.

Contests over nominations are rare and rejections of Executive nominations still rarer because Presidents following the theory of the Constitution almost always consult Senators about them beforehand. But the power of the Senate to take part through amendment in making treaties is freely and largely exercised. The amendments of the Senate to the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty relating to the Isthmian canal were rejected by England, but the second Hay-Pauncefote treaty embodied everything sought by the Senate in its amendments to the first and was therefore ratified by an overwhelming majority. Without the assent of the Senate Congress cannot declare war and the President cannot make peace. The United States went into the Spanish war upon the Senate resolutions and the fate of the treaty of peace negotiated by the President depended upon the ratification of the Senate. The Senate is the tribunal before which every officer of the United States impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, must come for trial.

Administrations come and go, Houses assemble and disperse, Senators change, but the Senate is always there in the Capitol, and always organized, with an existence unbroken since 1789. As the government of three millions of people gathered upon the Atlantic seaboard has expanded into the government of eighty millions, masters of a continent and stretching forth to distant islands, the power of that branch of the government which was most highly endowed by the makers of the Constitution has grown proportionately. How vast the national growth has been the world knows, and the growth of the United States Senate in power, authority, and influence has gone with it step by step and hand in hand. All this influence and authority in the Senate are due to the powers conferred upon it by its creators, by that remarkable body of men who, in the summer of 1787, framed at Philadelphia the Constitution of the United States.

TRANSCENDENCE

By Carolyn Wells

DEAR Heart, although Ambition's trumpet-call
Arouses thee in triumph to respond:
Remember that its guerdon is not all,—
I am beyond.

Dear Heart, though Love and Passion beckon thee,
And charm thee with alluring cadence fond;
Bethink thee in their highest ecstasy,
I am beyond.

Dear Heart, when grief and sorrow bow thee low
And hold thee in a grim and silent bond,—
Though to their farthest confines thou may'st go,
I am beyond.

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A SYNDICATE HERO

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

THE fact that persons whose patronymic is Smith usually labor under the added disability of such undistinguishing names as John or William, is the result of one of those forms of parental aberration which shows a profound lack of consideration for the future. Smith isn't a bad name of itself. There is something strong and sturdy about it which suggests Hal of the Wynd, and which goes back very far—even to Tubal Cain. But it is widely diffused, and therefore lacks distinction. Ergo, he is a wise father of Smiths who can differentiate his progeny from the monotonous mass by coupling Smith with something that, being peculiar, identifies, whi e it also differentiates.

The practise of parting names in the middle is generally reprehended, but if it be ever excusable, it is so in the case of Smith. P. Sigsbee Smith thought so, at any rate, and he possessed none of the qualities usually ascribed to those who bisect a name. He was born in that section of country so little known, and less noticed by the East, which lies beyond the Mississippi and which like the famous tail of the story, will, some day, wag the national dog!

Contrary to the habit of Western youth in good circumstances, he had not been sent East to college, but had been educated at a Western State University, whose diploma meant less, perhaps, than those of the more ancient institutions, but which, nevertheless, covered a multitude of healthy college influences. His father had been a soldier, who had fought with distinction, under Grant, in the Civil War, and had made a good income afterward in law and politics; the small accumulations of which he left to P. Sigsbee, his only surviving descendant.

P. Sigsbee roughed it for a time in the West after the death of his father, and then, by shrewd and judicious investments, increased his original legacy, until it grew to a comfortable fortune—beyond the Mississippi! It was a mere drop in the bucket, he found out, when he came East. He didn't come East to make a greater fortune, or because he was dissatisfied with the West, either, but because of a woman.

Florence Jefferys, whose father owned, or controlled, the great Hamilton railroad system, which gridironed a large part of the West with its tracks, was the cause of P. Sigsbee's defection. In company of hundreds of others, he had met her for one brief half-hour, at a reception given her father, by the local railroad magnates on one of the General's tours of inspection. P. Sigsbee saw her, was conquered, and came East forthwith. Florence Jefferys did not know him from Adam, of course, but he was, nevertheless, determined that she should know him, and he was youthful enough, and buoyant enough, and hopeful enough, to believe that with knowledge, she could not fail to love him as he loved her—a very Western point of view, indeed!

To come to New York was easy, but to get re-introduced to Florence Jefferys was difficult. The months passed, and he got no nearer to her than the columns of the daily papers, in whose social reviews she often appeared. He was a resourceful youth, or he would never have thought to patronize a "Press Clipping Bureau" for accounts of her doings! Realizing, at last, that a long, hard campaign would be needed, he decided to settle in New York for good. He was a tenacious man, and what he determined, he determined.

He had studied law, for which he had no fancy or faculty, so he hung out his shingle in one of the poorer down-town districts—more to justify himself for doing nothing, than for anything else—and proceeded to camp on the trail of Miss Jefferys. It led him in the summer to Bar Harbor, where her father owned one of

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those palaces of pleasure modestly disguised under the name of a "cottage."

P. Sigsbee was a good-looking young man, and as he dressed well and had the good luck to make the acquaintance of one or two old army friends of his father, he at last achieved a slight acquaintance with his divinity. If not heart-whole and fancy free, she was yet unengaged, for the papers, he was sure, would have announced an engagement long since.

There were not many available young men at Bar Harbor so early in the season. At least they did not bear any proper proportion to the available young women, and P. Sigsbee progressed somewhat in his acquaintanceship with the young lady, although he could not flatter himself that he made any deep impression upon her heart. There seemed no way of advancing himself in the affair, and in dismay he was conscious at last, that the summer was waning without bringing to him the desired results. As it wore on, more available people of the masculine persuasion came to the island, and Miss Jefferys got farther from him than ever.

Among his acquaintances was a young man named Lutterworth. Lutterworth was an ambitious young fellow, of good family, and better parts, who was the special correspondent of a syndicate of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia papers, as well as the representative of the Associated Press at Bar Harbor. They were congenial spirits, these two, and in a moment of desperation, P. Sigsbee confided his situation to the other.

"What you want, P. S.," said the sage Lutterworth, after reflecting deeply upon the confidence of his friend, "is to get yourself before the public in some way. You want to be a hero, create a sensation, shine out as doing something startling. Get yourself talked about, you know, for courage and daring, and so on. Those things," oracularly, "appeal to a woman"—he was twenty-two and knew it all! "Get 'em talking about you. Now, if you can only suggest some sort of a sensation, I'll work it up in the papers for all it is worth."

"Yes," answered P. Sigsbee, disconsolately, "I suppose so. But where's the sensation to come from? Hang it all, I'm willing to do anything that a man can do. But what is there to do? I can ride a broncho, or rope a long-horn, or shoot a pipe out of your mouth from across the road, but these things don't seem to go here. I don't believe there's a cayuse or a steer on the island. And that's about all I'm good for."

He had quite forgotten his college degree and his law office, it seemed, but of what avail were they in winning a woman's heart!

"No," said Lutterworth, thoughtfully, "there's not much chance for the display of such rare and valuable talents in this locality. Yet these things should be worth something, P. S. Ah, I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed, light breaking in upon him. "The very thing! What was it you were telling me yesterday about a row on the *Tennessee?*"

"It wasn't much of a row."

"At any rate, let's have it. Perhaps I may do something with it."

"Well, you see, since General Grant died the other day, all the naval officers have been wearing crape as a badge of mourning. I was visiting the flag-ship with some young ladies, and somehow, we began to discuss the dead general. You know he was one of father's friends, and has always been a hero of mine. That man, Sluman, you know, that little whiffet that's on the Admiral's staff—how such a man as the Admiral could put him, or keep him, on his staff is more than I can tell——"

"Yes, yes, but go on."

"That little ass made some remarks concerning Grant which were highly derogatory—insulting I called them. It made me mad, especially as he was wearing crape for Grant at the time, so I took him aside and told him forcibly that if he made any more talk like that in my presence, I'd knock his head off, if I had to do it before the whole ship's company. I believe I'd have done it right then and there, as it was, but you see the young ladies were present."

"Um!" returned Lutterworth. "Did they hear what you said?"

"I suppose so. I didn't speak so low as I should have done, perhaps."

"I think I can make something out of that story. All you have to do is to back me up in whatever I say, and we'll set afloat a bigger sensation than the old flag-ship herself."

"What are you going to do?"

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Because of a woman.—Page 551.

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"Never mind," answered the resourceful Lutterworth, "I'll fix it up all right."

"I'd hate to be laughed at."

"You'll be admired, envied, adored! Leave it to me."

"Well, go ahead," at last assented P. Sigsbee, not entirely easy in his mind, however.

The next morning there was a brief despatch in the Associated Press reports to the effect that one of the officers of the North Atlantic Squadron, then on its annual summer cruise to Bar Harbor, had spoken in a manner derogatory to the memory of General Grant; and that a prominent summer sojourner had taken exception to the officer's remarks, and had sent him a challenge to fight a duel. In the special correspondence to the metropolitan dailies which Lutterworth represented, there was a fuller and more explicit account of the row, with the additional information that the challenger was a Western man whose father had served under and had been a friend of the great general.

They were innocent-looking little paragraphs, but they excited a great deal of attention. It was summer and there was not much doing in the country at large. The item was widely read and commented upon with avidity.

The arrival of the papers made a sensation on the island as well. A little thing stirs up a summer colony and this was apparently a great one. As soon as he read the notice, P. Sigsbee, in great perturbation, posted off to find Lutterworth.

"See here!" he exclaimed. "You blamed idiot, what does all this mean? You'll get me into no end of trouble."

"Keep cool, old man," said Lutterworth, imperturbably. "It's all right. You let me work it out in my own way. You are not afraid to fight a duel, are you?"

"Fight a duel? Of course not! I've looked into the mouth of a loaded pistol more than once. I'm not afraid of anything but being made a fool of. But this will never do at all."

"It'll work; you see if it don't. Besides, it's just beginning."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to interview you."

"Not by a——"

"Hold on! Yes, I am. Let me see. You sent a challenge off to young Sluman. Now the question is, what did he do?"

"But I didn't send a challenge, you idiot."

"I know, I know. But in this story you did. What do you think he would do in that case?"

"Well, if I'm a judge of a sneak, he'd try to get out of it."

"Exactly. But how?"

"I don't know. But you addle headed——"

"Don't call names. Let me think. I'll make him decline it as against the rules of the service. That's first-rate. Now, one other question. What would you do under such circumstances?"

"You'll drive me crazy. I tell you the circumstances are impossible."

"But if they were possible?"

"Well, I suppose if I were fool enough to get into such a scrape, I'd brand him as a coward, and threaten to shoot him on sight."

"Good! Splendid! Great head! What would he do, then?"

"Anyone who wasn't an utter abject craven would take me up then, I suppose, but——"

"Good again! Everything's going along delightfully. He accepts your challenge. Yes, you can fight in Green Mountain Gorge. That would be a beautiful place for a fight, so wild, so romantic."

"I'll tell you one thing, Lutterworth. If you keep on there will be a shooting-match, and it won't be in Green Mountain Gorge, either, and you'll be the victim."

"P. S., if you don't bless me for this until the end of your life, after I get through, you can shoot me on sight. Now, go, my boy—hold on, though! Those yarns about your prowess, riding bronchos, shooting pipes, all that stuff. Is that straight goods?"

"True as Gospel, but——"

"All right. Get out!"

"Lutterworth, you're a fool! You'll ruin me," said P. Sigsbee, turning away in despair.

The next morning the papers contained an interview with the challenger, whose name, however, fortunately for P. Sigsbee's peace of mind, was not given. The affair was cleverly exploited further. A challenge had been sent and declined by the naval officer on the plea that the customs of the service prevented his acceptance. The challenger thereupon had de-

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

He had met her at a reception. —Page 551

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clared his intention of publicly branding the other man as a coward and shooting him on sight. At that the naval officer had accepted the challenge, seconds had been named, one of whom was a prominent young literary man—Lutterworth wanted to get a little personal glory out of his magnificent inventions—a meeting had been appointed to take place in Green Mountain Gorge the next morning. After these preliminaries had been settled, it was stated that the Admiral had somehow got wind of the affair and peremptorily confined the young officer to his ship.

The excitement was increasing. Lutterworth had handled the case most brilliantly. His telegrams told just enough to pique curiosity to the highest point. It was the sensation of the hour. Staid old veterans of the late war, such as by good fortune General Jefferys happened to be, discussed the affair over their cigars, and while they all deprecated the practise of duelling, they were delighted to find some one willing to fight to defend the memory of the dead commander. Fair damsels exchanged impressions and lauded the heroic challenger to the skies—"So romantic! So gallant, you know!"

Lutterworth received a frantic telegram every half hour during the morning, asking for more particulars. When P. Sigsbee found him in his room after the arrival of the papers, he was chuckling with glee.

"What did I tell you, old man? This is the sensation of the day."

"It is," grimly assented P. Sigsbee. "Too much of a sensation for me. Thank the Lord nobody identifies me with it yet. If they did I should be the laughing stock of the town."

"Not you. You don't know these Eastern people. Besides, before to-morrow you *will* be identified with it."

"You are not going to interview me again?"

"No, indeed. I will now make a formal request of you for an interview——"

"Which I decline to grant, at once."

"Of course, that's the proper thing for you to do now. I am going to find out your name from some other source."

"I forbid you," wrathfully.

"Oh, keep cool!"

"You can't get my name from any other source, anyway. No one——"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Lutterworth, teasingly.

"What source?"

"Who were those young ladies who were with you on that ship that day you talked to Sluman?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Well, I have found out without your help."

"Who told you?"

"They did themselves. They are more than willing to talk of this affair. One is Miss Johnson, the other Miss Rivers. Miss Rivers, whom I know very well, told me she was sure you were the man. I met these young ladies last night and they dared me to deny it."

"You didn't deny it, of course?"

"Certainly not."

"What did you do?"

"I made them swear secrecy as to the officer's name."

"Oh, they knew that, too?"

"Yes. I don't want anybody to get into trouble over this affair, although that man deserves it, I declare. I think those girls will keep quiet about him, all right. But they are certain to tell your name."

"Great heavens! What have you done for me?"

"The best thing in your life. Just wait until I am through with you. Miss Rivers is an intimate friend of Colonel Winsor's daughter. Colonel Winsor is an old friend of General Jefferys. Fannie Winsor is one of Florence Jefferys's boon companions——"

"See here, Lutterworth, when you speak of that young woman, please refer to her as 'Miss Jefferys.'"

"Oh, Lord, you're hit hard! Well, *Miss* Rivers told *Miss* Winsor. *Miss* Winsor told her father, her father told General Jefferys. *Miss* Winsor also told *Miss* Jefferys. There was a dinner party given there last night and they were all talking about it. General Jefferys said you were a fool to fight a duel, but he'd like to meet you just the same. *Miss* Jefferys said you were a hero to defend General Grant, and said further, that she had met you, and that you were a man."

"You don't say so!" joyfully grabbing the other man's hands. "Lutterworth, old man——"

"I told you to let me alone and I'd fix you all right. Now go away and leave me.

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"I'm going to interview you."—Page 554.

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You have refused to be interviewed. That's all I want."

At the hotel when he went back, P. Sigsbee found an invitation to a lawn party given that evening at the Jefferys cottage. He went, of course, and had a happy time. Although, when taxed by his fair hostess, he denied up and down that he had sent any challenge and he repeated his denial to General Jefferys, who condescended to notice him during the evening, he was not believed. Besides, P. Sigsbee could not deny, in the face of the testimony of the Misses Rivers and Johnson, that he had been on the flag-ship, and had reproved the officer—name still undeclared—for defaming the memory of the dead general. That was enough.

He made more progress in his wooing in that one evening than he had hoped to achieve in years. Florence Jefferys really distinguished him by her cordiality, and on his departure he received from both her father and herself an invitation to call, which set him in the seventh heaven. All he wanted was an opportunity—he was a well-bred, likeable, admirable fellow—and Lutterworth had given him that. He resolved to embrace it in spite of the fact that his conscience troubled him greatly.

Lutterworth was at the lawn fête, too. So was the Admiral. So also were a number of officers on his staff, all earnestly denying that there was any truth whatever in the yarn. Lutterworth and the Misses Johnson and Rivers observed with glee that Ensign Sluman turned pale as death when P. Sigsbee, supremely unconscious of his presence, passed by with Miss Jefferys on his arm. He at once excused himself from further attendance on the Admiral, on the plea of illness, and fled to the ship. He had already had a miserable time in a desperate endeavor to divert suspicion from himself in the wardroom.

Lutterworth left the party early in order to get his special correspondence off in time for the next day. As he walked down the road he was overtaken by the Admiral with two of his young officers. They were riding in one of the buckboards indigenous to the island, and when they overhauled the young man trudging along in the dust and darkness they hospitably invited him to a vacant seat.

"Mr. Lutterworth," said the Admiral, "you know pretty much all that is going on in these latitudes. Tell me how that absurd story originated? That duel affair, you know."

"I know no more than is contained in the reports, sir," promptly answered Lutterworth, with a strict regard for the truth and very tactfully as well.

"Lies, all of them! I'd like to get my hands on the swab that wrote 'em!" exclaimed young Wrightson, truculently, from the front seat.

The situation began to get interesting for Lutterworth. Suppose these bloodthirsty warriors found out that he——?

"It's an infernal outrage, a slander on the whole navy, that's what it is!"

"I am going to find out about it. To-morrow I shall be in possession of the facts," said the Admiral, sternly. "I telegraphed to some of my friends in New York to go around to the papers and get the name of the correspondent. If I catch him I will make it hot for him! He ought to be keelhauled. You know him, I suppose?"

"I only know what is in the papers, Admiral," answered the youngster boldly, but not feeling very happy.

"Well, we shall all know in the morning. By the way, we are having a reception on the flag-ship to-morrow from ten to twelve. You know the fleet sails in the afternoon. We shall be glad to welcome you, Mr. Lutterworth."

"Thank you, I'll be there, sir," said Lutterworth, gamely, making an excuse to leave them as he did so.

Well, he was in for it, anyway, they would surely find out, and he might as well have as much fun as he could before he was caught. So he rushed off to his office, composed himself in spite of the threatening exposure and went to work on his despatches. Fortunately, P. Sigsbee was not invited to the ship.

The next morning the duel sensation of Mt. Desert was further exploited. It was announced that two of the belles of the island had overheard a portion of the conversation and the name of the young man who had offered the challenge was Mr. P. Sigsbee Smith, formerly of Colorado, now a resident of New York. Here followed a glowing account of Smith, and his prowess with deadly weapons. He was character-

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Passed by with Miss Jefferys on his arm.—Page 558.

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ized as one of the finest products of the United States, combining the freedom and courage of the West with the culture and refinement of the East. His removal to New York was dwelt upon, and, as a final Napoleonic touch of Lutterworth's daring genius, P. Sigsbee was announced as a prominent Republican candidate for Congress in the down-town district in which he resided, that fall. There was a lot more about the situation, consisting of interviews, real or fictitious, from some very important men, who, without committing themselves to the approval of the duel, commended the young man's bold defence of the memory of General Grant. There was also a modest denial of the report, purporting to come from P. Sigsbee himself, which was so cunningly worded by the ingenious Lutterworth, that it carried conviction to everybody that the story was true.

The papers and the answer to the Admiral's inquiries got to the flag-ship at the same time. Lutterworth, first of the reception guests, arrived soon after. The officers, except Sluman, who was so ill he had to go on the sick list, and was confined to his cabin, had arranged a warm reception for that young man. He had wit enough to imagine the situation, and was prepared for defence. As he nonchalantly stepped through the gangway he was met by a delegation headed by Wrightson. The threatening appearance of that young man and his comrades boded ill for the correspondent.

"Mr. Lutterworth——" he roared out, savagely, shaking his fist in the young man's face.

"Ah, Mr. Wrightson," suavely answered Lutterworth, turning to the gangway, "allow me, Miss Rivers and Miss Johnson!"

There could be no fighting in the presence of ladies, and Lutterworth with a devotion he rarely manifested, took care not to leave them for a moment. He resisted the most pressing invitations to go below just a moment for a drink, a word, for any purpose. At last he and his two friends left the ship together with the first of the guests to depart. Wrightson would have given a month's pay to have gone with him, too. It cannot be denied that Lutterworth was a genius.

The sailing orders of the Admiral were imperative and the ship got under way at twelve o'clock, carrying from the harbor a fine body of young officers who thirsted for an opportunity to go ashore and interview Lutterworth, and, incidentally, P. Sigsbee Smith, as well. There was one among them, however, who watched the rocky shores of the island fade into the distance with feelings of relief too great to be imagined.

That fall two things happened to P. Sigsbee Smith. One was his election to Congress on the strength of his bold defence of General Grant, which many newfound advocates worked to the last limit in a swift red-hot campaign in his district! The other, just after his election, was his marriage to Miss Florence Jefferys, with the full approval of the old general himself. Lutterworth was his best man at the wedding, as he had been his right-hand man in the campaign. As P. Sigsbee Smith frankly acknowledged, if it had not been for that brilliant and audacious youngster, neither of the successes would have come to him. His wife still believes him a hero, in spite of the fact that he told her the truth before they were married. She had loved him at first for the dangers she thought he had evoked; after that she loved him for himself alone—at least that is what she said, and P. Sigsbee believed her, too!

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HOW WE BOUGHT THE GREAT WEST

By Noah Brooks

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century, say in 1803, the American Republic consisted of seventeen States, Ohio being the latest to add her star to the new constellation. The republic was bounded on the north by the great lakes, on the east by the Atlantic, on the south by possessions of Spain, and on the west by the Mississippi River. England had only lately withdrawn her forces from frontier forts that were within the limits of the United States, and, at a period comparatively recent, had actually fixed the capital of provincial Canada at Niagara, within the boundaries of the State of New York. On the south the Spanish territories of East and West Florida, stretching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River, were the refuge of a motley brood of adventurers whose incursions were a constant threat to the peace of the inhabitants of the American territory on the north.

The republic had emerged from a long and exhausting war for independence, triumphant but depleted. Except in the vicinity of the larger towns, roads were excessively bad, and means of communication between important points were feeble and uncertain. Stage-coaches and other conveyances for long distances were rude and uncomfortable; at times those who resorted to them were obliged to "work their passage" through some of the more trying parts of their journey. Mails were transported by these primitive vehicles, and the time required for their transmission was a matter to be determined by the state of the weather, the rise and fall of streams, and the condition of the contractor's steeds, barring accidents. Six weeks was the schedule time for mails between any of the chief Eastern cities—Boston, New York, or Philadelphia—and St. Louis. This last-named town, then a mere village with a handful of inhabitants and known as Pain Court, was a Spanish settlement into which a few adventurous Americans had intruded themselves.

If we may draw safe conclusions from the newspapers and private correspondence of the time, the American people, or, at least, their politicians and public men, were far more interested in the affairs of European nations than they were in those of their own country. The arrival of a ship with foreign journals and letters set agog the nation, or that part of it which clung to the Atlantic coast. Much of the social correspondence that has been preserved to us from those days teems with news of the English and French capitals, observations on European politics and speculations on the movements of foreign statesmen and rulers, mingled with wise predictions of possibilities that may arise. Thus General Henry Knox, Washington's Chief of Artillery, living in retirement in 1800, and writing to an old comrade, says: "Bonaparte! What a glorious fellow! How completely he has averted the monster anarchy and mad democracy! I hope in God no fanatic will assassinate him." The names of European statesmen were as familiar as household words upon the lips of American leaders of public opinion.

In October, 1800, Spain gave back to France, by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso, the vast tract of land known as the Province of Louisiana. It was also reported that West Florida was included in this cession; but that proved to be an error. The Province of Louisiana had been ceded to Spain by France in 1762; the fact of its recession did not become generally known until 1802. When the news of the cession reached the United States there was great commotion among the politicians. The "plain people," occupied as they were with their various commercial and industrial enterprises, then becoming profitable, did not manifest much concern in what happened in the courts of Europe; but the men who guided the political destinies of the young republic saw in this

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transfer of a vast American province from a weak power to a strong power, lying along our western border, a menace to our peace and comfort. Jefferson, then President of the United States, took the alarm at once. In a letter to Robert R. Livingston, United States Minister to France, dated April 18, 1802, he used this strong language: "There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market, and from its fertility it will yield ere long more than one-half our whole produce, and contain more than half our inhabitants. France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us an attitude of defiance. Spain might have retained it quietly for years."

Jefferson then went on to say that with feeble Spain for our neighbor on the southwest, we might look for further enlargements of trade facilities, but France, with her energy, her habit of colonization and her impetuosity of temper, would be sure to make it impossible for herself and the American Republic long to remain friends. He pointed out that the vital interests of the United States would demand an alliance with some other and more formidable power. "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans," he said, "fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." This was pretty plain language, especially when we bear in mind that the letter was to be shown to M. de Nemours, the French Minister to the United States, who was about to return to France. The First Consul was calmly told that a French occupation of the mouths of the Mississippi would be the signal for an American alliance with England—with England against whom Napoleon was at that moment meditating war.

While the formal transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France was delayed, Morales, the Spanish Intendant, at New Orleans, unwittingly added fuel to the flames that had already been kindled in the United States by issuing a proclamation suspending the right of deposit in New Orleans. Under the treaty of 1795, the Americans were allowed the privilege of depositing their merchandise in Spanish storehouses while waiting shipment to ports beyond the Balize and the Gulf of Mexico. If not at New Orleans, then at some other convenient point in Spanish territory, to be designated by the Intendant, were the goods of the Americans to be temporarily set down. But, when he took away the right to deposit in New Orleans, the Spaniard offered no other spot on which the Americans could store their merchandise.

If the Spanish local authority had designed to show the weakness of the American line on the southwest, no more effectual means could have been adopted. Here was an indispensable and long-used gate of outward-bound commerce deliberately slammed in our face. Instantly, the population of the Mississippi valley was all afire. The Westerners were a hardy, adventurous, and audacious race. Good fighters, used to long marches, excellent marksmen and brave beyond words of description, they were ever ready to defend what they believed to be their rights; they demanded to be led against the Spanish, whom they threatened to sweep into the sea. Other parts of the country, less affected by the suspension of the right of deposit, sympathized with the Westerners, and, although they held no public meetings of denunciation and passed no resolutions of defiance, they cried for immediate redress of this outrage on the American people.

Congress took the alarm, and Representative Griswold, of Connecticut, offered in the House a set of spirited resolutions asserting the rights of American shippers to a place of deposit at the mouths of the Mississippi, and to the free navigation of that river, and demanding information as to the readiest means for the recovery and maintenance of those rights. Party feeling ran high in those days, and, after much fencing between the Federalists and the Republicans, a milk-and-watery resolution was substituted for Griswold's fiery declarations. A similar fate overtook a more warlike resolution offered in the Senate by Ross of Pennsylvania. Senator Ross not only denounced the Spanish outrage, as it was called; he asked that the President be authorized to take possession of a suitable place of deposit at New Orleans, and, to

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accomplish this purpose, fifty thousand of the militia were to be called out and fifty millions of dollars, if needed, were to be appropriated for the carrying out of order.

But the President had no need of an army; although Congress did finally enact a law authorizing the President to call for a provisional army of eighty thousand militia and to spend twenty-five thousand dollars in building forts and arsenals in the West, these warlike preparations were wholly on paper, and President Jefferson was left free to accomplish by diplomacy what force of arms never could have accomplished.

According to Livingston, the French colonization of New Orleans was a darling object with the First Consul, who saw in it "a means to gratify his friends and dispose of his armies." Even while the American Congress was wasting its time with political sparring over the closing of the Mississippi to Western trade and commerce, it was reported that a French fleet under command of Marshal Bernadotte was on its way to take possession of New Orleans. But that fleet never sailed; it was needed elsewhere.

Time pressed and as the political sky of Europe grew more and more stormy, the necessity for immediate action on the part of the interested powers increased. Up to this point it is uncertain how many of the notes of Minister Livingston addressing the French Government on the subject of a possible cession of some part of Louisiana to the United States ever reached the First Consul. Under instructions from the President, Livingston had plied that government with arguments intended to induce a sale of the island of New Orleans and some part of the newly acquired territory east of the Mississippi. Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was more deeply attached to the tradition of French colonization on the American continent than was his master; and, with his habitual duplicity, it is likely that only so much of Livingston's pleadings as would be inefficacious with him was permitted to reach Bonaparte's eye. Meanwhile France and England were at odds over the island of Malta, and Napoleon had said, with all possible publicity, "I must have Malta or war." War, therefore, seemed inevitable.

In January, 1803, Jefferson, uneasy at the long and dangerous delay in negotiations for the transfer of any part of Louisiana to the United States, resolved to send a minister plenipotentiary to aid Livingston in Paris. James Monroe was selected for this office, made doubly arduous by the fact that Livingston was the head of a powerful and influential political and family clan in New York whose *amour propre* might be offended and whose support be lost to Jefferson by any act that would seem to reflect on the diplomatic ability of their patroon, then accredited to the court at Versailles. This was satisfactorily arranged, however, and Monroe was privately instructed by the President that his powers as Minister Extraordinary were practically unlimited. "Our object of purchasing New Orleans and the Floridas is a measure liable to assume so many shapes that no instructions could be squared to fit them." The more ardent of Jefferson's admirers see in this ambiguous phrase a hint of the possibility that the unexpected would happen and that the American ministers in Paris might have a chance to strike a mighty bargain with the First Consul.

Having established direct communications with Napoleon, Mr. Livingston argued with the Consul that France could not always depend upon keeping the allegiance of rich and prosperous colonists in the Province of Louisiana; and he asked that a price be fixed on so much of the territory as lay north of the Arkansas River, added to that east of New Orleans and west of East Florida. The First Consul was also persistently dunned for the payment of those claims of American citizens which afterwards acquired notoriety as "The French Claims." Napoleon promised that the claims should be paid, but on the subject of the sale of any part of Louisiana he was silent, or non-committal. On the twelfth of March, 1803, Livingston wrote to Jefferson that he had been assured by Talleyrand "that no sale would be heard of."

Events now moved very swiftly. War was approaching. English newspapers openly advised their government that a blow be struck against France by sending a fleet to seize New Orleans and hold the door into the French Province of Louisiana. Napoleon needed money for fleets, for army operations, and for the other innumerable expenses of a long war. The American

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Congress had authorized the President to expend two millions of dollars to consummate any negotiations into which he might enter for the acquisition of territory at the mouths of the Mississippi; this money, Napoleon was told by the English newspapers, was intended to be used in bribing persons attached to the French court. If they could spend so handsome a sum for bribery, might they not be induced to spend a much more magnificent amount in a purchase of territory?

On the eleventh of April, Livingston wrote to his government that Talleyrand had asked him whether the United States wished to buy the whole of Louisiana, to which Livingston had replied in the negative, adding, "Our wishes extend only to New Orleans and the Floridas." But when the French diplomatist answered that what would be left after the sale of the controlling port of New Orleans would be worth very little to France, and it would be interesting to know what sum the United States would give for the whole Province of Louisiana, leaving the Floridas out of the question, a great light began to dawn on the mind of the American Minister. The only reply that Livingston could make to such an unexpected proposition was that he had not thought of the subject, but he suggested that twenty millions of francs might be regarded as a fair price for the province, provided the claims of American citizens were also paid. Livingston had estimated the amount of the American claims at twenty-five millions of francs; and his offer for the purchase of Louisiana, accordingly, was forty-five millions of francs, or about nine million dollars. No wonder the French Minister took his leave, protesting that the price named was far too small to be considered.

Livingston reports that at this interview Talleyrand, when introducing the subject of the sale of the entire province, explained that the idea of a sale so great as that had only just then occurred to him. But the American Minister, shrewdly comments: "I have reason, however, to think that this resolution was taken in council on Saturday." This proved to be a correct surmise. Napoleon had resolved to sell the entire Province of Louisiana, and his ministers had been instructed to get as good a price for it as they possibly could.

Monroe arrived in Paris on the twelfth of April, and on the following day Barbé-Marbois, the French Minister of Finance, appeared as the diplomatic agent of the French Republic in the pending negotiations. Barbé-Marbois was not only a skilled diplomatist, but he was a good friend of the Americans; he had passed several years in this country as Consul-General of France, and, during his residence, had married the daughter of Governor William Moore, of Pennsylvania. But his American friendships did not hinder him from making as good a bargain for the First Consul as he could. He told Livingston that Napoleon had said to him, as he put the whole business into his hands: "You have charge of the treasury; let them (the Americans) give you one hundred millions of francs, pay their own claims and take the whole country." To this offer the American Minister declined to make any response until he had consulted with his colleague, Mr. Monroe. Accordingly, the two Americans, having put their wise heads together, raised their bid to fifty millions of francs, including the spoliations claims, and then, to use their own words, "resolved to rest a few days on their oars." The war-clouds were growing bigger and more portentous. Money, not additional foreign complications, was what France most needed.

There was more higgling and haggling over the price to be paid for the province, the Americans protesting that the figures set by the French Government were far too high; Marbois, while he admitted that the price might seem exorbitant, insisted that it was below that fixed by the First Consul. But, on the last day of April, 1803, just eleven days before the British ambassador in Paris received his passports and departed for home, three agreements were entered into by the ministers of France and the United States. To humor the over-sensitiveness of the French, the treaty of cession made no mention of the money to be paid for the territory sold. That required a separate agreement and document. The treaty of cession provided that the Province of Louisiana, as obtained by treaty from Spain, should be made over to the Republic of the United States, and its inhabitants be incorporated into the Federal Union and admitted

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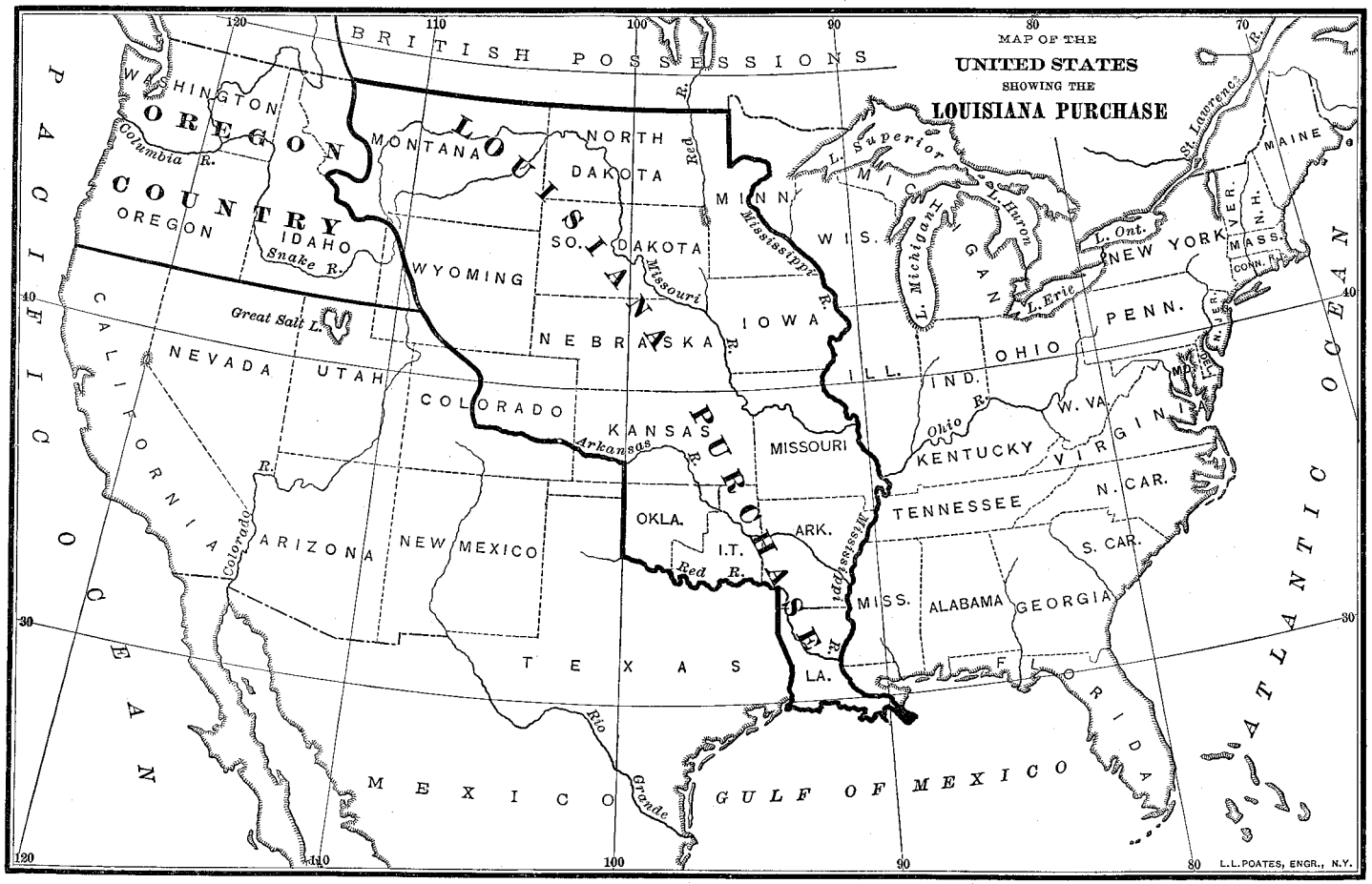

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to all the rights and immunities of American citizens of the United States, and that, meanwhile, they should be protected in the possession of their property and the exercise of the religion they professed; and that vessels arriving at ports of Louisiana from France or Spain, or from the colonies of those two countries, laden with the merchandise of said countries, should, for the space of twelve years, be placed on an equal footing with American vessels engaged in the same traffic, so far as dues and duties were concerned.

The second document was called a convention. It arranged for the payment of the price of the province. Sixty millions of francs were to be paid for the territory. As the "convention" fixed the relative valuation of the franc and the dollar, the American Government was to put eleven million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars into an issue of stock bearing six per cent. interest, payable semi-annually in Paris, London, or Amsterdam. Payment of the principal was to begin fifteen years after the exchange of ratifications, in instalments of not less than three millions of dollars each. The third document was also a convention and made provision for the payment of claims of American citizens against the French Government. No claims were to be paid except those held by creditors of France, and none was to be considered unless it was dated prior to September 30th, 1800.

Briefly, the American ministers had agreed that their government should pay fifteen millions of dollars for the territory known as the Province of Louisiana. For, in addition to the sum to be provided by the stock to be issued, Congress did actually appropriate, subsequently, three and three-quarters millions of dollars for the payment of the aforesaid claims. This acquisition of land more than doubled the area of the republic; it was an area of more than one million square miles. It made continuous the possessions of the American Republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the country now occupied by the States of Oregon and Washington being then ours by right of discovery and subsequently by settlement and by treaty. The vast region thus acquired now contains a population of more than thirteen millions, or more than twice the number of the people of the United States at the time of the cession.

The First Consul might well rub his hands and say, in view of this bargain: "There is nothing left to ask. Sixty millions for an occupation that will not last a day, perhaps. Let France enjoy this unexpected capital." Nevertheless, he did not omit to chide Barbé-Marbois because he had not exacted one hundred millions for property which he had been willing to sell for one-half that sum. Bonaparte took a wider view of this mighty transaction, when he said: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States. I have given England a rival."

In England the news of the cession of Louisiana was received with complacency, if not with applause. It was said that the King, George III, expressed himself as pleased with the transfer of so much of the outlying possessions of France to another power. Jefferson's friends saw in the liberal offer of the Barings to finance the United States loan, issued for the occasion, an evidence of the friendship of the British Government for the great transaction. Spain, however, continued to protest against the transfer. The conditions on which Louisiana had been re-ceded to France related to European affairs, and these conditions, Spain alleged, had not been fulfilled. It is not worth while now to look into the justice of this claim or to inquire whether Spanish opposition to the cession was merely factious. In any case, although that opposition was maintained up to the very last day of grace, it had no effect upon the French Government.

Nobody could have foreseen what a turmoil the purchase of Louisiana would cause in the United States. Jefferson was undoubtedly dazed when the three documents concluding and sealing that purchase reached him. The treaty of cession was already nearly a month old when it was placed before him. There was no time to send word to Washington from Paris and ask for instructions before closing the bargain. Although it required about thirty days to cross the Atlantic, events were crowding upon each other too thickly to venture on a delay so great before concluding the sale of the French province to a power on the western side of the ocean. The deed was done.

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Jefferson, delighted beyond measure at the success of his envoys, was puzzled to discover ways and means to consummate their purchase and legalize their action. He had offered to buy a few hundred acres for a dockyard and place of deposit. He was to have handed over to him a territory equal in extent to many principalities. He had been authorized to expend two millions of dollars in a needed purchase; he found himself involved in a transaction that required on his part fifteen millions. A strict constructionist, and believing as he did that the purchase of foreign territory would be an unconstitutional act on his part, he found himself bound in honor to consummate a bargain that would double the area of the United States.

At this time the Federalist party had become merely a party of obstructionists. Their only distinct policy, apparently, was to oppose everything proposed by the Republicans. Their cardinal principle was that whatever Jefferson did was not right. The clamor raised by the announcement that Jefferson's agents in Paris had bought the Province of Louisiana was prodigious. It was asserted that the purchase contemplated the formation of a new confederacy which should include the valley of the Mississippi and the lands lying immediately east thereof. Having bought an empire, they asked, derisively, who is to be emperor of the newly acquired domain? The cost, above all, the cost of this vast region was regarded as monumental. Fifteen millions for a worthless wilderness! The bare idea was preposterous.

But, in any case, Congress must be assembled in order that the needed funds should be provided for the payment of the purchase-money. And pending the meeting of the Senate, Jefferson asked advice of his cabinet in the framing of an amendment to the Constitution that should be retroactive in its nature and cover the acquisition of Louisiana as well as the future annexation of the Floridas. But the cabinet treated the President's propositions with coolness. Every member but two declined to sanction an amendment to the Constitution at that time. Finding cold comfort there, Jefferson turned to his personal and political friends. He had "done an act beyond the Constitution," he said, and he relied upon his friends in Congress to get him out of the scrape. It was an unlooked-for exigency that had placed within the reach of his agents the power to buy this province. "It is the case of a guardian," he wrote to Senator Nicholas, of Virginia, "investing the money of his ward in purchasing an important adjacent territory; and saying to him, when of age, 'I did this for your good; I pretend to no right to bind you; you may disavow me, and I must get out of the scrape as I can; I thought it my duty to risk myself for you.'"

Appeals like these had no effect upon the friends of Jefferson. Indeed, Senator Nicholas bluntly told the President that he might as well keep his doubts and scruples to himself. If the Senate should be told that the President did not believe he had any right to acquire foreign territory by purchase until that right had been conferred by an amendment to the Constitution, the treaty would not be ratified; and then everything would have to be done over again.

Rebuffed in this direction, Jefferson again turned to his cabinet, and, as before, was met with blank silence. In both of these appeals to his ministers, he included a draft of a proposed amendment to the Constitution. That which was submitted to the cabinet with his second appeal contained the extraordinary proposition that Florida would some day be a part of the United States, and that, in certain contingencies, certain things were necessary to be done.

Congress met on October 17, 1803. The three agreements with France were before the Senate for ratification, and the House of Representatives was to be asked to originate the requisite measures to provide for the payment of the expenses to which the United States was now pledged. Of course the uproar occasioned by the first announcement of the purchase was renewed now that Congress was asked to sanction the purchase, and provide ways and means to make the stipulated payment. In his messages regarding the Louisiana Purchase, Jefferson gave no hint of the perturbation which his "extra-constitutional action" had caused in his mind. And the Senate, without any ado, proceeded to ratify the treaty of cession, and the conventions, on October 19.

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A longer time was required to ratify the treaty by making provision for the payment of the purchase-money. Meanwhile, the uproar among the politicians increased. The New England Federalists were especially excited and venomous. They pretended to believe that their fellow-citizens would be tempted to migrate to the western banks of the Mississippi where land was fertile and cheap, and leave their native New England to neglect and poverty. Something of the spirit which, a few years later, manifested itself in the Hartford Convention, inspired the leaders with dreams of separation. They insisted that the balance of power was passing to the South and that the new States to be carved out of the Louisiana Purchase would be hostile to New England; it was even hinted that New England should take Time by the forelock and provide for her own separate existence.

The President, to facilitate the favorable action of Congress, sent to that body a lot of documents designed to show forth the wonders and the riches of the unknown land which was to be ours. Some of these documents were so absurdly extravagant that it is reasonable to suppose that Jefferson could not have read them before he sent them in. For example, they told of giant Indians, of prairies too rich to grow trees, and of a mountain of salt one hundred and eighty miles long and forty-five miles wide, solid to its summit, with saline springs gushing from its base. These, and other incredible yarns, foolishly enough, were accepted by Jefferson's friends, who not only defended their credibility, but added to their volume. It was asserted that the mastodon and other prehistoric animals would be found wandering in the unexplored wildernesses of the Louisiana Purchase. As for the mountain of salt, they said, specimens of the mineral, as large as a hen's egg, had been brought to Boston and New York.

The constitutional argument was threshed over and over again. It is not worth while now to go over the varied discussion which was provoked in Congress. One of the most subtie arguments advanced by the Federalists was this: We will admit that we can purchase and hold Louisiana; but we deny that either Louisiana or any other foreign country can be incorporated into this Union by treaty; as this country has been ceded to the United States on condition of its incorporation, and as this condition is unconstitutional and impossible, the treaty and the cession both fall to the ground.

Imperialism was another bugaboo employed by the Federalists. Before a regular form of government could be provided for the newly acquired territory, there must be some sort of government, *ad interim*, and when a bill to effect that purpose came before the Congress, it was sardonically inquired if King Jefferson was to take the place of King Charles of Spain. A despotism worse than that of Spain was to be set up by the President, who, without consulting the Senate, would fill every office, from governor down to storekeeper, with creatures of his own. All these arguments and illustrations seem now strangely familiar. We know how ineffective they were. The treaty and the conventions were ratified and the money needed to pay the bills was provided for, and Congress adjourned after a comparatively short session. It remained only for the United States Government to take formal possession of the territory.

The population of Lower Louisiana were motley in character: their territory had not yet been made over to France from Spain. Accordingly, still protesting but obeying his formal orders, the Marquis of Cassa Calva and Don Juan Manuel de Salcedo, on behalf of the King of Spain, and Peter Clement Laussat, on behalf of the First Consul, followed by a great concourse of people, on November 30, 1803, went to the hall of the Cabildo, or local municipal assembly, New Orleans, and there, after displaying their authority, the Spaniards surrendered and the Frenchmen received jurisdiction of the Province of Louisiana. The Spanish flag was lowered and the French tri-color hoisted; the keys of New Orleans, then a walled city, were delivered to Laussat and the simple ceremony was over.

No provision had been made for preserving order in the city during the ticklish period when there was no government visible. The French had no troops and no means of putting down violence, in case of disorder. What might be expected from a population composed of Amer-

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icans, Creoles, Frenchmen and Spaniards, emigrants from the Canaries and Malaga, exiled Acadians, Germans, Mexicans, Mestizoes and every shade of negro, from the Congo man to the brightest octoroon? The pressure of forty years of Spanish despotism suddenly removed, to what wildness of excess might they not rush? Happily, no disorder happened. A handful of Americans whom business had brought to New Orleans—sea-captains, super-cargoes, clerks, merchants, and sailors, volunteered to assist in keeping order. Laussat gladly accepted their services, and the peace was kept while the American envoys were hurrying to New Orleans to receive the cession of the territory. Those envoys were General James Wilkinson and Governor William Claiborne. Gathering up what troops were available in the region, Wilkinson and Claiborne made a formal entry into the gates of New Orleans on December 20, 1803, and, with a band playing French and American airs, marched in battle array to the Cabildo escorted by the Spanish troops and welcomed by the envoys of France and Spain. The credentials of the American commissioners and those of Laussat were read to the assemblage. The keys of the city were handed to Claiborne; Laussat absolved the citizens from all allegiance to France; Claiborne bade them welcome as citizens of the United States, assuring them that their civil and religious liberty and their property were safe; and the simple, but important, ceremony was over as the American ensign floated over the soil of Louisiana.

Months passed before the Spaniards showed any signs of moving. Spanish soldiers mounted guard in New Orleans every day, and Spanish officers held the quarters which, under the terms of the cession, were the property of the United States. The barracks were not given up until April, 1804, and even later than that the magazines and hospital were held. American soldiers were forced to sleep in unwholesome tents on the marshes, while the arrogant Spanish held possession of the city. So much for the continual protest of the Spanish authorities that the territory had never been legally ceded to the United States. It is not surprising that schemes for the seizure of the territory by American and foreign adventurers were secretly developed. Such a state of things doubtless led Aaron Burr to warn his friends in the Mississippi valley that in less than five years they would be separated from the Atlantic States.

The upper portion of the Louisiana Purchase was known as the Territory of Louisiana; it comprised all that territory north of the thirty-third degree of latitude, eastward to the Mississippi and westward and northward as far as the undetermined boundaries of the newly acquired possessions might extend. South of this was the District of Orleans with its seat of government fixed at New Orleans. The cession of the upper part of the purchase did not take place until March 10th, 1804, when, having received the cession from the Spanish, the French representative handed it over to the agent of the United States with a very brief and simple ceremony.

By these unimpressive proceedings the Government of the United States was put in possession of territory within whose boundaries now flourish the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, the Indian Territory, and parts of the States of Minnesota and Colorado. The men who were the active agents in the transfer of this mighty land from one national jurisdiction to another, are well-nigh forgotten in the crowd and rush of later, but not less important, events. By this historic purchase the seat of a mighty empire was forever established. By this purchase the possibilities of developing from the republic a world-power were strengthened. Under our benignant rule, comfort, luxury, prosperity, and every variety of material activity fill the wide spaces in which our fathers found only a trackless wilderness. Common gratitude bids us recall with acclaim the names of Jefferson, Livingston, and Monroe, who, building better than they knew, made this magnificent transformation possible.

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SANCTUARY

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

PART II—(CONCLUDED)

VI

MRS. PEYTON reached home in the state of exhaustion which follows on a physical struggle. It seemed to her as though her talk with Clemence Verney had been an actual combat, a measuring of wrist and eye. For a moment she was frightened at what she had done—she felt as though she had betrayed her son to the enemy. But before long she regained her moral balance, and saw that she had merely shifted the conflict to the ground on which it could best be fought out—since the prize fought for was the natural battlefield. The reaction brought with it a sense of helplessness, a realization that she had let the issue pass out of her hold; but since, in the last analysis, it had never lain there, since it was above all needful that the determining touch should be given by any hand but hers, she presently found courage to subside into inaction. She had done all she could—even more, perhaps, than prudence warranted—and now she could but await passively the working of the forces she had set in motion.

For two days after her talk with Miss Verney she saw little of Dick. He went early to his office and came back late. He seemed less tired, more self-possessed, than during the first days after Darrow's death; but there was a new inscrutableness in his manner, a note of reserve, of resistance almost, as though he had barricaded himself against her conjectures. She had been struck by Miss Verney's reply to the anxious asseveration that she had done nothing to influence Dick—"Nothing," the girl had answered, "except to read his thoughts." Mrs. Peyton shrank from this detection of a tacit interference with her son's liberty of action. She longed—how passionately he would never know—to stand apart from him in this struggle between his two destinies, and it was almost a relief that he on his side should hold aloof, should, for the first time in their relation, seem to feel her tenderness as an intrusion.

Only four days remained before the date fixed for the sending in of the designs, and still Dick had not referred to his work. Of Darrow, also, he had made no mention. His mother longed to know if he had spoken to Clemence Verney—or rather if the girl had forced his confidence. Mrs. Peyton was almost certain that Miss Verney would not remain silent—there were times when Dick's renewed application to his work seemed an earnest of her having spoken, and spoken convincingly. At the thought Kate's heart grew chill. What if her experiment should succeed in a sense she had not intended? If the girl should reconcile Dick to his weakness, should pluck the sting from his temptation? In this round of uncertainties the mother revolved for two interminable days; but the second evening brought an answer to her question.

Dick, returning earlier than usual from the office, had found, on the hall-table, a note which, since morning, had been under his mother's observation. The envelope, fashionable in tint and texture, was addressed in a rapid staccato hand which seemed the very imprint of Miss Verney's utterance. Mrs. Peyton did not know the girl's writing; but such notes had of late lain often enough on the hall-table to make their attribution easy. This communication Dick, as his mother poured his tea, looked over with a face of shifting lights; then he folded it into his note-case, and said, with a glance at his watch: "If you haven't asked any one for this evening I think I'll dine out."

"Do, dear; the change will be good for you," his mother assented.

He made no answer, but sat leaning back,

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his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes fixed on the fire. Every line of his body expressed a profound physical lassitude, but the face remained alert and guarded. Mrs. Peyton, in silence, was busying herself with the details of the tea-making, when suddenly, inexplicably, a question forced itself to her lips.

"And your work——?" she said, strangely hearing herself speak.

"My work——?" He sat up, on the defensive almost, but without a tremor of the guarded face.

"You're getting on well? You've made up for lost time?"

"Oh, yes: things are going better." He rose, with another glance at his watch. "Time to dress," he said, nodding to her as he turned to the door.

It was an hour later, during her own solitary dinner, that a ring at the door was followed by the parlour-maid's announcement that Mr. Gill was there from the office. In the hall, in fact, Kate found her son's partner, who explained apologetically that he had understood Peyton was dining at home, and had come to consult him about a difficulty which had arisen since he had left the office. On hearing that Dick was out, and that his mother did not know where he had gone, Mr. Gill's perplexity became so manifest that Mrs. Peyton, after a moment, said hesitatingly: "He may be at a friend's house; I could give you the address."

The architect caught up his hat. "Thank you; I'll have a try for him."

Mrs. Peyton hesitated again. "Perhaps," she suggested, "it would be better to telephone."

She led the way into the little study behind the drawing-room, where a telephone stood on the writing-table. The folding doors between the two rooms were open: should she close them as she passed back into the drawing-room? On the threshold she wavered an instant; then she walked on and took her usual seat by the fire.

Gill, meanwhile, at the telephone, had "rung up" the Verney house, and enquired if his partner were dining there. The reply was evidently affirmative; and a moment later Kate knew that he was in communication with her son. She sat motionless, her hands clasped on the arms of her chair, her head erect, in an attitude of avowed attention. If she listened she would listen openly: there should be no suspicion of eaves-dropping. Gill, engrossed in his message, was probably hardly conscious of her presence; but if he turned his head he should at least have no difficulty in seeing her, and in being aware that she could hear what he said. Gill, however, as she was quick to remember, was doubtless ignorant of any need for secrecy in his communication to Dick. He had often heard the affairs of the office discussed openly before Mrs. Peyton, had been led to regard her as familiar with all the details of her son's work. He talked on unconcernedly, and she listened.

Ten minutes later, when he rose to go, she knew all that she had wanted to find out. Long familiarity with the technicalities of her son's profession made it easy for her to translate the stenographic jargon of the office. She could lengthen out all Gill's abbreviations, interpret all his allusions, and reconstruct Dick's answers from the questions addressed to him. And when the door closed on the architect she was left face to face with the fact that her son, unknown to anyone but herself, was using Darrow's drawings to complete his work.

Mrs. Peyton, left alone, found it easier to continue her vigil by the drawing-room fire than to carry up to the darkness and silence of her own room the truth she had been at such pains to acquire. She had no thought of sitting up for Dick. Doubtless, his dinner over, he would rejoin Gill at the office, and prolong through the night the task in which she now knew him to be engaged. But it was less lonely by the fire than in the wide-eyed darkness which awaited her upstairs. A mortal loneliness enveloped her. She felt as though she had fallen by the way, spent and broken in a struggle of which even its object had been unconscious. She had tried to deflect the natural course of events, she had sacrificed her personal happiness to a fantastic ideal of duty, and it was her punishment to be left alone with her failure, outside the normal current of human strivings and regrets.

She had no wish to see her son just then: she would have preferred to let the inner tumult subside, to repossess herself in this new adjustment to life, before meeting his eyes again. But as she sat there, far adrift

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on her misery, she was aroused by the turning of his key in the latch. She started up, her heart sounding a retreat, but her faculties too dispersed to obey it; and while she stood wavering the door opened and he was in the room.

In the room, and with face illumined: a Dick she had not seen since the strain of the contest had cast its shade on him. Now he shone as if in a sunrise of victory, holding out exultant hands from which she hung back instinctively.

"Mother! I knew you'd be waiting for me!" He had her on his breast now, and his kisses were in her hair. "I've always said you knew everything that was happening to me, and now you've guessed that I wanted you to-night."

She was struggling faintly against the dear endearments. "What *has* happened?" she murmured, drawing back for a dazzled look at him.

He had drawn her to the sofa, had dropped beside her, regaining his hold of her in the boyish need that his happiness should be touched and handled.

"My engagement has happened!" he cried out to her. "You stupid dear, do you need to be told?"

VII

SHE had indeed needed to be told: the surprise was complete and overwhelming. She sat silent under it, her hands trembling in his, till the blood mounted to his face and she felt his confident grasp relax.

"You didn't guess it, then?" he exclaimed, starting up and moving away from her.

"No; I didn't guess it," she confessed in a dead-level voice.

He stood above her, half-challenging, half-defensive. "And you haven't a word to say to me? Mother!" he adjured her.

She rose too, putting her arms about him with a kiss. "Dick! Dear Dick!" she murmured.

"She imagines you don't like her; she says she's always felt it. And yet she owns you've been delightful; that you've tried to make friends with her. And I thought you knew how much it would mean to me, just now, to have this uncertainty over, and that you'd actually been trying to help me, to put in a good word for me. I thought it was you who had made her decide."

"I?"

"By your talk with her the other day. She told me of your talk with her."

His mother's hands slipped from his shoulders and she sank back into her seat. She felt the cruelty of her silence, but only an inarticulate murmur found a way to her lips. Before speaking she must clear a space in the suffocating rush of her sensations. For the moment she could only repeat inwardly that Clemence Verney had yielded before the final test, and that she herself was somehow responsible for this fresh entanglement of fate. For she saw in a flash how the coils of circumstance had tightened; and as her mind cleared it was filled with the perception that this, precisely, was what the girl intended, that this was why she had conferred the crown before the victory. By pledging herself to Dick she had secured his pledge in return: had put him on his honour in a cynical inversion of the term. Kate saw the succession of events spread out before her like a map, and the astuteness of the girl's policy frightened her. Miss Verney had conducted the campaign like a strategist. She had frankly owned that her interest in Dick's future depended on his capacity for success, and in order to key him up to his first achievement she had given him a foretaste of its results.

So much was almost immediately clear to Mrs. Peyton; but in a moment her inferences had carried her a point farther. For it was now plain to her that Miss Verney had not risked so much without first trying to gain her point at less cost: that if she had had to give herself as a prize, it was because no other bribe had been sufficient. This then, as the mother saw with a throb of hope, meant that Dick, who since Darrow's death had held to his purpose unwaveringly, had been deflected from it by the first hint of Clemence Verney's connivance. Kate had not miscalculated: things had happened as she had foreseen. In the light of the girl's approval his act had taken an odious look. He had recoiled from it, and it was to revive his flagging courage that she had had to promise herself, to take him in the meshes of her surrender.

Kate, looking up, saw above her the young perplexity of her boy's face, the sus-

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He had her on his breast now, and his kisses were in her hair.—Page 572.

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pended happiness waiting to brim over. With a fresh touch of misery she said to herself that this was his hour, his one irrecoverable moment, and that she was darkening it by her silence. Her memory went back to the same hour in her own life: she could feel its heat in her pulses still. What right had she to stand in Dick's light? Who was she to decide between his code and hers? She put out her hand and drew him down to her.

"She'll be the making of me, you know, mother," he said, as they leaned together. "She'll put new life in me—she'll help me get my second wind. Her talk is like a fresh breeze blowing away the fog in my head. I never knew any one who saw so straight to the heart of things, who had such a grip on values. She goes straight up to life and catches hold of it, and you simply can't make her let go."

He got up and walked the length of the room; then he came back and stood smiling above his mother.

"You know you and I are rather complicated people," he said. "We're always walking around things to get new views of them—we're always rearranging the furniture. And somehow she simplifies life so tremendously." He dropped down beside her with a deprecating laugh. "Not that I mean, dear, that it hasn't been good for me to argue things out with myself, as you've taught me to—only the man who stops to talk is apt to get shoved aside nowadays, and I don't believe Milton's archangels would have had much success in active business."

He had begun in a strain of easy confidence, but as he went on she detected an effort to hold the note, she felt that his words were being poured out in a vain attempt to fill the silence which was deepening between them. She longed, in her turn, to pour something into that menacing void, to bridge it with a reconciling word or look; but her soul hung back, and she had to take refuge in a vague murmur of tenderness.

"My boy! My boy!" she repeated; and he sat beside her without speaking, their hand-clasp alone spanning the distance which had widened between their thoughts.

The engagement, as Kate subsequently learned, was not to be made known till later. Miss Verney had even stipulated that for the present there should be no recognition of it in her own family or in Dick's. She did not wish to interfere with his final work for the competition, and had made him promise, as he laughingly owned, that he would not see her again till the drawings were sent in. His mother noticed that he made no other allusion to his work; but when he bade her good night he added that he might not see her the next morning, as he had to go to the office early. She took this as a hint that he wished to be left alone, and kept her room the next day till the closing door told her that he was out of the house.

She herself had waked early, and it seemed to her that the day was already old when she came downstairs. Never had the house appeared so empty. Even in Dick's longest absences something of his presence had always hung about the rooms: a fine dust of memories and associations, which wanted only the evocation of her thought to float into a palpable semblance of him. But now he seemed to have taken himself quite away, to have broken every fibre by which their lives had hung together. Where the sense of him had been there was only a deeper emptiness: she felt as if a strange man had gone out of her house.

She wandered from room to room, aimlessly, trying to adjust herself to their solitude. She had known such loneliness before, in the years when most women's hearts are fullest; but that was long ago, and the solitude had after all been less complete, because of the sense that it might still be filled. Her son had come: her life had brimmed over; but now the tide ebbed again, and she was left gazing over a bare stretch of wasted years. Wasted! There was the mortal pang, the stroke from which there was no healing. Her faith and hope had been marsh-lights luring her to the wilderness, her love a vain edifice reared on shifting ground.

In her round of the rooms she came at last to Dick's study upstairs. It was full of his boyhood: she could trace the history of his past in its quaint relics and survivals, in the school-books lingering on his crowded shelves, the school-photographs and college-trophies hung among his later treasures. All his successes and failures,

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his exaltations and inconsistencies, were recorded in the warm, huddled, heterogeneous room. Everywhere she saw the touch of her own hand, the vestiges of her own steps. It was she alone who held the clue to the labyrinth, who could thread a way through the confusions and contradictions of his past; and her soul rejected the thought that his future could ever escape from her. She dropped down into his shabby college arm-chair and hid her face in the papers on his desk.

VIII

THE day dwelt in her memory as a long stretch of aimless hours: blind alleys of time that led up to a dead wall of inaction.

Toward afternoon she remembered that she had promised to dine out and go to the opera. At first she felt that the contact of life would be unendurable; then she shrank from shutting herself up with her misery. In the end she let herself drift passively on the current of events, going through the mechanical routine of the day without much consciousness of what was happening.

At twilight, as she sat in the drawing-room, the evening paper was brought in, and in glancing over it her eye fell on a paragraph which seemed printed in more vivid type than the rest. It was headed, The New Museum of Sculpture, and underneath she read: "The artists and architects selected to pass on the competitive designs for the new Museum will begin their sittings on Monday, and to-morrow is the last day on which designs may be sent in to the committee. Great interest is felt in the competition, as the conspicuous site chosen for the new building, and the exceptionally large sum voted by the city for its erection, offer an unusual field for the display of architectural ability."

She leaned back, closing her eyes. It was as though a clock had struck, loud and inexorably, marking off some irrecoverable hour. She was seized by a sudden longing to seek Dick out, to fall on her knees and plead with him: it was one of those physical obsessions against which the body has to stiffen its muscles as well as the mind its thoughts. Once she even sprang up to ring for a cab; but she sank back again, breathing as if after a struggle, and gripping the arms of her chair to keep herself down.

"I can only wait for him—only wait for him——" she heard herself say; and the words loosened the sobs in her throat.

At length she went upstairs to dress for dinner. A ghost-like self looked back at her from her toilet-glass: she watched it performing the mechanical gestures of the toilet, dressing her, as it appeared, without help from her actual self. Each little act stood out sharply against the blurred background of her brain: when she spoke to her maid her voice sounded extraordinarily loud. Never had the house been so silent; or, stay—yes, once she had felt the same silence, once when Dick, in his school-days, had been ill of a fever, and she had sat up with him on the decisive night. The silence had been as deep and as terrible then; and as she dressed she had before her the vision of his room, of the cot in which he lay, of his restless head working a hole in the pillow, his face so pinched and alien under the familiar freckles. It might be his death-watch she was keeping: the doctors had warned her to be ready. And in the silence her soul had fought for her boy, her love had hung over him like wings, her abundant, useless, hateful life had struggled to force itself into his empty veins. And she had succeeded, she had saved him, she had poured her life into him; and in place of the strange child she had watched all night, at daylight she held her own boy to her breast.

That night had once seemed to her the most dreadful of her life; but she knew now that it was one of the agonies which enrich, that the passion thus spent grows fourfold from its ashes. She could not have borne to keep this new vigil alone. She must escape from its sterile misery, must take refuge in other lives till she regained courage to face her own. At the opera, in the illumination of the first *entr'acte*, as she gazed about the house, wondering through the numb ache of her wretchedness how others could talk and smile and be indifferent, it seemed to her that all the jarring animation about her was suddenly focussed in the face of Clemence Verney. Miss Verney sat opposite, in the front of a crowded box, a box in

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which, continually, the black-coated background shifted and renewed itself. Mrs. Peyton felt a throb of anger at the girl's air of bright unconcern. She forgot that she too was talking, smiling, holding out her hand to newcomers, in a studied mimicry of life, while her real self played out its tragedy behind the scenes. Then it occurred to her that, to Clemence Verney, there was no tragedy in the situation. According to the girl's calculations, Dick was virtually certain of success; and unsuccess was to her the only conceivable disaster.

All through the opera the sense of that opposing force, that negation of her own beliefs, burned itself into Mrs. Peyton's consciousness. The space between herself and the girl seemed to vanish, the throng about them to disperse, till they were face to face and alone, enclosed in their mortal enmity. At length the feeling of humiliation and defeat grew unbearable to Mrs. Peyton. The girl seemed to flout her in the insolence of victory, to sit there as the visible symbol of her failure. It was better after all to be at home alone with her thoughts.

As she drove away from the opera she thought of that other vigil which, only a few streets away, Dick was perhaps still keeping. She wondered if his work were over, if the final stroke had been drawn. And as she pictured him there, signing his pact with evil in the loneliness of the conniving night, an uncontrollable impulse possessed her. She must drive by his windows and see if they were still alight. She would not go up to him—she dared not—but at least she would pass near to him, would invisibly share his watch and hover on the edge of his thoughts. She lowered the window and called out the address to the coachman.

The tall office-building loomed silent and dark as she approached it; but presently, high up, she caught a light in the familiar windows. Her heart gave a leap, and the light swam on her through tears. The carriage drew up, and for a moment she sat motionless. Then the coachman bent down toward her and she saw that he was asking if he should drive on. She tried to shape a yes, but her lips refused it and she shook her head. He continued to lean down perplexedly, and at length, under the interrogation of his attitude, it became impossible to sit still, and she opened the door and stepped out. It was equally impossible to stand on the sidewalk, and her next steps carried her to the door of the building. She groped for the bell and rang it, feeling still dimly accountable to the coachman for some consecutiveness of action, and after a moment the night watchman opened the door, drawing back amazed at the shining apparition which confronted him. Recognizing Mrs. Peyton, whom he had seen about the building by day, he tried to adapt himself to the situation by a vague stammer of apology.

"I came to see if my son is still here," she faltered.

"Yes, ma'am, he's here. He's been here most nights lately till after twelve."

"And is Mr. Gill with him?"

"No: Mr. Gill he went away just after I come on this evening."

She glanced up into the cavernous darkness of the stairs.

"Is he alone up there, do you think?"

"Yes, ma'am, I know he's alone, because I seen his men leaving soon after Mr. Gill."

Kate lifted her head quickly. "Then I will go up to him," she said.

The watchman apparently did not think it proper to offer any comment on this unusual proceeding, and a moment later she was fluttering and rustling up through the darkness, like a night-bird hovering among rafters. There were ten flights to climb: at every one her breath failed her, and she had to stand still and press her hands against her heart. Then the weight on her breast lifted, and she went on again, upward and upward, the great dark building dropping away from her, in tier after tier of mute doors and mysterious corridors. At last she reached Dick's floor, and saw the light shining down the passage from his door. She leaned against the wall, her breath coming short, the silence throbbing in her ears. Even now it was not too late to turn back. She bent over the stairs, letting her eyes plunge into the nether blackness, with the single glimmer of the watchman's light in its depths; then she turned and stole toward her son's door. There again she paused and listened, trying to catch, through the hum of her pulses, any noise that might come to her from within. But the silence was unbroken—it

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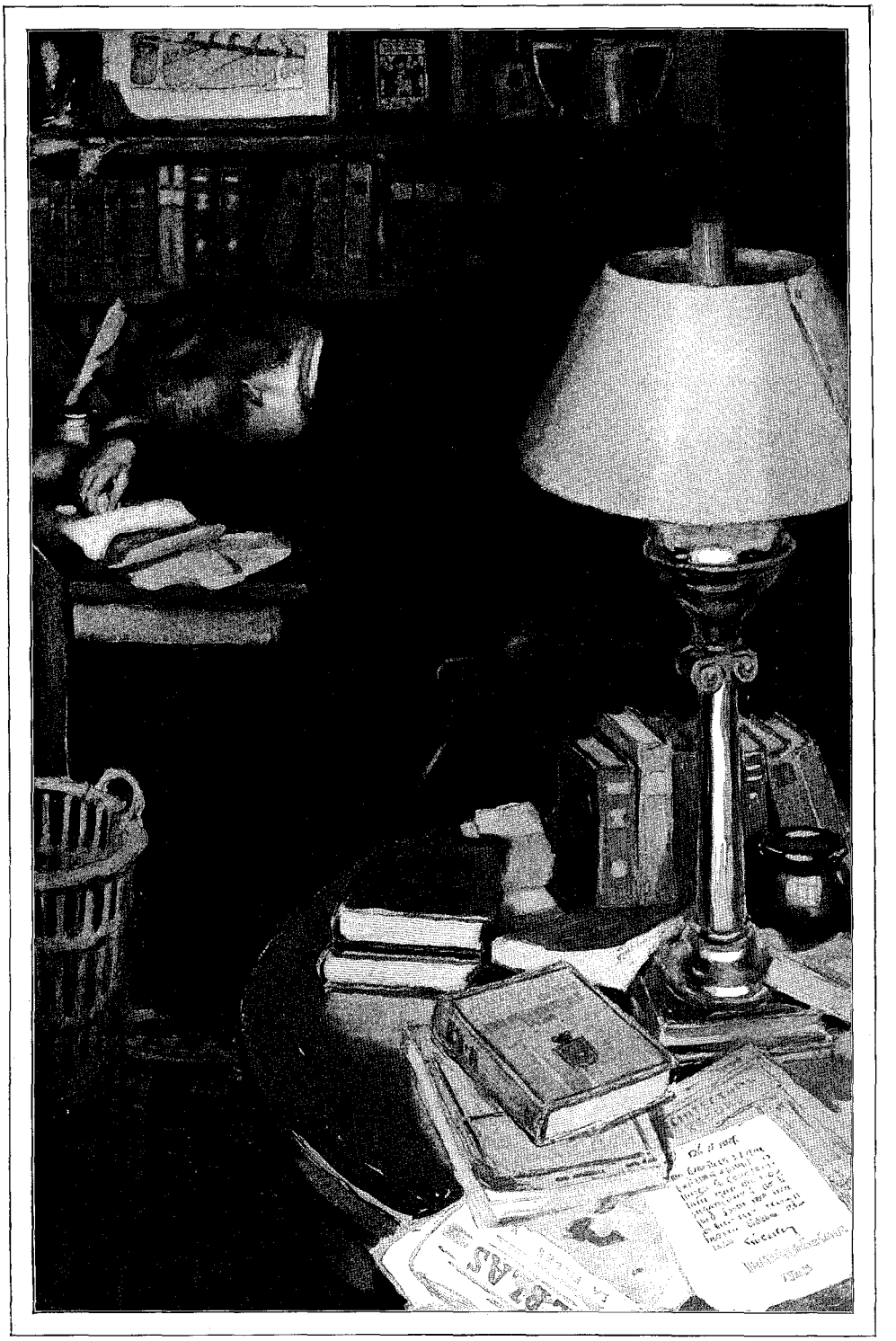

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

She dropped down into his shabby college arm-chair and hid her face in the scattered papers on his desk.—Page 575.

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seemed as though the office must be empty. She pressed her ear to the door, straining for a sound. She knew he never sat long at his work, and it seemed unaccountable that she should not hear him moving about the drawing-board. For a moment she fancied he might be sleeping; but sleep did not come to him readily after prolonged mental effort—she recalled the restless straying of his feet above her head for hours after he returned from his night work in the office.

She began to fear that he might be ill. A nervous trembling seized her and she laid her hand on the latch, whispering "Dick!"

Her whisper sounded loudly through the silence, but there was no answer, and after a pause she called again. With each call the hush seemed to deepen: it closed in on her, mysterious and impenetrable. Her heart was beating in short, frightened leaps: a moment more and she would have cried out. She drew a quick breath and turned the door-handle.

The outer room, Dick's private office, with its red carpet and easy-chairs, stood in pleasant lamp-lit emptiness. The last time she had entered it, Darrow and Clemence Verney had been there, and she had sat behind the urn observing them. She paused a moment, struck now by a faint sound from beyond; then she slipped noiselessly across the carpet, pushed open the swinging door, and stood on the threshold of the work-room. Here the gas-lights hung a green-shaded circle of brightness over the great draughting-table in the middle of the floor. Table and floor were strewn with a confusion of papers—torn blue-prints and tracings, crumpled sheets of tracing paper wrenched from the draughting-boards in a sudden fury of destruction; and in the centre of the havoc, his arms stretched across the table and his face hidden in them, sat Dick Peyton.

He did not seem to hear his mother's approach, and she stood looking at him, her breast tightening with a new fear.

"Dick!" she said, "Dick!"—and he sprang up, staring with dazed eyes. But gradually, as his gaze cleared, a light spread in it, a mounting brightness of recognition.

"You've come—you've come——" he said, stretching his hands to her; and all at once she had him in her breast as in a shelter.

"You wanted me?" she whispered, as she held him.

He looked up at her, tired, breathless, with the white radiance of the runner near the goal.

"I *had* you, dear!" he said, smiling strangely on her; and her heart gave a great leap of understanding.

Her arms had slipped from his neck, and she stood leaning on him, deep-suffused in the shyness of her discovery. For it might still be that he did not wish her to know what she had done for him.

But he put his arm about her, boyishly, and drew her toward one of the hard seats between the tables; and there, on the bare floor, he knelt before her, and hid his face in her lap. She sat motionless, feeling the dear warmth of his head against her knees, letting her hands stray in faint caresses through his hair.

Neither spoke for awhile; then he raised his head and looked at her. "I suppose you know what has been happening to me," he said.

She shrank from seeming to press into his life a hair's-breadth farther than he was prepared to have her go. Her eyes turned from him toward the scattered drawings on the table.

"You have given up the competition?" she said.

"Yes—and a lot more." He stood up, the wave of emotion ebbing, yet leaving him nearer, in his recovered calmness, than in the shock of their first moment.

"I didn't know, at first, how much you guessed," he went on quietly. "I was sorry I'd shown you Darrow's letter; but it didn't worry me much, because I didn't suppose you'd think it possible that I should—take advantage of it. It's only lately that I've understood that you knew everything." He looked at her with a smile. "I don't know yet how I found it out, for you're wonderful about keeping things to yourself, and you never made a sign. I simply felt it in a kind of nearness—as if I couldn't get away from you.—Oh, there were times when I should have preferred not having you about—when I tried to turn my back on you, to see things from other people's standpoint. But you were always there—you wouldn't be discouraged. And I got tired of trying to explain things to you, of trying to bring you round

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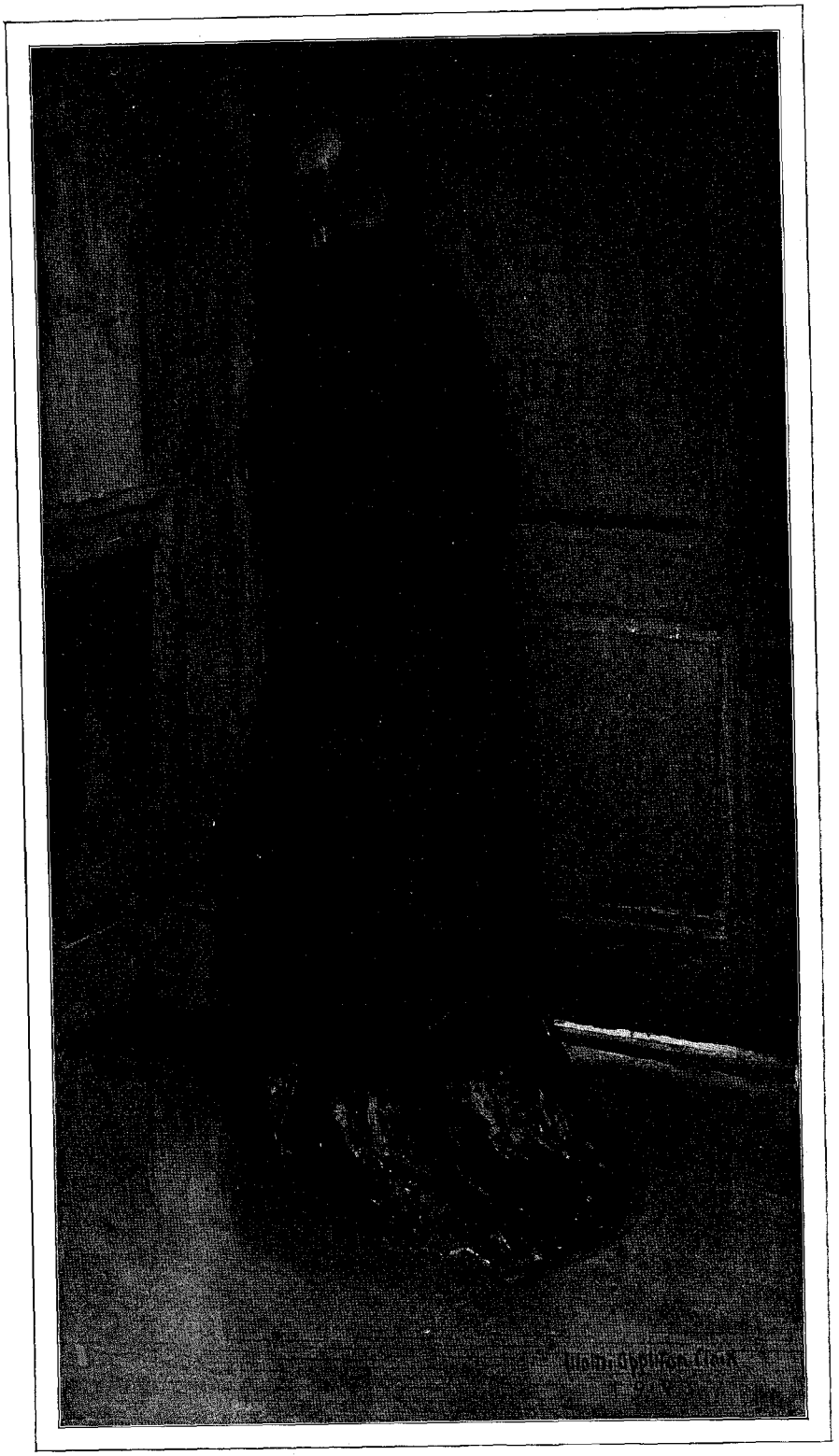

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

She laid her hand on the latch, whispering "Dick!"—Page 578.

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to my way of thinking. You wouldn't go away and you wouldn't come any nearer—you just stood there and watched everything that I was doing."

He broke off, taking one of his restless turns down the long room. Then he drew up a chair beside her, and dropped into it with a great sigh.

"At first, you know, I hated it most awfully. I wanted to be let alone and to work out my own theory of things. If you'd said a word—if you'd tried to influence me—the spell would have been broken. But, just because the actual *you* kept apart, and didn't meddle or pry, the other, the you in my heart, seemed to get a tighter hold on me. I don't know how to tell you—it's all mixed up in my head—but old things you'd said and done kept coming back to me, crowding between me and what I was trying for, looking at me without speaking, like old friends I'd gone back on, till I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I fought it off till to-night, but when I came back to finish the work there you were again—and suddenly, I don't know how, you weren't an obstacle any longer but a refuge—and I crawled into your arms as I used to when things went against me at school."

His hands stole back into hers, and he leaned his head against her shoulder like a boy.

"I'm an abysmally weak fool, you know," he ended; "I'm not worth the fight you've put up for me. But I want you to know that it's your doing—that if you had let go an instant I should have gone under—and that if I'd gone under I should never have come up again alive"

THE END.

"GED"

By Elia W. Peattie

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORENCE WYMAN

I

"THE place seems pleasant enough, Anita," said Ralph Stoddard to his wife. "And of course we are visiting it tentatively. If we don't like it we can leave."

"We've surely got beyond a consideration of these matters now," replied Mrs. Stoddard. "Everything is done. The horses and trap have gone. Jane and Beulah and Watkins are ready—the last trunk is packed. There has been nothing tentative about my preparations."

"No, I dare say not," ventured Mr. Stoddard. He leaned back in his Morris chair in an attitude of irritating indifference.

"And now I've a few notes to answer," continued his wife. "The morning mail brought some letters that must be attended to. That is the last thing to be done."

"I haven't a doubt," sighed Mr. Stoddard, "that all is perfectly arranged, Anita." A faint accent of acerbity was discernible, and Mrs. Stoddard paused for a moment in the doorway, as if reflecting upon the unaccountable irritability of the masculine sex, and fixed a superior and patient smile upon her husband. He regarded it carefully in what seemed to be the spirit of investigation, and he reflected that he was certainly looking at a fine specimen of womanhood. Tall, stately, dignified, with calm gray eyes and a beautiful brow, she conveyed to the mind a wholesome suggestion of integrity and distinction. "Here," the observer might say, "is one who understands the etiquette of her time. Here is one who neglects nothing—neither the fashions nor the creeds; she reflects upon her time—she is abreast of it. She is Rectitude personified, and she certainly has an irreproachable dress-maker." Her husband regarded her with an expression almost as detached as might this hypothetical observer, but he

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found her, as the observer would have done, above criticism. She had always seemed that way to him, and the time had been when he shrined her in a white and mystic place and cast before that altar the flowers of his ardor. Now—but here thought blurred into reverie, and Stoddard smiled back at his wife inanely, and lit a cigar.

Mrs. Stoddard acknowledged the smile graciously, and swept up the stairs, her garments making a rather important rustling about her. Stoddard, released from her benevolent gaze, let his eyes fall languidly, and began the aimless occupation of tapping the desk with his paper-knife. To him, a moment later, came Watkins, the coachman, attired for his journey.

"Have you any further orders, sir?" asked the young man. Stoddard looked at him quizzically. Watkins knew as well as he did that the mistress neglected nothing, and if there had been an imaginable order left to give, she would have forestalled all others in the giving of it. It caused him some amusement—a sort of pained amusement—to observe that Watkins also was perfect; the irreproachable man of an irreproachable mistress.

Stoddard rolled up a wad of paper as he had used to do when he was a boy at school, and he almost debated throwing it at Watkins—almost, but not quite. It requires a monstrous deal of bravado to take liberties with a man like the Tsar of Russia—or Watkins.

"There are no orders, Watkins," he said slowly, "but there is—an inquiry."

"Yessir," said Watkins, quickly on his guard. The man must look closely who would find him delinquent. These were Watkins's reflections, and in the vocabulary of his thoughts. There was nothing meagre about Watkins, educationally speaking. He subscribed to a circulating library and had his own ideas upon several subjects; the historical novel among others.

"Did you ever," asked Stoddard, very much devoted to the paper-knife, "chance to drive a comfortable old mule, blind in one eye, in front of an easy buggy with a broken dash-board and a top sagged at one side?" He looked up as if for information.

"I did not, sir," replied Watkins, with an accent of respectful resentment. He did not care to be made light of. "A man's a man for a' that." Watkins could have completed the quotation. Indeed he did so, mentally.

"Well, I thought you never did," said Stoddard, pensively. "And I suppose you wouldn't care to, eh?"

"It would lose me my reputation, sir," said Watkins with firmness. He was a willing man, but he said to himself that he had his dignity to preserve.

"Well, no doubt we all have reputations of one sort and another. I know I have, but I don't care to preserve it particularly. As to your experience, I didn't know, of course. I myself never rode in such a vehicle as I just described, but I've half a notion that I'd enjoy it. It seems to me to offer possibilities. But I infer that you do not agree with me?"

"Nossir," gasped Watkins, and he touched his forehead quite solemnly and withdrew.

"My household is not a humorous one," reflected Stoddard. "Ah, there come Beulah and Elizabeth. I suppose if I were to be facetious with them, Beulah would give warning and Elizabeth would tell her mother."

Beulah came of a dusky and cheerful race, but she more than made up for these facts by the whiteness of her linen and the solemnity of her deportment. And she looked with restrained pride upon her young charge, Elizabeth Stoddard, aged eight, who, in a speckless French frock of pale-blue linen, delicately embroidered, entered, holding Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" for reading upon the train.

Elizabeth said: "Good morning, papa," very sweetly, and took a seat upon the enshrouded sofa, spreading out her little frock carefully. Beulah stood at the door, uncomfortable but erect.

"Sit down, Beulah," said Stoddard. "You've a long journey before you."

"Yes, sah. Thank you, sah," said Beulah—but she stood. Mrs. Stoddard had trained her for seven years.

Stoddard looked her over disgustedly.

"Did you hear me invite you to sit down, Beulah?" he asked.

"Yes, sah," said Beulah, blinking hard.

"May I ask why you do not accept my invitation?"

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"Ah'm not allowed to sit down in this room, sah—an' befoah you, sah."

"Excuse me, you are allowed. You are a human creature, I suppose, Beulah. You get tired sometimes, don't you, though your linen is so stiff? This room—there's nothing sacred about it, I assure you. I'm quite honest in saying that I'm no ogre. You can be proper at the proper time, but you're not intimidated so you can't use sense, are you, girl? I say you have a long journey before you and I ask you to sit down."

"Yes, sah," murmured Beulah, her eyes suffused with tears of embarrassment. She took a chair, gingerly. Elizabeth averted her face, striving to remain oblivious to the weakness of her ill-trained elders. Her father stared at her for a minute, noting her scrupulous manners. Her wide hat with its huge bunch of pale-blue ribbon half hid the delicate face—a high-bred face with a sensitive mouth and a well-cared-for complexion. The small hands in their white silk gloves lay clasped upon her lap. The "Child's Garden" was beside her. The little legs hung down from the settee in beautifully worked hose and shining ties.

"My soul!" said Stoddard, with unmistakable irascibility, and he went out and paced the corridor.

Beulah, hearing a firm step on the stairs, glanced about uneasily, and then sidled out of her chair and stood grimly erect. Mrs. Stoddard came into the room followed by Jane, the cook, bearing hand luggage.

Little Elizabeth arose at once.

"Mamma dear," she said, with ineffable sweetness, "will you have this seat?"

Stoddard placed himself in the doorway.

"Elizabeth," he said, sharply, "don't you know we are going to the station? Do you think it is good manners to talk like a parrot? Do you think anyone but a parrot could be excused for repeating a sentence taught it, when there was no occasion for it? Why do you ask your mother to sit down when you know she's going to leave the house? You don't speak by rote, do you?"

"Excuse me, papa," said Elizabeth. Her lips trembled, but she was careful to speak without vexation.

Then all went out together, and Amanda Schaur, the second girl, stood ready to lock the door after them. She was to stay in the city house and watch it during vacation. Mrs. Stoddard gave her a few parting admonitions.

"I hope you will keep well, Amanda," she said. "And that you will be very careful about setting the burglar alarm at night."

Stoddard lifted his hat to her.

"Have a good time, Amanda," he cried. "Ask in a few friends now and then, and be sure to cook good square meals for yourself. This eating alone is dreary business, at best. Suppose you ask that little cousin of yours down to spend a few weeks with you. She'll have better air here than she can get at home, and you can feed her up and get her a few toys. Charge 'em to me."

He helped his wife on the street-car, placed Elizabeth beside her, and went back to the smokers' seats.

The Stoddard party seemed singularly depressed for persons bent on pleasuring, and they achieved the journey to the station without a word. But Mrs. Stoddard smiled throughout like one who understands forbearance.

II

TO SAY that the woods were wild would be to apply too unkind an epithet to them. They were merely unspoiled woods, with plenty of underbrush, some fallen logs, a slope that rose happily to the sunset, and a pellucid stream, creeping secretively into a green maze, and mingling indistinguishably with the shadows. And it was as quiet as the dawn of creation.

The house which Stoddard had purchased—tentatively, as he had pointed out—had belonged to a man who, worn out with the Roar of town, had gone in search of peace. He found it, but at the fourth week of his seclusion spelled incarceration out of peace, and had gone back to the Roar and died in it, quite happy, and hopeful of urban joys in the world to come. The furniture in the house was simple, but in good taste, and when Mrs. Stoddard had applied her scrupulous and decorative housekeeping, the house became almost as oppressively perfect as if it had been in civilized parts.

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The programme of life was, however, quite bucolic. Breakfast was early, and after that the usual thing was a drive to the village along the pleasant country road. They got home in time to refresh themselves before luncheon, and after that they took naps, and then the grown-up persons read while Elizabeth played with her dolls. They had an early dinner—Elizabeth did not dine with her parents—and afterward Stoddard and Anita spent the evening in somewhat constrained sociability. Sometimes Anita played on the piano, and now and then Stoddard sang to her accompaniment. If there was moonlight they walked about the little garden or they conversed with each other rather elaborately. Then they ate a little luncheon and their day was concluded.

For almost a fortnight Stoddard made no effort to break through the quickly established rules of the house. There was an impeccable propriety about his deportment—even Elizabeth could have found nothing in him to criticise. Little Elizabeth had not ventured much beyond the gateway, though she sometimes looked down the silent wood paths with something of awe in her eyes. These paths were indeed full of moving shadows, and it almost seemed at moments as if tiny creatures bounded out of the fern-jungles and scampered across the gold blotches on the trodden way. But that, of course, must have been a mistake. Elizabeth mentioning nothing of it to her elders, was yet quite sure what their verdict would have been. She knew positively that there was nothing eldrich in the strange, strange woodland. And yet——

Stoddard coming out of the house one fair morning found her peering through the gateway in this fashion. Her gray eyes were large with wonder; there was a soft pallor about her delicate face. Stoddard's heart gave a sort of leap when he saw her there.

"Bess," he said, "what do you say to running away with me into the woods? Come on! We will go away and no one will be able to find us. Very likely we may meet with a—a—I don't know what exactly, but almost certainly we shall meet with something. Shall we go?"

"Then mamma would have to drive alone to the village," said Elizabeth gravely. "I think we'd better not go, papa."

"Mamma might come with us," ventured Stoddard, somewhat lamely. Elizabeth smiled.

"Mamma doesn't like walking all among the briers and bushes," she said. "Besides, there is the marketing to do."

The child knew all about the bounden duties of life, undeniably. Her father looked at her half in anger and half in pity.

"Poor little baby!" he said at last. "Here, kiss me, Bess, and run in and tell your mamma that I shall not join her in her drive this morning. Perhaps I shall not be back at lunch, either."

"Yes, papa," said Elizabeth, with quick obedience. Then she added: "But where shall I say you have gone, papa?"

"Gone?" Stoddard frowned and shook his head darkly. "I haven't an idea what you are to say, Bess. I can't even imagine where I am going, and the only way for you to find out is to come along."

He meant to put a suggestion of mystery into his voice, and perhaps succeeded in doing so; but it had no effect on the little maid. She ventured no further remarks, but went dutifully on her errand.

Stoddard, with a sort of fury in his air, made his way to the stable.

"Give me my fishing-rods, Watkins," he said. Watkins complied, and Stoddard made his selection carelessly.

"At one o'clock, Watkins, if I'm not home, bring me out a little lunch, will you?"

"Yessir. Where'll you be, sir?"

"Along the river-bank somewhere. Whistle through your fingers, Watkins. I say, you know how, don't you? Well, I'm glad of that. You were a boy once, I see, in spite of evidences to the contrary."

"Sir?" said Watkins, with dignity.

"Bring enough lunch for yourself," said Watkins's master. "Put in a liberal allowance. My fishing appetite is not my usual appetite. And—you might bring along a rod if you were so minded."

"Thank you, sir."

It was an impersonal tone, and conveyed no anticipation. Watkins was too well mannered to permit himself anticipation. Such things were for his betters, no doubt. He was, however, somewhat surprised to notice that his master went off swearing under his breath. There did

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not, to Watkins's well-ordered mind, appear to be anything in the present circumstances to provoke profanity.

He went on down the road and into the forest, but the mood in which he had addressed himself to his daughter had left him. He walked hastily now, and impatiently, and in his face, frankly confessed, was discontent. Whether the expression was that of a hurt man or an angry one the casual observer would have had difficulty in determining. But there was, apparently, no observer, casual or otherwise. The paths of the forest were secret; the ways of the squirrel through the trees were ultra private affairs—as much so as the underground passage of a king to the escape in the murk river-way. The birds knew the paths of the air, no doubt, but none others did. Here might a man walk unmasked, and this one, young, but mask-accustomed, dropped his for once, and was homesick without reserve—homesick for——

But that was where the mischief came in. He had not the least idea why he was wretched.

Man, employing that term, not in its generic, but the specific sense, is not an analytical creature, at least when it comes to a question of self. Like a babe, he feels his pain, but cannot locate it. Ralph Stoddard, striding through the woods, involuntarily drew a sponge over the slate of memory and wiped from it all recent events and contemporary personages; and he sketched upon it with lightning-swift strokes of the heart certain scenes and persons out of the vanished years. A wood-colored house, hospitable and simple, a walk between poplars, a gate with a stone weight, a hundred details of a comfortable, old-fashioned farm; a mother who laughed as she worked; a father who kept his boys out of the fields till they had their growth; a dog that barked a welcome from a faithful heart; a boy with bare legs—a boy whose will was "the wind's will." Yet sometimes the boy wept—he involuntarily recalled some of these occasions, and the reasons for them. He remembered, too, how he had been consoled; with what low laughter and broken words and impulsive caressings. For—O, yes, quite undeniably—the boy had been himself, as he was in the large, fair days! Life had held no distinctions then. All men were equal, differing in his estimation merely according to their degree of friendliness toward him. And almost every one had been friendly. It was curious, all things considered, how he had slipped out of that friendly world, little by little, into a formal, arranged, and stultified one, where he moved by direction, and was expected to feel according to recipe! Now little Elizabeth, poor child——

But what was that rustling in the bushes? Not a fox, surely? Was not the wild too little a wild for that? Besides, the rustling seemed an accompaniment of his steps. He noticed, then, that his steps had grown slower. Thinking of that boy who used to trail his way through the forest like a serpent, for very love of solitude and the green earth, he had involuntarily slackened his pace. He had been congratulating himself upon being beyond the reach of observers, yet, mysteriously, he felt himself under surveillance. And there, surely, a figure crouched!

Well, it was a simple matter to find out what that meant!

Stoddard wheeled suddenly and reached into the bushes. He encountered something which came off in his hand—a boy's straw hat, all but brimless.

"The dickens!" said Stoddard. He felt as if he recognized it—as if it had been the faded past that he had reached into, and recovered this much from oblivion. For surely this was the same hat he had worn in those unforgotten days. But that head, reaching up, alert as a turtle's! Was that also the head of the boy of the other days? Not at all—not at all, for by the hues of the rainbow no head that ever he had beheld before, in the mirror or out of it, could match in brilliancy the head now rising from the bushes. It was the purple head of the ancients, the carrot locks of the moderns. But neither ancient nor modern ever had such a tangle of it before, surely! It seemed, in general design, to resemble a patch of pusley with its twistings and knottings and intricate loopings.

"Come on," said Stoddard eagerly, "come out here. Let's see who you are!"

The head lifted higher. It revealed a

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broad, low brow, then heavy red lashes lifting from brown eyes in which the sunlight, percolating between the translucent leaves in precious drops, revealed a glint of red; next came sunburned cheeks, prodigally freckled, a nose with wide and sensitive nostrils, gently up-tilted, a mouth prettily curved and revealing an hiatus in its row of irregular teeth, a chin firm and cleft in the middle, and a sinewy little neck lost in a faded gingham shirt. For the rest, there was a gangling boy, eight or more by the dial of years, with jean trousers and scratched ankles, warmly tanned.

Moreover, in one hand was a fishing-rod. And now, grinning apologetically, he held it up for Stoddard to behold. It marked him of the brotherhood of anglers —for remember that Stoddard carried his complicated and expensive rod in his inert hand. Now, for the first time, he became actively conscious of that rod. He smiled back at the boy.

"We're going to the same place, I see," he said. The boy nodded and held out his hand for his hat. Stoddard clapped it on the red head. Then they went on together down the path, the boy leading the way. Neither of them spoke. It was, indeed, quite unnecessary that they should. The boy set a good pace, and after a time Stoddard began to remember that it always took a long time to get to a good fishing place. He felt very thirsty—thirstier than he had all summer. Somehow, he liked it, too. About this time the boy turned and looked at Stoddard.

"Ain't you dry?" he asked.

"I am," admitted Stoddard. "Ar'n't you?"

"Well, you bet! But I allus drink when I git down here a bit."

"Good," said Stoddard, and knew better than to ask questions.

The boy turned, presently, into a small side-path, and Stoddard followed. Some young beeches were growing there, and their leaves were all but transparent, which caused a vernal glow to suffuse itself round about. Presently the boy stopped.

"Git down on the groun'," he said, hospitably, as if he were bidding Stoddard welcome to a place where he was host, "an' drink all yuh want!"

"Thanks," said Stoddard, and he got down on his knees. He sank into ferny lushness and heard a ripple as soft as a fairy's song. A rock arose, lichen-covered and embroidered with vines and air-plants; and out of its base, well hidden by the summer's luxuriance, purled a stream.

Stoddard laid avid lips to it, and drank and drank. It was deliciously cool, but not with the uncongenial chill of artificially cooled water.

When he arose, the boy took his place. He lay flat on his stomach, lifted his heels in the air, and drank like a colt. Then he got up, and the two marched on again.

Sometimes the boy peered into the forest sharply, and whenever he did this, Stoddard peered too. He was jealous lest the boy should see something he did not—not actual things, which are of comparatively little account, but those witching things of the invisible world which wait for children in the wood. For when one is eight all forests are enchanted. The shadows had, indeed, a strange purple depth; and now and then they hung like curtains before the bower of a wild-wood princess. But, after all, was it of such hackneyed things that the boy with the torn hat amused himself? Children are not hackneyed. Stoddard knew, after some reflection, that it would be futile for him to try to summon the dreams of boyhood out of that rustling solitude. They were hidden in the uttermost purple recesses, and could be called forth only by the summons of another child. For dreams know their masters, and will not come at the bidding of those who have lost their right to call.

They got to the river, and were matter-of-fact and business-like in the extreme. The boy had a Laocoon writhe of worms in a tin can, and he offered them to Stoddard with as much grace as if he had been a gentleman of the old school extending his gold snuff-box. Stoddard accepted the attention with no less courtesy, and selected his wriggling victim with care. It was a fat one, and he regarded it with appreciation.

"Yuh got a bully one," congratulated the boy.

Stoddard grunted sociably. They began to fish. After a time, and very casually, Stoddard asked the boy his name. He said it was Ged Angel.

"I guess you think I look it," he snickered.

"Look what?"

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"An angel!" He was ready with his self-scorn and enjoyed it.

"I don't know much about angels. I don't believe I'd like to go fishing with one."

"Well," said the boy consolingly, "you ain't doing it, so don't fret."

Stoddard ventured to tell a little about himself—just enough to serve as cement for friendship.

"Huh," said the boy, contemptuously, "I know all that. I know who you be. I've seen you goin' an' comin'. I like hour hosses."

"I'm glad you like them. I do too."

"Yes," said the boy, somewhat patronizingly, "them's good hosses. Onct I thought I wus goin' to hev a hoss. Pa said when it wus born I could call it mine. But he sold it when it wus two years ole."

"I see. That was a great pity."

"Yep." He returned to his fishing, but he was pensive. At eleven o'clock he took two sandwiches with hard fried ham between them from out the inside of his shirt, where they had reposed in the slack of the cloth.

"Have one?" he said to Stoddard.

"Thank you, but I'm expecting my own lunch at one."

"One!" Ged actually gasped. "You couldn't stand it till then, could you?"

"Perhaps not," said Stoddard, tickled with unaccountable mirth. He took the sandwich out of its paper wrapping, and ate it to the last crumb.

"I'll give you half of mine when it comes," he promised.

They landed some good fish, and they said very little. The boy exuded a warm, sunny odor, and he seemed intensely human. It seemed to Stoddard that he had not for years been in intimate association with anything so riotously human. They sat rather close together and radiated companionship.

At last a distant halloo disturbed the slumberous air.

"Watkins!" cried Stoddard joyfully, and he yodelled at the top of his lungs. So out of the purple chambers of the wood there came presently the respectable form of Watkins, hamper-laden. Stoddard gave him a hearty greeting.

"Glad to see you brought a pole, my boy. It's tolerably good catching, isn't it, sir?" he addressed Ged. Ged nodded, and kept hungry eyes on the hamper. Stoddard undid it, and revealed a feast.

"By gum!" said Ged.

"It *is* moving," admitted Stoddard. He felt shaken again with that senseless, infantile mirth. Ged began to roll over and over on the bank in sheer delight at prospect of the banquet, and Stoddard would have given a great deal to have imitated it. Instead, he helped Watkins spread the repast.

"Come, fill up!" he called joyously to Ged. The boy rolled over and over till he reached the Elysian fare. Then he ate, and a silence fell on the world.

Afterward they lazed on the bank—that is, Ged and Stoddard did. Watkins, politely reticent, fished. Stoddard took a notion to tell a story. It had to do with a by-gone day, a dog, and himself. Ged followed with a frog story; and Watkins, much emboldened, and almost willing to smile, rounded up with a story about a horse he knew once. It was a good story, as mysterious and interesting as if it had not been true. Then shadows began slanting. Birds bestirred themselves from their quietude. They seemed to be announcing some event—perhaps it was the close of day.

"I'm afraid we'll be late for dinner, sir," said Watkins.

Stoddard ran his bared arm deep into the amber stream. The water rippled about him with exquisite delicacy, singing softly.

"Why, we never had a swim, Ged!" he cried.

"Well," said Ged, apologetically, "I didn't know as you'd——"

"Did you take me for an Egyptian mummy?" queried Stoddard with boyish anger.

"I didn't know," said Ged. To have a quarrel was even more of intimacy than he had hoped for.

They walked homeward together, but Ged had to pass Stoddard's gate and go on up the hill and over it.

"If I should chanct to be hangin' 'round to-morrow 'bout nine," he said, "do yeh think yeh might catch up with me somewheres?"

"I should think," said Stoddard, subtly, "that there was a good chance that I might."

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They looked straight in each other's eyes. Ged opened and shut his mouth as if he were trying to say something. Stoddard perceived telepathically that the boy was wishing to express his enjoyment of the day. He anticipated him.

"I've had a bully time," he said to Ged. He lifted his hat. Ged did the same, in spite of the flopping rim. They smiled once more and parted; and then, with a straightening of the shoulders, Stoddard turned toward the house.

Twenty minutes later he was out of his tub and in white linens. Mrs. Stoddard and Elizabeth were awaiting him in the dining-room. They were quiet, but courteous. He could see they felt his desertion of them. Mrs. Stoddard kept the conversation on the safe topic of the summer magazines. Elizabeth took her bread and milk and left in charge of her nurse. The dinner was served silently, and it was delicious; and Stoddard smiled, remembering the sandwich the boy had taken from within his shirt. What would Anita think of such fare? He dare not incur her disgust by telling the story. He tried to make amends by reading aloud to her that evening, but they retired early. And that night he dreamed he had a son. He was not a beautiful child like little Elizabeth. He had thick red hair, amazingly tangled, and he was standing away down on a valley of earth and looking up at Elizabeth, who sat on the edge of a golden cloud, quoting from "A Child's Garden":

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day;
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.
And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

Then the boy, who had a chain of angle-worms about his neck, tried to climb up a golden ladder to sit beside Elizabeth, but he slipped on the rungs, and fell back in a mud puddle, and lay there laughing, while a whole company of frogs shouted with hoarse, batrachian laughter.

Stoddard awoke with a sense of grief, but at what he could not tell; and having a haunting fear that something might have happened to little Elizabeth, he stole into her room. She was sleeping with one white hand under her softly rounded cheek, and beside her, on an embroidered pillow, lay a doll in a night-dress with fluted ruffles. He looked at his dainty babe for a moment, and then, sighing gently, went back to his bed.

III

THE next week was a strange one. It is not easy to explain why a young man in possession of his health, his faculties, a beautiful and capable wife, a sweet and obedient daughter, should find a most extraordinary and spontaneous happiness in wandering the woods with a vagrant and red-headed boy. Nor is it to the point to dilate upon the manner in which the boy made his confrere acquainted with certain of the neighbors; nor how the man sat in farm kitchens and laughed and talked with more vivacity than he had shown in any drawing-room for many and many a month; nor how the introductions extended to dogs, hens, rabbits, pigeons, and even included a brown-eyed steer. It is enough to say that Elizabeth Stoddard, pining in her immaculate frocks, wandered her garden in the severe company of Beulah, and wondered why no little girls grew in those woods; and that Anita Stoddard took to keeping a diary—a piece of sentimentality of which her husband would have supposed her incapable—and forgot to specify the sort of soup she wished for dinner, or to oversee the trimming of the lawn.

A gulf of good manners yawned between the different members of this little family; and three persons with everything in the world to make them happy went their miserable ways. Only Ralph Stoddard had his clandestine joy.

In the midst of all this, a summons from town reached him. He left quite suddenly, and with no opportunity to say farewell to the red-headed partner of his innocuous escapades.

The business which had demanded his presence in the city was soon completed, and, quite unexpectedly, Stoddard found himself able to return the next day. He might have wired his wife to meet him, but he did not. He crept into a corner of the car, and sat there for five hours, staring at nothing in particular, and

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wrapped in a revery. As figures may be seen moving, shadow-like, behind a curtain of gauze, so the characters in his particular little drama moved behind the blur of his revery—the stately figure of his wife, whom he had won and somehow lost; the piquant and proper Elizabeth, demure, and also remote; the laughing lad with red hair, lips berry-stained, the joy of life in his twinkling eyes, the grace of a young cat in his movements, and the glowing heart of a boy in his little sweaty breast! From the dissatisfaction of things in general Stoddard turned to this grotesque and merry vision, and dwelt apart with it, as a girl does with the dreams of her heart's love—but all semi-consciously, all as in a dream of the night.

The train drew in at the station, and he got out and made his way toward a dilapidated 'bus which waited there for the infrequent visitor. It was his intention to ride in this to the village, and there to hire some sort of a conveyance to take him out to his place. But he saw, with a leap of the heart, that his wife was awaiting him. He hastened toward her.

"All is well at home?"

"Yes," she said, "I came down because I had a feeling that you might come home on this train."

"Oh!" said Stoddard significantly. His heart felt singularly light. He leaped into the trap and took the reins from Anita. "I am so glad you had the notion!" he cried.

"It looks as if we were going to have a bad storm," Anita remarked. "There have been little cold gusts blowing for the past hour, and now I can feel the rain in the air."

"You are getting to be quite a country woman," laughed Stoddard. "Next thing you'll be talking about crops."

"Crops are rather interesting," Anita said. "They have already become a topic of conversation with me."

"Have they, indeed? I hadn't noticed it."

Anita looked at her husband in a sidelong fashion, like a timid girl. "You haven't heard very much of my conversation recently, have you?" she asked.

A twinge of remorse struck Stoddard sharply. It occurred to him for the first time that he might have his share of responsibility for the low barometric condition of his domestic atmosphere. He was searching about for an honest and adequate answer when a sharp blast of air struck them, and over the top of the long hill came rushing a battalion of cloud. It reminded the observers of a desperate battle onslaught—a strategic triumph, culminating in that reckless and irresistible charge. A few seconds more and the roar of the strife was about them. The world was darkened, but there were horrible saffron lights through the murk. The trees beat the air like gigantic lunatics. Flying branches and leaves, swirls of dust, the bitter air beating back the sultriness of the day, the lightning darting like devils' lances, the sharp thunder, the deep diapason of the storm underneath, transformed the world.

The horse Stoddard was driving became all but unmanageable, and, hardly able to see the road before him, with the bending forest on one side and the long hill on the other, he bent forward, grasping the reins with tense and determined arms. Anita said not a word. Stoddard could feel her trembling, but she was silent. When a tree crashed down across the road just behind them, she did not even exclaim. Once Stoddard shouted:

"Where's Elizabeth?"

"I don't know," Anita shouted back.

"Wasn't she at home when you left?"

"No."

Neither said more. They were stricken by the same apprehension. Stoddard understood then why she had evinced no fear for herself; he also ceased to feel it now. He had one absorbing curiosity, one unspeakable apprehension. If little Elizabeth were out in this storm, she would be beaten down like a butterfly. It would crush her down, stifle her, submerge her in its windy torrents, till all her delicate loveliness was obliterated!

The horse went on, wild-eyed, mastered, but quivering. A ball of fire fell all but before his eyes, and he staggered and groaned, and went on. He seemed not to be able to keep the road after that; and Stoddard himself felt half stunned, but not enough so to mitigate the poignancy of his apprehension. He only felt the more infuriated at the confusion of his faculties; for the world seemed to have found a voice

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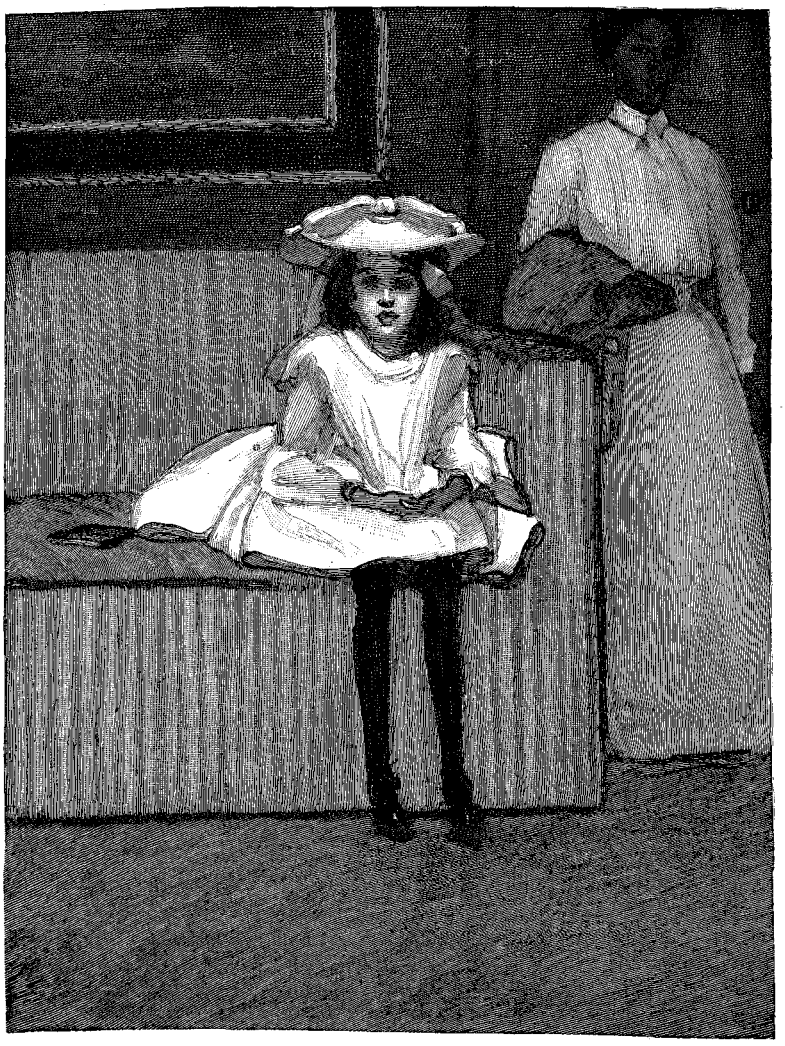

Took a seat upon the enshrouded sofa.—Page 581.

and was bellowing for the lost sun, and there was a fearsome twilight everywhere. Then the rain began to fall—or rather a torrent of water swept down from the hill. It choked them, blinded them, and they gasped as a young babe does in the wind. Then, when they thought in the torment of their fear that they were still far from home, the lightning revealed to them the fact that they had passed their own gate. Stoddard got out and backed the horse, and led him into the stable; and once there, the animal fell in his shafts. Stoddard left him there whinnying with fright, and ran to help Anita out, but she was already speeding toward the house. He followed her. They burst open the kitchen door and called, but no one answered. They ran from room to room, but the place was deserted. The windows had been closed against the storm, but nowhere, not even in the cellar, was anyone to be found.

"I know!" cried Anita. "I know! Elizabeth was out when the storm came, and they have all gone to look for her."

They stood in the dusk of the cellar with earthy, heavy smells creeping up around them, and stared at each other grim and fearful as spectres. They saw visions of dread grow in each other's eyes. They

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each conjured a tragedy and beheld its enactment, each in the face of the other. Then Anita stretched out her arms toward her husband.

"Oh, our baby! Our baby!" she sobbed.

Stoddard drew her to him with protecting tenderness. He felt his arms and his heart strengthen to shield her from sorrows present and potential. The head on his breast seemed pitiful, and he kissed it passionately. He drew her closer and closer, that she might feel the beating of his heart; and that their torment might be as one torment, not as the sorrow of two who dwelt together. Then he comforted her with inarticulate words not heard for the crash of the storm, but felt by her in her soul and welcomed even in the midst of misery.

It was only for a moment that they paused. Anita tore herself away from her husband's arms and ran up the stair. As they entered the dining-room, a blast of light confounded them; the house gave a shudder like a stricken ship, and a great locust tree which grew by the side of the hill crashed through the roof of the porch and shattered the glass in the wide window. The wind swept in and seemed to run snarling about the house like a wild animal.

Anita had leaped back, and she stood regarding the catastrophe with eyes that pictured a disaster which minimized this one infinitely.

"We must go out," she cried to her husband. "Even if it does no good, we'd better go. I can't stand the waiting."

"We'll not go out," said Stoddard, with command in his tones. "Come into the kitchen, Anita. Shut the doors. I'll build a fire. We'll have hot water ready. Put some coffee in the pot, and find the liquor and some blankets—soft, warm ones."

He made the suggestions to occupy her, and, in a way, the plan worked. When their preparations were finished, the storm really began to abate. The air lightened, and once more objects became clearly defined. Then the torrent ceased, and the rain fell moderately.

"Now we will go out," said Stoddard, and he found his wife's mackintosh and wrapped it about her, and brought her rubber shoes. He was very tender with her, and she looked at him hungrily.

"Our poor baby," she whispered.

"We'll find her! We'll find her!" he said over and over. When he went for his own coat she followed him, and as they stepped out into the chilled fateful air, with the cloud-wrack scurrying southward and the trees torn and broken, they involuntarily clasped hands. They started for the gate together that way, but a second later they stopped, for a procession advanced toward them.

First came Ged Angel's dog, important but wet; then Ged Angel himself, rather shamefaced but not particularly wet; then Watkins, carrying Elizabeth; lastly, Beulah, waving reassuringly to the Stoddards, and finally Jane, who had been weeping.

Upon nearer view it appeared that little Elizabeth must have been seeing the world. Her frock was torn with briers and stained with berries; she was minus shoes and stockings; her soft brown braids having become unruly had been tied together with a wisp of grass; her face bore evidences of a woodland feast.

"Ah didn't choose fo' to wash heh, ma'am," Beulah said, half laughing and half crying, "twell you-alls hed seen heh jus' as she was."

Just as she was she was good enough for Anita Stoddard. Just as she was she did perfectly well for Ralph Stoddard.

Watkins started to relate the adventure —a man knows his privileges—but Stoddard cut him short.

"Go to the barn, Watkins," he commanded. "The horse—I left him in a bad way." Watkins started toward the stables, but from the nature of his ejaculations and commands it appeared that nothing serious had occurred. Watkins's voice had to make itself heard over several other voices, for Jane was telling how the storm came up suddener than any she ever see, and how the clouds dipped right down to the chimbly top, and how she thought of that blessed child out somewhere or other gadding with Beulah, and how she closed up the house and ran out—'thout a hat nor nothing—an' ranged an' ranged 'round, and the wind tore her apron off—that new one with the cross-stitching—and carried it mercy knows where, and—and——

And Beulah said she was jus' slumbahin', ma'am, a minute on the ground

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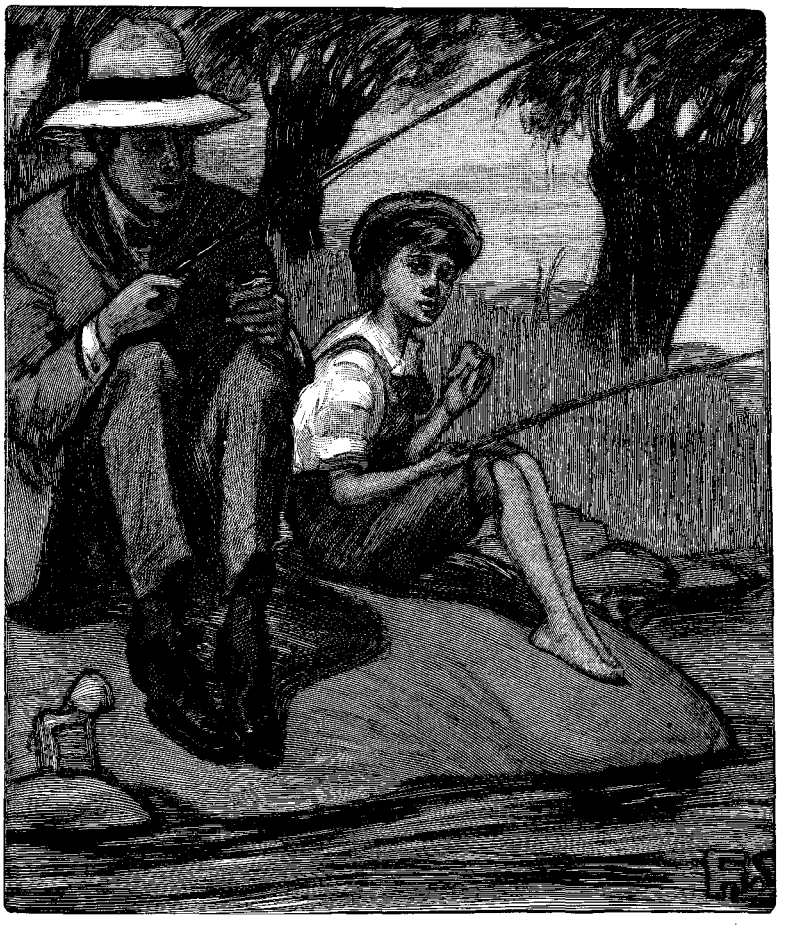

He ate it to the last crumb.—Page 586.

undah the trees, and Miss Elizabeth was playin' jus' as fine as fine, an' the yowling of the stohm woke heh like the angel Gabriel shoutin' in heh eah, and Miss Elizabeth wasn't to be seen no moah than's if she'd gone off on a broom-stick, and——

And Elizabeth said, hugging her mother in tenacious and rather tremulous arms, that Beulah read "A Child's Garden of Verse" to her till she fell asleep, and that she—Elizabeth—just walked a little way down the road, and she wished and wished she had some one to play with, and while she was wishing she saw a boy, and she spoke to him and he spoke to her, and they went off a little way, so they wouldn't wake Beulah. And they picked some blackberries, and he showed her a place to wade, and she was sorry, but she tore her dress, and then the storm came up and she forgot her shoes, and perhaps Beulah could find them if she would run back and——

And Gerald Angel, vulgarly denominated Ged, twisted his toes in the dust and said when it began to get so dark, by ginger! he thought they'd better run, and they went to Sally Greison's house, and she giv' 'em coffee cake, and whin they saw Beulah running like a chicken with its head off, they called her in; and then they see Jane, and they called *her* in; and whin the storm was all over and they set out for home, they met Mr. Watkins, sir, and he had hid in a barn, and he wasn't wet neither, and he took Elizabeth out of Beulah's arms and carried her, and he

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guessed *he* could find the little girl's shoes, but he thought they'd be some soaked.

Stoddard said nothing. He laughed, though—a strange laugh, down deep in his throat—and he took Ged's hand and led him into the house.

Anita sat down with Elizabeth in her arms and looked her over—looked at the scratched ankles, the berry-stained face, and the grass-bound hair.

"Isn't she the dearest!" she cried, ecstatically.

"Nicer than she ever was before," acquiesced Stoddard, amazed at the concurrence of his wife's opinion with his own.

"And the boy!" exclaimed Anita. She stared at the triumphant specimen of boyhood with the glorious topknot. He blushed, and wriggled around behind Stoddard.

"Send them into the nursery to play," said Stoddard gently. "Ask Beulah to feed them. I wish to tell you a little story, Anita. It's quite curious, and I thought you wouldn't understand or I'd have told it sooner."

So the young ones went away, Elizabeth like a princess in rags; Gerald Angel feigning reluctance, with admiration shining from his red-brown eyes.

Stoddard went out again in the open air, taking Anita with him, and there, in the clearing of the storm, with the evidences of the convulsion all about them, he told all the story—he stripped his heart before the woman he had stood in awe of, and he told her the truth as he had never thought to speak it to any living ear.

A wonderful sunset of amber and green began to gather in the west. The whole world shone with a kind of crystalline beauty, and in a glow of pale golden light Anita, transfigured and tender, confessed what Stoddard had never expected to hear from her lips.

"You seemed tired, to me," she said half whispering, "and I took every burden from you that I could. If anything went wrong, no matter whether I was responsible for it or not, I *felt* responsible. I was in a torment all the time lest you should be troubled. I knew how you disliked ill-bred children, and I determined that Elizabeth should never annoy or mortify you. I repressed the child all the time, and when I saw her getting too exuberant, I managed to take her away out of your hearing. I tried to have her always tidy when you were about—and I—I meant you should never find me wanting in anything. I wanted to have the house perfect, and never to let down myself from——"

"And all the time," cried Stoddard, "I was wanting you, my dear, wanting you and my little girl! Not your clothes, not your manners, not your accomplishments, but you, you, you!"

"But we were here!" responded Anita, and Stoddard had never seen anything so near anger in her eyes. "We were here, and hurt, and lonely—O horrors, so lonely! You never looked our way, really. You never said what you thought. We met like creatures on a stage—like strangers on the road, I might almost say. Such chagrin, Ralph, as I have felt! A woman as proud as I am, to lose my husband's love! If you knew the way that cancer of an idea had eaten into me!"

Stoddard leaped to his feet and hurled his chair down the length of the veranda.

"Never mind how miserable we were!" he cried, with the impatience a man feels for pain. "A man may be a fool and outgrow it; don't you think so, my dear—my very dear dear?"

He stooped to kiss her, but a vision appeared at the door. Two children, freshly washed and quite seraphic, stood there side by side. Their eyes were shining, and they were both quiet from sheer content.

Anita Stoddard looked at the red-headed boy with an affectionate eye.

"I don't wonder you coveted him," she said. "He certainly does look about as invitingly human as anyone I have ever seen." She held out her hand to him, and the boy, grinning, and no longer abashed, came and stood by her, waiting, as children will, for a caress. She ran her white, jewelled hand in his astonishing crop of hair, and tilted back his head.

"What a boy!" she cried, a maternal hunger leaping into her eyes. "What a—an extremely *boy* boy!" She converted the word into an adjective. Then she leaned forward and kissed him—where the sun kissed him every day, where sleep and health and joy and youth kissed him—on the full curve of his lips.

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Drawn by Florence Wyman.

A procession advanced toward them.—Page 590.

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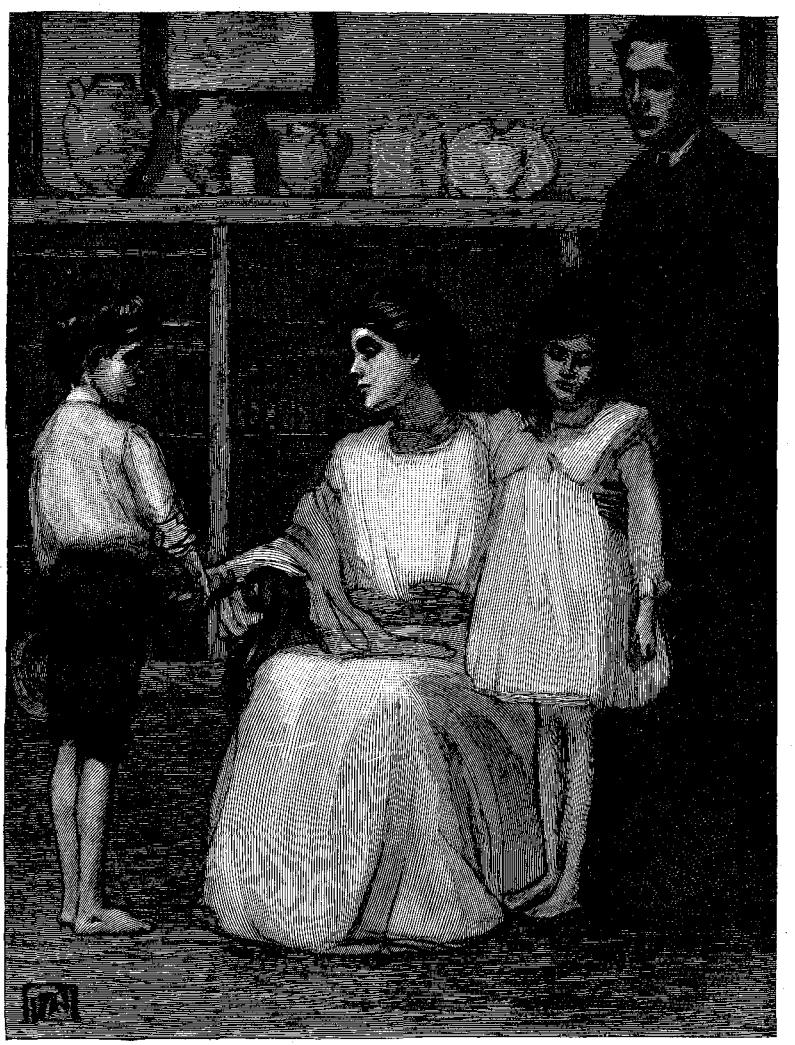
"Let's be good friends, Ged," she said. Her eyes were soft with a gentle mist.

Stoddard stood watching her as one who awakes from a dream and beholds disaster melt before his saner vision.

"Come," he said, "we will go to dinner. The children shall eat with us, and afterward we'll walk home with Ged."

"Very well," said Anita, and Stoddard, as he lifted little Elizabeth in his arms, saw his wife take the boy's hand in hers and walk before him into the dining-room.

The broken tree was visible through the window, and the glass was in fragments, but these indications of danger past troubled no one.



"What a—an extremely *boy* boy!"—Page 592

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THEIR COUNTRYMEN

By James Barnes

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON H. GRANT

MISS MADELINE HARRISON stood leaning against a post of the vine-covered stoep. She was looking far out across the well-kept little garden, bordered by its stone walls and line of grape-arbors, to the wide-stretching, open veldt and the blue tops of some distant kopjes that rose against the sky. It was so beautiful, so peaceful, that it was hard to think this was a land that lay cursed and writhing in the red grasp of war. The shadows of the tall gum-trees stretched across the neatly kept walks, and the breeze made the air, that shimmered out on the plain, seem cool and inviting in the shade. It was hard for Miss Harrison to reconcile her present state of mind with the quiet scene. Her fingers were working nervously, her lower lip was quivering, and her eyes betrayed the fact that she had been weeping.

There was a curious fluttering sound in the air. Madeline raised her head. A large white flag, made of a bed-sheet, whipped and snapped in the wind from a tall pole at the gable end of the house. Although it meant a plea for mercy and protection, to her it seemed to be flying a grim and hidden challenge. She looked away again, and her eyes saw beyond the hills and the line of sky, beyond far beyond, over the miles of land and sea, to a little stone cottage standing back of an English hedge-row. She could see her father in his long black coat, with his sermon tucked under his arm, on his way to hold service in the little church. She almost could scent the cool mustiness of the choir-stalls; she could hear her own voice rising with the voices of the choir-boys. In the service she reinforced the singing from a little nook on the side of the cantoris, and from this little nook she could look out into the congregation and see the Squire and his family seated in the old Winwood family pew. There were the straight-backed young ladies, who were very nice and patronizing, when she and her father attended any function at the park, and the tall, good-looking heir to the estate, who came up from town and left his onerous duties in the Guards for the fall shooting. And another figure she could see distinctly, that of the younger son, whose eyes constantly sought the hiding-place at the end of the row of little white-robed figures. Should she ever forget the day when the squire, riding down through the woods back of the park had found her, and Master Cecil walking (Oh, well she remembered it!), hand and hand along the path by the trout-pond. She still had the letters somewhere that Master Cecil had written when they bundled him off to that post in India; at this she smiled a little sadly.

The Squire's family had been very kind to her, however, when her father had died, leaving her penniless to look out for herself—in a world that cared little how well, or how ill, she did it. She was an English governess now; she had been one for the last six years—three with an American family, wealthy people in Capetown, and thence to Johannesburg as companion to the invalid daughter of a wealthy German mine-owner, and then she had taken the position that she now held, in the family of Dirk Van Houten, Veldt-cornet and prominent burgher of the Transvaal Republic. That was the whole of her life, summed up in a few short words, except—but of that later. She was soon brought back to the present.

A Kaffir who had been working down in the corner of the garden raised his head, and, shading his eyes, looked out to the northward and then up into the air above him. A dark brown cloud was hanging above the tops of the distant kopjes, yet it was not still, but moved and undulated, rose and fell in a long-stretching line to east and west. Miss Harrison moved a little, and looked up at the clear blue sky through a partition in the tree-tops, for the farm stood, a crowded and compact oasis, rising like a green island out of the gray dun of the veldt. High above were myriads of little glittering atoms fol-

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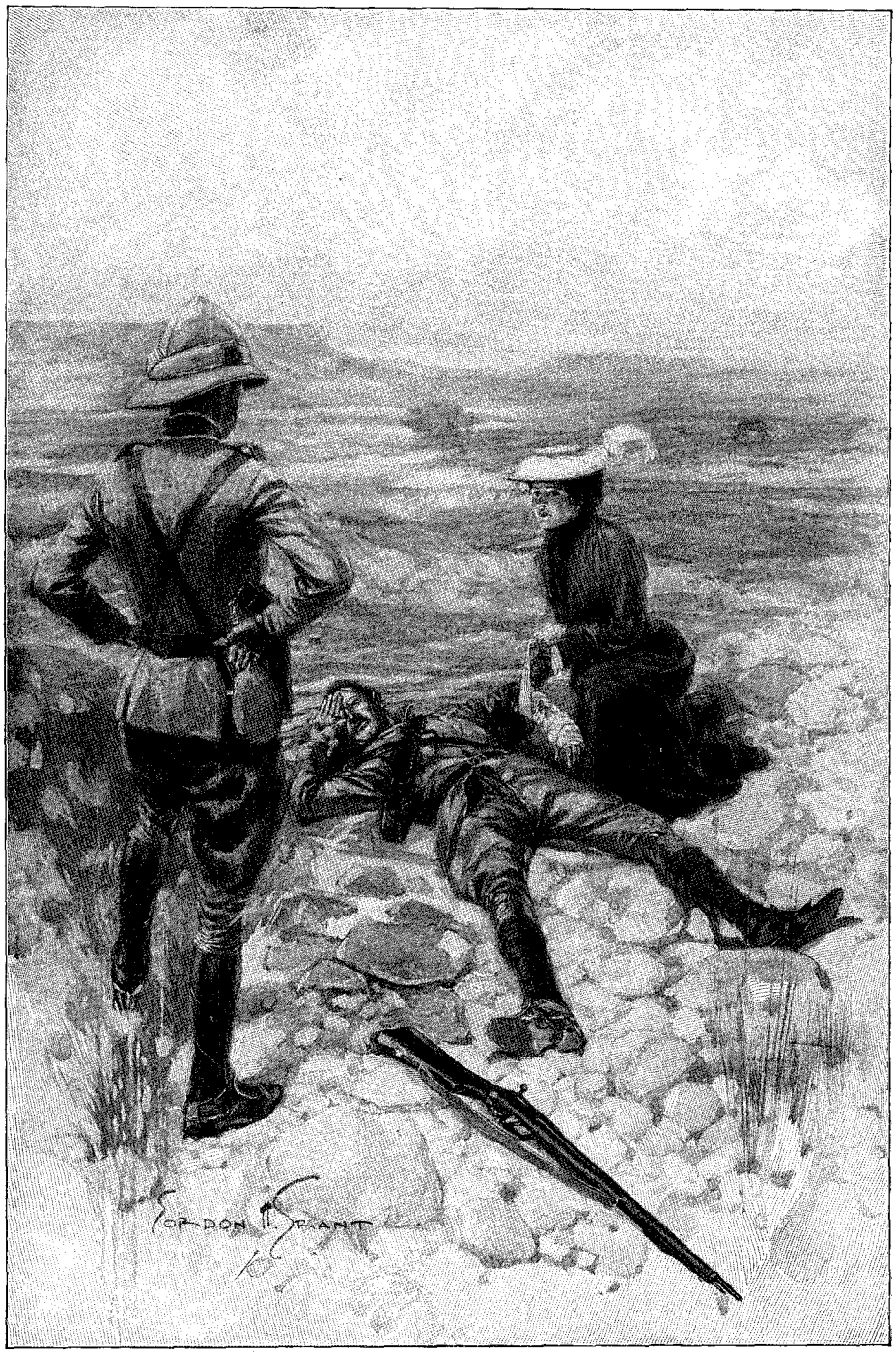

Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.

"You see, they caught us all unawares, and there was no cover."—Page 602.

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lowing the direction of the wind, and sparkling and shimmering in the sunlight. There had come a sound like pattering of rain among the leaves. Miss Harrison walked to the door and spoke perfunctorily into the cool stillness of the house.

"The locusts are coming," she said.

A woman appeared from one of the rooms that opened off the long, narrow hall-way.

"Ach, let them come," she said, "let them come! Your countrymen will soon be here, and there will be so much less for them to find. I do not begrudge the locusts; let them strip us bare first, since it must be so, and we are to be robbed in the end."

"You will not be robbed, I tell you," returned the English girl. "Why do you believe such things? Why do you think such things of my countrymen?"

They stood there looking at one another.

The dark woman was Dirk Van Houten's third wife. The fact that she had borne no offspring—which is a reproach among the Boer women—mayhap had soured Mrs. Van Houten's disposition. At all events, her step-children, although they respected her authority, had little love for her. Dirk Van Houten and his sons were off on commando. It was eight months since they had ridden away to Pretoria, that lay some twenty miles to the eastward. There were four sons then, but the eldest had fallen early in the war, at Colenso.

A tremendous noise began outside in the garden, and at the strange sounds two young girls came out on the stoep. One, the elder, was tall and dark; the other short and fair. They each carried an empty biscuit tin and a stick of wood. Hardly had they reached the open air when they began to beat upon them. Miss Harrison and Mrs. Van Houten followed, the latter first dashing into the house and emerging with a table-cover with which she began industriously to thresh the bushes.

The locusts flocked and fluttered at the corners of the paths, and rose in little clattering flights before the advance of the people with the din-raising pots and kettles. Overhead the air was crowded, the endless passing was dizzying like the fall of snow-flakes. If they had been allowed to settle unmolested, in an hour the oasis would have been as if parched by the heat of a summer drought. But while the great flight lasted, the women and the half-score of blacks worked unceasingly; the insects were shaken out of arbor, hedge-row, and orchard, and the brown cloud swept on to the south, where it hung and wavered and dwindled—the passing of a threatened plague.

The Governess stood at the end of the walk that led down to the neat, well-kept kraals. The farm had not been visited as yet by the invading forces, and the fat sheep and the well-fed cattle wandered, grazing out on the veldt, scattering the remaining locusts into little flights and coveys as they moved. Suddenly a voice spoke at Miss Harrison's side. It was the younger girl, a graceful, well-built little creature of sixteen, with a pretty face and large blue eyes. There was none of the heaviness of feature that one is wont to associate with Burgher maidens. On the contrary, she possessed a peculiar daintiness; hers was almost a nervously sympathetic face that belied the strong, well-rounded chin.

"Oh, that the war-cloud had passed like that, leaving us all just as we were," she said.

Strange to say, this was exactly what had been going through the Governess's mind. She closed her eyes slightly, and drew her breath.

"Do you think the English are coming here, Madie?" continued the girl, placing one hand on Miss Harrison's shoulder. "I cannot believe it will be so bad as we are told—as they think and say! Mr. Kerr is an Englishman; I am sure people like him would not rob us of everything."

"Never fear. How long is it since you heard from Mr. Kerr?" asked Miss Harrison, softly.

"I got word two months ago, sent through Lorenzo Marques to one of the boys in the English store." She lowered her voice: "He is fighting us; he is in what they call 'The Light Horse,' but you must not tell. I do not like him any longer, now."

The Governess looked down at her companion. "Poor little Kuenhe," she said. "It will not last forever, let us pray to God."

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"It is very dreadful," faltered the young girl. "Why do they want to fight, why, why?"

Miss Harrison stooped and kissed her cheek and the caress was given back with a sudden impetuosity. The Governess loved her younger charge with a strong affection that was returned; of the other Miss Van Houten she had seen but little since the first few months of her coming to Grootvlei. The elder sister, Bertha, was a thorough Boer woman, handsome, heavy, and imperiously vindictive. She was affianced to a wealthy Hollander merchant in the town, and more than once she had expressed her dislike of the young Uitlander bank-clerk who had ridden out, ostensibly to see Miss Harrison, but who found time to converse, more or less at length, with the younger sister. But when the Uitlanders had been driven from the borders, he had gone too, and the news that Kuenhe told was news indeed.

They walked back to the house together. At the door stood Mrs. Van Houten and Bertha; but they did not speak. Kuenhe went quickly to her room, but Madeline, picking up a book, strolled across the stoep to a bench beneath one of the arbors. There she sat looking out over the tops of the pages into the distance.

"I tell you, she is not to be trusted," said Mrs. Van Houten, speaking in Dutch. "She is like them all. Who can believe what they say? These English, they do not even tell the truth to one another. She hates us, mark my words, she hates us; and would betray us too."

"Oh, no;" replied the younger woman, "it is not so bad as that. She is English and will always be so, but Kuenhe loves her, and Koos——"

"Yes, Koos, the foolish boy! She would lead him to throw himself away. His father is mad not to have sent Koos to college in the Colony instead of being here where he could ride about with a little Roinek. The people in the town are talking of it, and he could marry as well as any of his elder brothers did. There is Rita Holberger; her father has ten thousand morgen. She would come if he would but snap his finger. But what use talking! the English are in Rustenburg. They may be here at any time!"

"Well, we have the white flag flying, as Mr. Celliers told us to," interposed Bertha, wearily.

"And much good it will do, I suppose," put in Mrs. Van Houten. "When they come I expect to see everything go, and the house in flames, and we poor women —Oh, if I could but fight," she added, "I could kill them all—kill them—kill them," she added, her voice rising. "I could drive them into the sea, so that they would never come back to this land again."

"Yes," spoke up the younger girl with her lips drawn fine and tight, "that's what they told us they would do, and yet what did Mr. Van Niekert say. He said, 'It is foolishness to force this war. The English will be here like ants,' he said, and now they've come."

"Pah! Van Niekert, he is a renegade, and he treats the Roineks as if they were as good as himself, but it is not he who told you that; it was Mr. Kerr, or perhaps she, who has made your brother to be talked about, with her yellow hair and her lips that smile, always smile so falsely. Why, she has almost made a fool of your father too; so that he is blind. But mind you, she laughs at us. I told him so."

"Yes, and he laughed at you. That well I remember," returned Bertha. "And Koos, he got angry."

"Koos is a fool!" cried the older woman, hotly, "but he will learn some day. I should like to have him here to watch what happens when the English come. She will stand out and say: 'Don't touch me, you're my countrymen, I am one of you,' and then she will show them where we have hidden the arms, and they will burn our house, and God knows what will become of us."

"Oh, what shall we do, what shall we do?" exclaimed Bertha, suddenly, catching her step-mother's mood. "What is to be done?"

"She shall not stay," snapped Mrs. Van Houten. "She shall go and join her own people to-day. We will not have a spy longer in the house."

She rose from the table and then, leaning forward, spoke in a rough whisper: "And we will move the arms, you and myself, even the Kaffirs shall not know. So when the English are told to look, they will find nothing."

Bertha sat with her arms stretched out

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before her. "Oh, it is so dreadful," she moaned. "And I expected to be married and happy by this time."

"Don't weep over that," returned Mrs. Van Houten, with a gleam of sarcasm, "your lover is not fighting! He is selling things to the English. It is the Hollanders who have brought much of the trouble upon us. What great things they said we were to do and how they were to help us, and now look! We have lost our country. What is the good of anything?"

"Well, look at the President himself," returned Bertha, bridling at this reference to her affianced, "hasn't he run away and taken the gold with him?"

"Ja, praise God, the English will not get that," snarled Mrs. Van Houten, viciously. And with that she closed the door and Bertha was left alone.

When Mrs. Van Houten reached the stoep she stopped and shaded her eyes.

There was the Governess standing at the gate, and talking to her was a man on horseback! He wore a yellowish uniform, and the tail of his thin, jaded-looking horse was clipped short. A few paces beyond were two more men on horseback, their rifles resting across their saddle-bows. So they had come! the cursed English!

Mrs. Van Houten's heart stood still. But as she watched them, the man speaking raised his hat, and with a sweeping look at the house and garden turned to his companions, spoke a few words and off they rode toward the line of distant kopjes.

As Miss Harrison came up the walk her face was pale and her steps were hurried, but Mrs. Van Houten's breath had returned to her and her heart was beating furiously. She was trembling from head to foot.

"So you have told them!" she cried, before Madeline could speak a word. "You spy—oh, don't tell me that they won't come back—I know that you have told them all! Come!" she raised her voice, "you will go with them! You will leave here now. They are not so far away. Take the horse you coaxed from that stupid fool, my step-son, and go at once. You cannot have the cart; we may need that for our own things. But here you shall not stay another night. You traitress, who have betrayed the hands that fed you!" She stepped forward almost menacingly when a voice spoke from behind her.

"Stop, you shall not talk so; what right have you?"

It was the younger girl, and as she spoke Kuenhe grasped her step-mother firmly by the wrist. The latter shook her off. "The right, because I am mistress here! Are you your father's daughter that you should question me? You are as bad! Go, both of you!"

"And that I will," the girl returned, quietly, and she stepped forward, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling. But Madeline stopped her.

"No, no," she said, "you must stay here, but I will go, and gladly."

Bertha had appeared, frightened and silent, in the background, and to her Miss Harrison addressed herself.

"Ask one of the boys to saddle my horse, please," she said.

"Yours!" interjected Mrs. Van Houten with a stamp of her foot.

"It shall be returned," said the girl, quietly. "Bertha, will you?"

The elder Miss Van Houten, still frightened, went out the back entrance, and the three other women stood in silence.

"What did you say to them?" asked Mrs. Van Houten, suddenly.

"I said little. They asked few questions."

"You told them you were English?"

"They asked me; would you have me deny it?"

"That is enough! There is someone I know whom I would like to have heard what else you told them."

"I should not have been afraid," returned Madeline, "but we will talk no further. I shall go in to Pretoria. I know some people there who will take care of me."

She brushed by and hastened to her room. Kuenhe followed at once, but the scene had been too much for her. Her shoulders were working convulsively. She was in a torment of weeping.

"What am I to do?" she asked between her sobs.

"You must stay here, but I cannot. But—" and she grasped the girl's wrist "those arms must be sent away. What

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if they should be found! Who could say what would happen then?"

"I know, I know," cried the girl, "but she would not listen, and we cannot trust all the blacks. All of them on the kraals near the drift have gone away, and David the Roikaffir, has been to the English camp. As she spoke there was a knock at the door—a negro woman stood there, her eyes big with curious excitement.

"The horse is ready, Miss," she said in Dutch. "He is at the door."

Miss Harrison, who had slipped a linen riding-skirt over her outer dress, turned from the window. She looked about her, then picked up a few letters and little things from the table, thrusting them in her pocket. Then she went out into the hall, the walls decorated with the horns and skulls of antelope, and stopping at a rack she took down a little riding-whip or slambok. Silently she passed out of the rear entrance, and there a ragged black boy stood holding a pony by the bridle. A worn, old-fashioned side-saddle was on his back. Fastened to the right side was a canvas water-bottle with its leather guard. It was dripping and had just been filled. A pair of fine field-glasses also were strapped to the saddle-bow.

Madeline turned before she mounted.

"Remember what I said," she whispered to Kuenhe as she kissed her, "and now, good-by. Be brave; things may soon change. Don't worry about me. Good-by, good-by!"

Looking out of the window were Mrs. Van Houten and the elder girl. They made no sign of farewell as the Governess, touching the little horse with the whip, trotted out of the gate. Kuenhe replied to her wave of the hand as she looked back over her shoulder.

Instead of taking the wagon trail, Madeline crossed the open veldt, following a bridle-path that led through very broken ground, that cut down the distance to Pretoria by some three miles or more. Not until she was out of sight in the hollows of the dry, sandy sluits did she begin to realize what it all meant, the loneliness of her situation came forcibly upon her. She was thinking of what she should do when she should reach the town. The young Colonial officer, who had been in charge of the scouting party, to whom she had spoken at the gate, had told her that everything was quiet, he had also informed her that he and his men were flankers to a column that was coming in from Rustenburg. There were Boers about, the English were concentrating again along the railway. But there was nothing for her to fear. The blacks had not risen, and she knew several English families, who had more or less hidden their sentiments and had been allowed to remain at the Boer capital. She was sure that any one of them would offer her hospitality.

As she struggled up the side of the sluit, she remembered a certain ride that she had taken across this very stretch of country the year before, only she was not alone then.

It was just below here that she had seen Koos Van Houten make that long shot at the springbok, and now he was employing that same clear vision and steady hand in picking off her countrymen. She closed her eyes, she hated to think of it. When she opened them, she looked down at the little hide riding-whip in her hand. It was the only thing, excepting the pony, he had ever given her, he had "brayed" it himself, and polished it till it was as clear as amber, and the little monogramed ring he had had put on by the silversmith in Johannesburg.

As she gained the top of a bank she looked out toward the kopjes where the Rustenburg road ran through the Nek, and surely she could see dust rising! The column had not reached there evidently.

She cut the little horse lightly across the flanks and he cantered swiftly on. Her excitement rose as she went forward. She was curious to see the khaki people! She wondered if the band would be playing and the men marching with their colors! She was quite sure she would miss the sight of the red coats. The scouts she had seen looked most unkempt and commonplace.

All at once she reined in sharply. There had come a sound to her ears that she had never heard before—rhythmic, jarring, thumping reports, like the starting jolts of a freight train as the links tighten in succession. And then the echo of it followed.

She sat with her heart beating, leaning forward, grasping the pony's mane. There

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came a sullen, dull, deeper, shock of sound, and out of the clear blue sky above the kopje leaped a little ball of shining white that drifted an instant and disappeared. Her ears seemed to hear clearer now, she detected an undercurrent of pattering like the sound of many distant hammers. Then she knew! The Boers were about! There was fighting at the Nek!

For an instant she was tempted to turn about and take to flight, but for some reason that she could not fathom, she did the very opposite and rode forward swiftly toward a bit of rising ground that rolled up from the middle of the plain a mile or so away. The last hundred yards or so, to the crest, she went in a free gallop and with her pony's flanks heaving, came out on the top—and there she saw it!

The two kopjes nearest her were the abrupt endings of two separate lines of hills, the one farthest to the north ran to the river, while the nearer range began at the very slope at which she stood. A third and higher flat-topped hill was beyond the gap and stood alone, like a sentinel at the entrance. This was the Nek through which the coach road ran, and down in the little hollow she could see a line of halted wagons.

The rattling and tapping came in gusts and spasms, it seemed to run along the crests of the range of hills. The single white puff of smoke was not repeated, but now and then there would come the rhythmic sequence of heavier reports and she could see that the echoes to them came from little spurts of dust flicked out of the sandy plain, as by the invisible lash of a giant whip. Suddenly she bethought herself of the field-glasses, and with trembling fingers she adjusted them.

"Oh! oh!" she cried out, suddenly—"God's help and mercy!"

There had come into the focus as she looked a sight that made her give the little scream, half pity and half terror.

There was a man with his arm about another, who scarce could walk, who hobbled painfully and shook his head and pushed the other with his hands as if urging him away! She could almost see the expressions of their faces. Then the wounded man sank to the ground, and the other, after bending over him an instant, started running almost toward her. She swept the line of vision to the right, and then she understood it all.

A gray horse with the reins hanging loose stood among some stunted bushes, but as the man approached the horse, evidently frightened, edged away, and then, with a sudden toss of head and tail, broke into a furious canter. The man gave up the chase with a gesture of bitterest despair. He stood still a moment, and then, right before her very eyes, he jumped into the air a foot or so and collapsed limply on a bare open space of ground; for all the world, like a bundle of old clothes, he lay there without moving!

Madeline took the glasses from her eyes. It was with a shock that she realized how far away it was. She swayed half-sick and controlled herself with difficulty, but then she saw coming toward her the gray horse, still at a gallop, with the stirrups flying, tripping occasionally over the bridle that tangled in his forefeet. Animated by some instinct she moved off slowly to meet him.

When quite close the horse tripped on the bridle again, and stood there blowing and shivering as she edged up to him. Whistling, as is the Afrikander habit, in order to quiet the frightened beast, she worked close enough until with a sudden movement she leaned forward and caught him by the bit. Then for the first time she noticed that the saddle and the horse's side were soaked with dripping red. It almost sickened her again! Then the figure of that man, and his gesture of despair came strongly to her mind, and leading the animal that was not yet quieted, she rode down the hill toward the bushes beyond which lay the two men that she had seen.

The little gulley that she crossed contained some water, filtering from a hidden spring, but as she reached there, she stopped.

Plain to view among the huddle of wagons, a mile or more away, was a figure waving a white flag. So they had surrendered! She was glad of it, anything but that killing! And she pushed forward, still thinking of the poor fellow she had seen go down. She knew just where she would find him, not fifty yards ahead.

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The pattering and hammering had not stopped, however. Many of the hidden men on the hills could not see from their position the fluttering emblem of surrender, perhaps. Nor doubtless could they have made out whether the mounted figure was man or woman, at the distance.

Perhaps it was not intended at all, but it was one of those chances of a long-range fight. At any rate there came a sudden whispering, startling whine, and then a shock, and the gray horse, pitching forward, dragged her at full length over her pony's head. She struggled to her feet unhurt, and turned to look. The horse lay there struggling for all the world like the springbok that Koos had shot more than a year ago. Blood ran from his nostrils. The pony, freed from her hand, had taken to his heels, and was plashing across the little stream frantic with terror.

What to do she did not know, then suddenly she heard a groan. There, a few feet away, lay the huddled heap of clothes. She ran over, knelt beside the man, and turned his face up from the earth. He was breathing as if exhausted.

"Water," he said, hoarsely. "For God's sake, water!"

It was but a few steps back to the fallen horse; quickly she undid the water-bottle that was fastened to the saddle, and hastened back. She poured a little down the man's throat, and bathed his eyes and wrists: he looked up at her. He was but a trooper of the mounted infantry, he had probably never heard of Sir Philip Sidney, and loss of blood had made him thirsty, but he remembered.

"Thank you, Miss," he murmured, "there's my pal; he ain't far off. He'll be needing a drink, lad. Could you reach him, Miss?"

Madeline nodded. Placing her wet handkerchief over the man's forehead, she moved off to the left. There she came upon the other poor fellow. He had fainted from loss of blood, evidently while in the act of tying up his shattered leg, for he had cut open his trousers, and had begun to bind his puttee about the mangled, splintered knee. She finished it for him, although she had had no experience with wounds, and a little water poured down his throat, and on his wrists, soon brought him to. Beyond she could see another man, and still beyond another. Her linen riding habit she tore into strips, and twice she replenished her water-bottle at the spring.

For an hour and more she worked, and yet all the time the cracking and hammering had gone on in front. But no bullets came her way.

She had been seen, however, from the hills, and from the line of wagons also, and on the last excursion she had come within two hundred yards of where some men stood, grouped about the fallen mules and oxen. All at once she became aware that a man was walking toward her. He was a very young officer, and he had red lapels on the collar of his tunic. She spoke first, excitedly:

"There are many wounded men here; can you not send help to them?"

"We have as many as we can attend to at the wagons," he replied, apologetically. "We are doing the best we can. You see they caught us all unawares, and there was no cover."

"But the fighting is still going on," she ventured, "or what means all this firing?"

"We have surrendered," said the young officer, "but Captain Winwood, who commands the advance guard, has got up on the top of the farthest hill and is still fighting. If we could get word into the post on the Crocodile River, they might send out and save us, but Winwood is surrounded, and every time we move they can pick us off. The only gun we had was disabled by the pom-pom. The Colonel was a fool to get us in such a mess. He signalled to those chaps on the hill to chuck it and give in, but Winwood, he wagged back that he no longer recognized his orders, and that he would hold out. He can't very long, though; they'll get him, sooner or later."

"Is it Captain Winwood, who is in the Guards?" asked Madeline.

"No, his brother. Do you know him? He came here with an Indian contingent. But I say," he added, quickly, "I have no right to keep you talking here. They may pot us any moment. It is a wonder they have not fired at you."

"Oh," replied Madeline, calmly, and wondering at herself, "I do not think they will do that, though they shot a horse I

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was leading, I believe by accident. They have not fired at me at all."

"Where did you come from, may I ask?" returned the officer, "and why are you here all alone?"

"I live not far over in that direction. I was riding into Pretoria."

"But, you're English?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much."

For an instant they stood there as if embarrassed.

"I suppose," said the officer, thoughtfully, "if I should walk over to that hill where that horse is I'd be pretty sure to be pipped, and we've enough now, Heaven knows. What direction is Pretoria from here?"

"You'd get lost surely, if you didn't know it," returned Madeline, "but it's over there. You cross between the hills, keep to the left and go down into the vlei, and then——"

"I've got half a mind to try it," interposed the officer, "if I could catch that horse."

An idea had come across Madeline's mind. "You'd surely be shot," she said, quickly, "but why not myself? I know the way, every turn of it, and they might let me through."

The young officer looked at her with admiration.

"Do you think you could?" he said.

"I will try it, if I can; and if I do, I shall have to hurry. So good-by to you."

She turned and walked away. It was a strange position! Here she was wandering apparently where she liked, and yet over there were two or three hundred men who apparently considered themselves as much prisoners as if they were behind bars and grated windows. The Boers had not approached and yet, on the front there was a lively fight still going on, judging from the interchange of rifle fire. But now three or four little dust spots kicked up out of the ground in front of her. And all at once she saw the reason for the strange condition of affairs. The highest kopje commanded both the others! No Boer could move down into the plain from the shelter of the hill without becoming at once a target for the little band of fighting men on the top.

"Captain Winwood?" she repeated to herself. "The Indian contingent!"

It could be no other than Cecil Winwood. It was seven years ago now, since that walk, but it all came back, how he looked, all the tones of his voice. It was like him, as she remembered him, to hold out obstinately as long as possible. Strange things come to people at strange moments. She remembered the cricket match, when with nine wickets down and fourteen runs to make, he had made them and carried his county to victory. She remembered also how he had once told her that he liked to do things off his own bat—and yet——

She had walked straight over to the spruit and suddenly found herself by the edge of it. On the far side stood her little horse, now recovered from his fright. He was browsing quietly among the bushes. She whistled and coaxed him as she neared. Some people have a way with animals—it was her gift. The pony whinnied welcome. Without difficulty she reached the reins and led him up over the hill. Across on the far side she mounted quickly, and keeping a little farther to the south she rode swiftly forward, bending now and then to encourage her little steed, with excited breathless words.

Captain Sir George Cecil Winwood sat on one of the benches in front of the Transvaal Hotel in Pretoria, and beside him sat a younger officer. Neither of them said a word, but gazed listlessly out on the road. They allowed a dog-fight to pass by unnoticed. They had not even smiled at the attempts of an honest burgher (who evidently had been looking at the wine-cup) to ride a balking, untrained bicycle. At last the younger officer spoke, and he continued a train of thought that had been interrupted by the silence.

"At any rate it was an awful mess," he said, "and the Colonel is going to get the sack for it, you mark me!"

"I hope so," returned Captain Winwood—"deserves it."

"I tell you, old chap, you were fine—you were, you know."

"Rot! Nothing at all! But, by gad, Carstairs, I'd like to meet that woman! You know we could see her from the top of our hill quite plainly, and one of my

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Colonials suggested that it might be a Boer disguised, trying to get out to you chaps. Pepperall, the ass, when she rode in the camp at Crocodile, never got her name."

"He arrived just in the nick of time for us chaps, didn't he?"

"Rather."

"I should think so. But we are always doing such stupid things."

"What did she look like?"

"Who, the girl?"

"Yes, you silly; who else?"

"Quite pretty. English looking. Country type, but thoroughbred, you know—By Jove!"

"Eh, what?"

Winwood started into sudden alertness as he followed his young friend's pointing finger. Two women were approaching, walking together on the opposite side of the street.

"That's she!" said the officer, excitedly. "I'm going across to speak to her. What luck! If I stop long enough to give you a chance, stroll over."

With that Carstairs rose. The ladies saw him coming, and paused. As he drew nearer the expression of the younger woman's face changed, in fact the sudden stare she gave made Carstairs forget what it was that he had first intended to say. Her eyes looked over his shoulder and beyond him. There were footsteps close at his heels and turning, he saw Winwood.

"Well!" cried the latter, speaking first. "This is most surprising! It is Miss Harrison!"

"Captain Winwood!"

Carstairs stood at one side awkwardly. The English girl recovered herself.

"Mrs. Roland, allow me to present Captain Winwood, whom I knew a long time ago in England. And you, sir," she added, "I remember meeting you when you came out to talk to me."

Carstairs gave his name and was presented, flushing red to his brows.

"I tell you, we owe her a lot," he stammered, earnestly, turning to Mrs. Roland. "And now, if she wasn't a woman, and was in the service, she'd get the V. C. for that little job. You know, the Chief is going to call on you, Miss Harrison? he has heard of it—And, by Jove, you'll get the war medal, at all events. Which way are you going? We will walk with you; may we?"

They fell in together, and Carstairs, respecting his friend's prior acquaintanceship, walked on with Mrs. Roland, allowing the other two to follow. They talked in commonplaces.

"Your family, are they all well?" asked Miss Harrison, evenly.

"My mother and sisters are. The Governor died, you know, two years ago."

"I'm so sorry to hear it, indeed I am." She looked at him, studying his face attentively. It was a very simple, sun-browned face, strong and good-looking.

"And my brother, you heard, was killed below the Modder River," he went on, flicking at his trousers with his whip.

"Yes? I'm so sorry to hear it! Oh, this sad, dreadful war!"

A pause followed during which, doubtless, they both did some thinking—at least Madeline did—Winwood rapped at the branches of the trees overhead. This news meant more than mere words. It meant that instead of being an impecunious younger son, living on a small allowance and smaller pay, he was now the Squire himself. Miss Harrison debated with herself whether she should call him by his title or not. "Sir George" it would be now, that being his first name. And he perhaps was remembering those days, nearly seven years ago, and the walk down the shady lane. Suddenly he turned and his eyes scanned her face closely.

He spoke at last, breaking the moment's silence.

"It was awful plucky of you to do what you did day before yesterday," he said. "But it is hard to try to thank you—you know what I mean—words sometimes are no use at all—But you are true blue—and English, and—upon my soul, I say, I'm making a dreadful mess of what should be a pretty speech. But you know—" he was almost in distress.

"It was not much to do," Madeline replied; "thank the pony, not me—and now let's talk of something else. I suppose you are anxious to go back home!"

"Yes, but tell me of yourself," he said, in answer. "Tell me; how long have you been out here?"

"In this country, in the Transvaal? Two years, and a little over."

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"Awful, beastly hole, isn't it?"

"Do you think so?"

Another pause. They turned the corner of the street.

At that minute a young fellow dressed in the uniform of an English Tommy, but with his smasher hat looped up at one side, passed them. He saluted the officers, but looked so hard in Miss Harrison's face that Captain Winwood noticed it, and scowled. It was his doing so that attracted Madeline's attention—at first she had not seen the young man at all; he had almost gone by, in fact, when she turned swiftly.

"Oh, Mr. Kerr!" she cried, "I am so glad to see you!"

The soldier had taken off his hat which, of course, was rather an unsoldierly thing to do and they stood there with their hands clasped.

"I saw you this morning," he said, "only I was riding as one of the escort and I couldn't speak to you. Is everything well at Grootvlei?"

"Yes, she spoke of you but yesterday."

The young man blushed under his tan.

"Did she?" he asked. "Then she does not hate me altogether, does she?"

"No, not altogether," replied Miss Harrison, with a little shake of her head. "I am stopping with Mrs. Roland; the second house from the corner, beyond the hospital—the one with the vines. Do come and see me."

"That I will," said the trooper, and again he bowed. "Good-by." He saluted the officers stiffly and turned away.

Captain Winwood had been an amused observer for, of course, he had paid no attention to their words. Madeline joined him.

"An old friend of mine," she said, "in the South African Light Horse, now. He used to live here. He was employed in the bank."

"Ah, indeed; Colonial?"

"Yes, I suppose so," absent-mindedly.

"Do you know, somehow, I can't tell why, I don't like the Colonials. I'm one of them, I know, in a measure, but—I can't go them altogether."

"Oh, can't you? But you must confess that they have done good fighting."

"Oh, they're jolly good at that. So are the Boers, too, for that matter. I fancy I'd like to meet some of those old chaps."

"They and the Colonials are much alike in some ways," Miss Harrison said, "and that is the reason, perhaps, that they haven't got on so well together. But you see, they have to live here after the war is over. It is their country, too."

"I dare say that's true. They'll know each other's good points by the time this row is done, won't they. I wonder how long it is going to last?"

Madeline did not reply. They were walking slowly on again, passing a long, low building that had flying at the gateway the Red Cross flags. An ambulance was just drawing up at the farthest entrance.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Winwood, "these fellows are just in from the little fight last night. Hamilton had a go at them out here to the east. But to come back to our little affair at the Nek. You haven't heard the end of that yet. Do you know *that*, Miss Harrison?"

"No? and how about your 'little affair' on the top of the kopje?"

"Oh, pshaw, that was nothing; just a bit of obstinacy. You know I was always pig-headed, and then our position was—Hullo!—" breaking off shortly, "Blest if that ambulance isn't full of Boers! Well, we bagged some of them, didn't we?"

He strode forward quickly. It was as he had said: a number of men dressed as they might be for any camp life out-of-doors, in worn cord breeches and rough faded coats, were being assisted or carried out of the great canvas-covered wagon. One of them, a tall, broad-shouldered, young Burgher, with his long arms sprawled helplessly on each side of the stretcher, was being moved with the greatest care, the orderlies whispering directions to one another. They stopped for an instant in the path. The Boer's right leg was in a splint from the hip down; he uttered no sound, although his drawn lips showed that he was suffering. But as his eyes fell on the approaching group, his face went white, and he gasped faintly.

"Koos! Koos! is it you?"

Madeline had stepped swiftly forward. She stood in front of the big, brown-bearded young fellow with her hands out-

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stretched! "Koos—look up at me!" The orderlies halted by the fence.

"Put me down," said the Boer, weakly, in good English. "Put me down."

"Put him down, can't you!" ordered Captain Winwood, sharply.

Madeline knelt quickly and took one of the wounded man's big hands in hers.

"Are you badly hurt, Koos? Tell me!"

"My leg is shattered. But—Madeline."

Suddenly she became conscious that the others were observing her, but she did not change her position. Instead, she leaned closer and spoke so softly that the wounded man had to half lift himself to listen.

"Koos, I was wrong! I do love you, dear. There is no one else and never will be! Don't look at me that way!"

The young man closed his eyes, his head fell back and swayed a little, she steadied him with a pressure of her fingers and slipped an arm about his neck.

There was a smile on her face that belied the wet eyes as she turned. She looked slowly from Captain Winwood to the others, and even to the astonished orderlies. "We are going to be married," she said, "and they will let me nurse you —oh! Don't, Koos, dear, don't."

Tears were rolling down into the young man's great, brown beard.

"When peace is in the land," he said. "Praise Got."

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN'S "PROPHET"

(FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE)

By Ella Heath

WITH longing soul athirst I wandered far,
And found me in a gloomy desert waste
Where, at the turning of the ways, there came,
Floating toward me on his six great wings,
A mighty seraph. Softly as falls a dream
His fingers touched my eyes, that opened wide
To the clear vision of the eaglet's view;
My ears he touched, and straightway they were filled
With sound and murmur of deep mysteries;
I saw the structure of the unbounded skies,
I heard the flight of angels in the void;
The swarming life beneath the surge I spied—
The buried labors of the budding plant
Pierced to my quickened sense. To my lips leaned
The angel, and plucked out my evil tongue
(Lover of light and lying words), and fixed
The wisdom of the serpent's sting therein.
With his keen blade he cleft my breast in twain,
And tore with red hands thence my beating heart,
And in my breast he thrust a living coal.
Then like one dead I lay upon the ground
And knew the Voice of God that called to me:
"Prophet, arise! Look, listen, and faring forth,
Traverse and land and sea: carry the Word,
And with its flame burn, burn the hearts of men!"

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THE LITERARY MERIT OF OUR LATTER-DAY DRAMA

By Brander Matthews

IN trying to present our own opinions upon any question at issue, we can often find an advantage in getting first of all a clear statement of the other side. This must serve as an excuse for here quoting a paragraph from a recent number of a British magazine which chanced to get itself copied in an American newspaper:

"The truth is, our dramatists have long since forgotten that the English language is still the medium of the English drama, and that no branch of literary art is worth a word of praise that wantonly divorces itself from literature. The foolish dramatist who was once loquacious concerning what he was pleased to call 'the literary drama' condemned his own craft in a single phrase. No doubt, prosperity being essential, the audience of our theatres must share the blame with their favorites. Too idle to listen to exquisite prose or splendid verse, they prefer the quick antics of comedians, and in their ear, as in Mr. Pinero's, 'theatrical' has a far more splendid sound than 'dramatic.' To sum the matter up, that poets have failed upon the stage is no compliment to the professional playwrights, who believe themselves the vessels of an esoteric inspiration. It merely means that literature and the drama travel by different roads, and they will continue to travel by those roads so long as the actor is master of the dramatist, so long as the merits of a drama are judged by the standard of material prosperity. After all, to get your puppets on and off the stage is not the sole end of drama, and modesty might suggest that it is better to fail with Tennyson than to succeed with the gifted author who is at this moment engaged in whitewashing Julia."

Inexpensive in wit as this paragraph is, it serves the purpose of showing us that there are still those who believe the drama of our own time to be a thing of nought. Brief as this quotation is, it is long enough to reveal that the writer of it had the conceit of ignorance, and that he was expressing what he conceived to be opinions, without taking the trouble to learn anything about the history of the theatre or the principles of the dramatic art.

The full measure of his ignorance it would be a waste of time to point out, but it can be estimated by his two remarks, that it was better to fail with Tennyson than to succeed with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and that there is likely to be no change for the better so long as the merits of a drama are judged by the standard of material prosperity. Taking these assertions in turn, we may note, first, that Tennyson ardently longed to write a play which should please the play-goers of his own time; second, that he desired to be judged by these very "standards of material prosperity,"—just as Mr. Jones does. Mr. Jones has more than once succeeded in pleasing the play-goers of his own time, and Tennyson failed to achieve the particular kind of success he was aiming at. His failure may have been due to his lack of the native dramatic faculty; it may have been due to his following of outworn models no longer adjusted to the conditions of the modern theatre; but whatever the reason, there is no doubt as to the fact itself. He did not attain the goal he was striving for any more than Browning was able to do so; and it is not for their eulogists now to say that their goal was unworthy. The test of "material prosperity" was the very test by which the poets wished to be tried, and by this test they both failed—and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones more than once has succeeded. Tennyson and Mr. Jones were aiming at the same target —popular success in the theatre. Even if Mr. Jones has not always made a bull's eye, he has often put his bullet on the

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target—the very target which Tennyson missed completely, even if his ball happened to make a hit on another.

Tennyson desired to meet the conditions which all the great dramatists have ever been willing to meet. He did not follow their example and study carefully the circumstances of theatrical representation as they had done, nor did he make himself master of the secrets of the dramaturgic art. And this is a chief reason why he was unable to produce any impression upon the drama of his day; while the dramatic poets of the past, the masters whom he respected—Sophocles and Shakspere and Molière—each of them, accepting the formula of the theatre as this had been elaborated by his immediate predecessors, enlarged this formula, modified it, made it over to suit his own larger outlook on life, and thus stamped his own individuality upon the drama of succeeding generations.

Shakspere and Molière are accepted by us now as the greatest of dramatic poets; but to their own contemporaries they were known rather as ingenious playwrights up to every trick of the trade, finding their profit in every new device of their fellow-craftsmen, and emerging triumphant from a judgment by "the standard of material prosperity." And by this same standard, unworthy as it may seem to some, Lope de Vega and Calderon were judged in their own day, Corneille and Racine also, Beaumarchais and Sheridan, Hugo and Augier and Rostand. The standard of material prosperity is not the only test,—indeed, it is not the final test,—but it is the first and the most imperative, because a dramatist who fails to please the play-going public of his own time will never have another chance. There is no known instance of a poet unsuccessful on the stage in his own century and winning recognition in the theatre after his death. Posterity never reverses the unfavorable verdict of an author's contemporaries; it has no time to waste on this, for it is too busy reversing the favorable verdicts which seem to it to be in discord with the real merits of the case.

It was Mark Twain who pithily summed up a prevailing opinion when he said that "the classics are the books everybody praises—and nobody reads." Let us hope that this is an overstatement and not the exact truth; but whatever the proportion of verity in Mark Twain's saying, there is no doubt that we are running no great risk if we reverse it and say that when they were first produced the classics were books that everybody read—and that nobody praised. Shakspere to-day is the prey of the commentators and of the criticasters, but in his own time Shakspere was the most popular of the Elizabethan playwrights—so popular that his name was tagged to plays he had not written, in order that the public might be tempted to take them into favor; but it was years before the discovery was made that this popular playwright was also the greatest poet and the profoundest psychologist of all time. Cervantes lived long enough to be pleased by the widespread enjoyment of his careless masterpiece; but it was a century at least before the first suspicion arose that Don Quixote was more than a "funny book." Molière was very lucky in filling his theatre when his own pieces were performed; but contemporary opinion held that his plays owed their attraction not so much to their literary merit as to the humorous force of his own acting. Molière was acknowledged to be the foremost of comic actors, but only Boileau was sure of his genius as a dramatist; and Boileau's colleagues in the French Academy never recognized Molière's superiority over all his immediate rivals.

The very fact that Molière and Shakspere were pleasing the plain people, that they were able to attract the main body of the unlearned populace, that they sought frankly to be judged by "the standard of material prosperity"—this very fact seems to have prevented their contemporaries from perceiving the literary merit of their plays. Indeed, it is not unfair to suggest that the cultivated critics of the past—like some cultivated critics of our own time—are predisposed to deny literary merit to anything which is broadly popular. They think of literary merit as something as to which they alone are competent to decide, as something to be tried by the touchstones they keep in their studies, under lock and key. The scholarly contemporaries of Shakspere saw that he did not conform to the classic traditions they revered, and they could not guess he was establishing a classic tradition of his own. They were

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so full of the past that they could not see the present right before their eyes. They missed in Shakspere's work what they had been trained to consider as the chief essential of dramatic art; and they were not acute enough to inquire whether there were not good reasons why he was so attractive to the vulgar mob whom they despised.

To most critics of the drama "literary merit" is something external, something added to the play, something adjusted to the structure. They blame modern playwrights for not putting it in. They take an attitude toward the drama of their own day like that of the New England farmer, when he was asked who had been the architect of his house. "Oh, I built that house myself," was the answer; "but there's a man coming down from Boston next week to put the architecture on." To this New England farmer, architecture was not in the planning and the proportion and the structure; to him it seemed to mean only some sort of jig-saw fretwork added as an afterthought. To most of those who amuse themselves by writing about the drama, "literary merit" is chiefly a matter of pretty speeches, of phrase-making, of simile and metaphor—in short, of rhetoric.

It seems absurd that at this late day it should be needful to repeat once more that literature is not a matter of rhetoric; that it is not external and detachable, but internal and essential. It has to do with motive and character, with form and philosophy; it is a criticism of life itself, or else it is mere vanity and vexation. If literature is no more than a stringing of flowers of speech, then is "Lucile" a greater book than "Robinson Crusoe," or then is the "Forest Lovers" a finer book than "Huckleberry Finn"; then is Pater a better writer than Benjamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln. Books are not made by style alone. Even lyric poetry is estimated by its fervor and by its sincerity rather than by the dulcet phrases in which the lyrist has voiced his emotion of the moment. If verbal felicity alone is all that the poet needs, if he is to be judged only by the compelling melody of the words he has chosen to set in array, then is Poe the foremost of lyrists. Even the essay, the most narrowly literary of all prose-forms, is valued for its wisdom rather than for its phrasing. The essays of Stevenson, for example, will survive not because of their style alone, polished as that is and unexpectedly happy in their turns of phrase, but because the man who wrote them, artist as he was in words, had something to say—something which was his own, the result of his own observation of life from his own angle of vision. Style is the great antiseptic, no doubt; but style cannot bestow life on the still-born.

Not only do such critics as the anonymous writer from whom quotation has been made, persist in thinking of the literary merit of the drama as "exquisite prose" and "splendid verse,"—in other words as an added grace, applied externally,—but they also seem to believe that all plays possessing what they would regard as "literary merit" stand in a class apart. They are looking for a literary drama which shall be different from the popular drama. Apparently they expect to be able to recognize a literary play at first sight—and probably by its excess of applied ornament. And this attitude is quite as absurd as the other. In no one of the greater periods of the poetic drama have the plays which we now revere as masterpieces differed in form from the mass of the other plays of that epoch. They were better, no doubt, excelling in power, in elevation, in insight, in skill. But they bore a striking resemblance in structure and in intent to the host of contemporary plays which we now perceive to be hopelessly inferior to them.

So far as their outward appearance goes the great plays of Sophocles, of Shakspere, and of Molière are closely akin to the plays of their undistinguished contemporaries. It is in their content that they are immeasurably superior. They differ in degree only, never in kind. Shakspere early availed himself of the framework of the tragedy-of-blood that Kyd had made popular; and later he borrowed from Beaumont and Fletcher the flexible formula of the dramatic-romance. His genius towered above theirs, but he was content to appropriate their patterns. Molière modelled many of his earlier plays upon the loosely knit comedy-of-masks of the Italian comedians, and the difference between his work and theirs is not external but internal; it is the difference between adroitness and cleverness on their part, and supreme comic

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genius on his. Probably it was this apparent similarity of Shakspere's work and Molière's to the uninspired efforts of their competitors which prevented their contemporaries from discovering their pre-eminence—the pre-eminence which is so obvious to us now that the plays of their fellow-craftsmen have fallen out of memory.

The blindness of the contemporary critic of Shakspere and of Molière, inexplicable as it may appear nowadays, has its parallel in the blindness of the contemporary critic in regard to "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." He had not the insight to see in these comparatively commonplace narratives the essential truth of the enduring masterpiece. He was seeking an outward and visible sign; he saw nothing unusual, abnormal, eccentric, in these books, nothing novel, nothing that cried aloud for recognition; and so he passed by on the other side. These books seemed to him in no wise raised above the common; they were to be enjoyed in some measure, but they evoked no high commendation; and the contemporary critic never suspected that these unpretending volumes, unlike the most of their competitors in public favor, contained the vital spark which alone bestows enduring life. He failed wholly to guess that these books had in them the elements of the universal and the permanent—just as he was unable to perceive that the more obviously literary, rhetorical, academic works he was ready enough to commend highly, lacked these elements and therefore were doomed soon to sink into deserved oblivion.

This is precisely the attitude of many a critic of our own time. He is looking for a literary drama which shall be different in kind from the popular play; and as he fails to find this to-day—as he would have failed to find it in every period of the theatre's most splendid achievement—he asserts that the literary drama is nowadays non-existent. He does not care to inquire into the genuine qualities of the plays that happen to be able to attain the "standard of material prosperity." He is quick to perceive the attempt to be literary in the plays of Mr. Stephen Phillips, because this promising dramatic poet has so far tended rather to construct his decoration than to decorate his construction; and therefore the literary merit in Mr. Phillips's acted pieces seems sometimes to be somewhat external, so to speak, or at least more ostentatiously paraded. He is forced to credit "Quality Street" with a certain literary merit, because Mr. Barrie has published novels which have an undeniable literary flavor.

Considering literary merit as something applied on the outside, too obvious to be mistaken, the critic of this type disdains to give to certain of the plays of Mr. Pinero the discussion they deserve. In the "Benefit of the Doubt," in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in "Iris," Mr. Pinero has used all his mastery of stage-craft, not for its own sake, but as the instrument of his searching analysis of life as he sees it. All three plays bring out the eternal truth of George Eliot's saying that "Consequences are unpitying." In all three plays the inevitable and inexorable catastrophe is brought about, not by "the long arm of coincidence," but rather by the finger of fate itself. In "Iris" more particularly we have put before us the figure of a gentle and kindly creature of compelling personal charm, but weak of will and moving through life along the line of least resistance—a feminine counter of the Tito Melema etched with such appalling veracity in "Romola." And Mr. Pinero has the same sincerity in his portrayal of the gradual disintegration of character under the stress of recurring temptation, until the woman is driven forth at last stripped of all things that she held desirable, and bare of the last shred of self-respect. The play may be unpleasant, but it is profoundly moral. It is not spoon-meat for babes, but it is poignant and vital. The picture of human character betrayed by its own weakness is so true, so transparently sincere, that the spectator, however quick he may be to discuss the theme, remains unconscious of the art by which the wonder has been wrought; he gives scarcely a thought to the logic of the construction, and to the honesty with which character is presented—literary merits both of them, if literature is in fact a criticism of life.

The shrewd remark of M. Jules Lemaitre must ever be borne in mind,—that criticism of our contemporaries is not criticism, it is only conversation. Yet there is sufficient self-revelation in the fact

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that those who have been ready enough to praise the "Lady of Lyons," with its tawdry rhetoric and its shabby morality, have not seen the superiority of Mr. Pinero over Lord Lytton even as a stylist, as a master of English, tense, nervous, and flexible, adjusting itself to the thought, never protruding itself on our vision, and yet withstanding verbal criticism when we take time afterward to subject it to that test also.

Just as the Elizabethan critics thought little of Shakspere because he failed to follow in the footsteps of the great Greeks, so some modern critics care naught for the best work of the dramatists of our own time, because this is not cast in the Shaksperian mould. The Elizabethan critics could not know the difference between the theatre of Dionysius in Athens and the tiny cockpit of the Globe in London; and there are their kin to-day who cannot perceive the difference between the half-roofed playhouse for which Shakspere wrote and the electric-lighted place of amusement to which we are now accustomed. These latter-day critics do not see why the haphazard structure which was good enough for Tudor times is not good enough for us; and they have so little sense of form that they are unaware how the change in the circumstances of performance have forced a more compact presentation of the theme than was necessary in the days of "Eliza and our James."

As Mr. John Morley has pointed out, "the prodigy of such amazing results from such glorious carelessness as Shakspere's has plunged hundreds of men of talent into a carelessness most inglorious." The history of English literature is strewed with wrecked tragedies, lofty enough in aspiration, but pitifully lacking in inspiration. These same tragedies, slovenly as they might be in structure and empty of dramatic energy, were cased in the traditional trappings; they were divided into five acts and they were bedecked with blank verse; and contemporary critics made haste to credit them with the literary merit these same critics do not even look for in "Iris" and in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," tragedies, both of them, of a purifying pathos that Aristotle would have understood. In fact, there would be no great difficulty in showing how near Aristotle came to an explicit assertion that in the drama "literary merit" is almost a by-product—valuable, no doubt, like many another by-product, but not the chief thing to be sought.

Mr. Pinero has recently discussed Robert Louis Stevenson as a dramatist, and his lecture contained passages which every man of letters should ponder. He shows that Stevenson had in him the true dramatic stuff, but that he refused to serve the severe apprenticeship to play-making that he gladly gave to novel-writing. Mr. Pinero makes plain the further fact that Stevenson, who was ever a sedulous ape of the masters he admired, had here set himself a bad pattern to copy. This was not the loose and rambling Elizabethan model which had led Tennyson and Browning astray; it was the model of the cheap melodrama of the early years of the nineteenth century. "Stevenson with all his genius failed to realize that the art of drama is not stationary, but progressive," said Mr. Pinero. "By this I do not mean that it is always improving; what I do mean is that its conditions are always changing and that every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully . . . the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation."

This is what every great dramatist has done; it is what Shakspere did and Molière also; it is what Stevenson did not care to do, because he did not understand the necessity of it. He did not borrow the formula of the most successful of the plays which chanced to be pleasing the public just then. If he had done this, he could have put into this formula all the fine writing he so much enjoyed; he might have given to his plays the utmost polish of style. Instead of trying to write dramas externally like those popular in the theatre of his own time, and making them internally whatsoever he chose, he went back half a century and tried to revive a poor formula already defunct. The game was lost before the cards were dealt. He had refused to consider the conditions of the problem he was handling—"the problem of how to tell a dramatic story truly, convincingly, and effectively on the modern stage"; as Mr. Pinero described it, "the problem of disclosing the workings of the

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human heart by methods which shall not destroy the illusion which a modern audience expects to enjoy in the modern theatre."

Stevenson was here making the mistake which so many men of letters make when they turn to the theatre. He was going upon the theory that the drama is made literary, not from within, by observation and imagination and sincerity, but from without, by the application of fine speeches. His speeches were fine, no doubt, even though they were not in keeping with that special kind of play when it had been alive. But as it happened, that kind of play was dead and gone, and no injection of oratory would bring it to life again. And here the Scotch story-teller failed to profit by the example of the French poet whose romances he had so sympathetically studied. Hugo had also a gift for oratory and a talent for fine speeches; but when he yearned for theatrical success he went to the most popular playhouses where the plain people gathered, and he adopted as his own the formula of play-making which was proving its value in these Boulevard theatres. This was not in itself much better than the formula Stevenson borrowed and did not trouble to understand—indeed, the two are not unlike. But Hugo had made his choice half a century before Stevenson; and when he made it he was taking possession of the very latest fashion.

Hugo's formula is now fallen out of mode, yet his plays have accomplished their three score years and ten. It was Hugo who declared that there are three classes of theatre-goers whom the playwright must please: the crowd that demands action, the women who wish for emotion, and the thinkers who seek for character. And it was Hugo's early rival as a play-maker, the elder Dumas, who asserted that the only rules he knew for success upon the stage were to make the first act clear, the last act short, and all the acts interesting. A dramatist who shall accept the formula which has been found satisfactory by his immediate contemporaries, and who shall succeed in making all the acts of his play interesting alike to the crowd, to the women, and to the thinkers, will of a certainty achieve literary merit without striving for it specifically.

For we cannot repeat too often that in the drama "literary merit" is a by-product, as it is in oratory also. And we cannot assert too emphatically that the drama has an independent existence—that it does not lie wholly within the domain of literature. "The art of the drama" so Mr. Emile Faguet has assured us, "touches all the other arts and includes them." The drama is not intended primarily to be read in the study; it is devised to be performed on the stage by actors before spectators. It has a right, therefore, to avail itself of the aid of all other arts and of enlisting them in its service. This is one of the reasons why those who have studied the secrets of this art are inclined to esteem it as the noblest and most powerful of them all. As M. Faguet has declared, with that sympathetic understanding of the essential principles of the drama which is common enough in France and only too rare elsewhere—"it is not contradictory to the definition of dramatic art that it can synthesize in space like painting, that it can synthesize in time like poetry, that it can synthesize outside of time and space like music, that it can unite all the arts without forcing them to interfere the one with the other, and therefore without taking from any one aught of its force or aught of its dignity; that it can unite them all in a vast, powerful, and harmonious synthesis embracing the whole of life and the whole of art."

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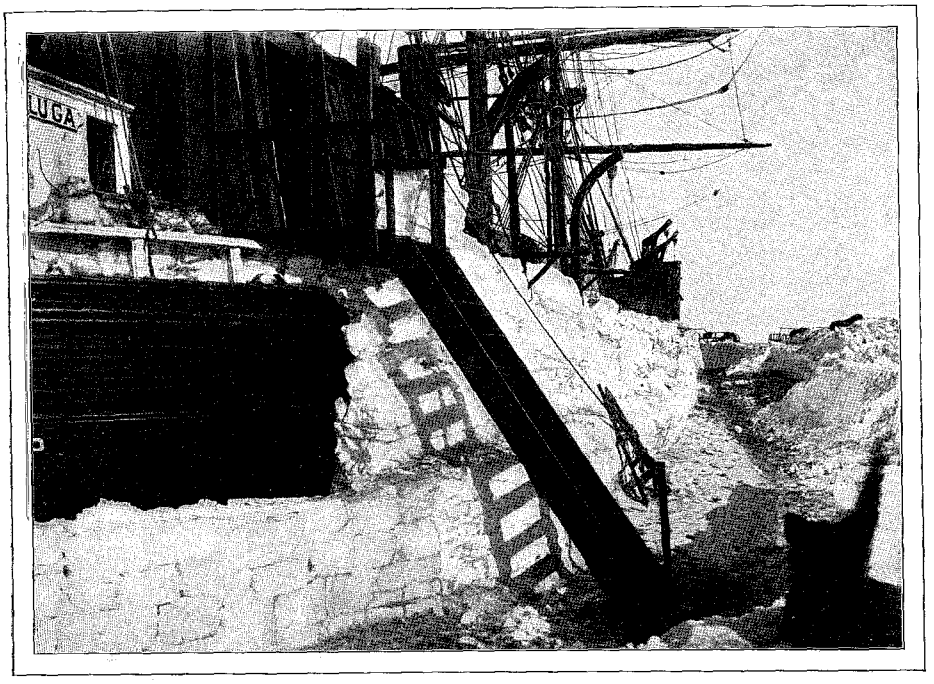

Whaler in winter quarters.

CAMP LIFE IN ARCTIC AMERICA

By Andrew J. Stone

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ARCTIC AMERICA is anything but a merry playground for campers-out who have tastes only for luxurious things, but even its most forbidding regions hold fascinations for some men. I can hardly believe that most men who go into the Arctics are attracted there through any particular phase of life to be found there, but rather by some particular thing they hope to accomplish.

I found no charm in enduring cold and fatigue and suffering hunger and the many other deprivations one must experience within this atmosphere of desolation and gloom. I found pleasure only in the acquisition of a more perfect knowledge of the physical features of those regions, the people and the animal life, and to know these by personal observation I endured willingly all the attendant evils of travel in such a country. To know it one must travel it, and to know its people and its animals one must see them as they live at all times of the year. To do this brings one to face a great variety of conditions and often compels one to endure many things seemingly impossible to human beings.

In the winter of 1898–99 I sledged twice across the most northerly reaches of the Rockies, three times through the entire length of the Mackenzie delta, twice along the coast west of the delta to Herschel Island, and twice along the coast east of the delta as far as Dolphin and Union straits, making important corrections in our charts of the coast country to the east and travelling with sledge in the one winter over 3,000 miles. I spent six of the

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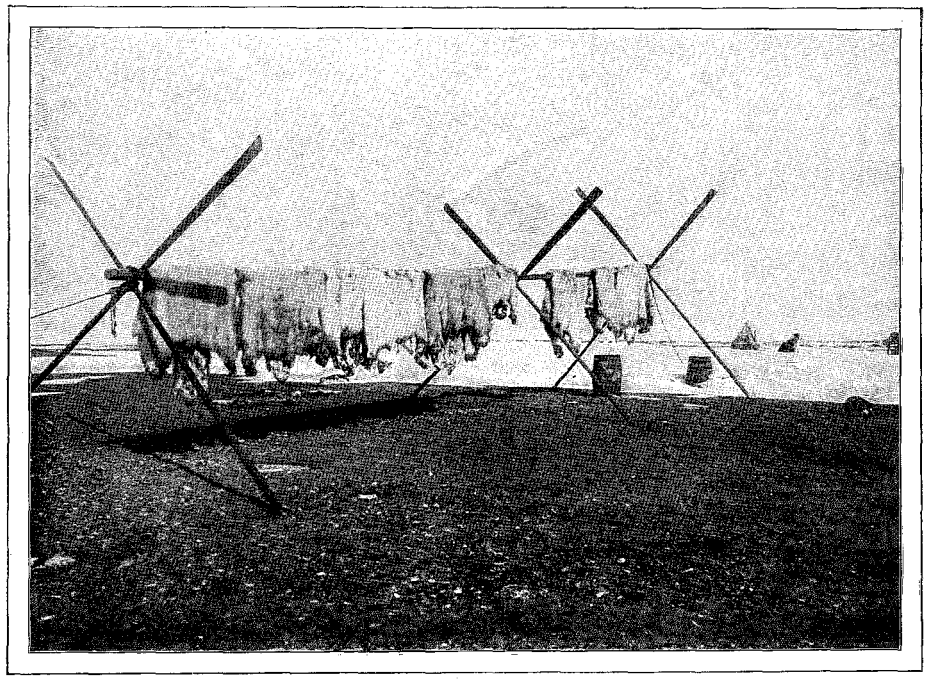

Some choice Polar bear skins.

winter months in camp and travelled 155 days. Blizzards are frequent during the winter months and the traveller must fully understand how to protect himself against the force of their awful fury. I experienced many of them. While crossing the Rockies, myself and two men, with our dogs and sleds, were almost carried away, on the very summit of the range, in a storm so blinding that we could scarcely see even a few feet. On the head of Copeland Hutchinson Bay on the Arctic coast we were compelled to remain in camp through a forty-eight-hour blow, that buried our dogs so deep in snow that we were compelled to almost dig them out when we fed them. We prevented our tent from blowing away by building around it a heavy wall of the solidly packed snow. We were fortunate in having fuel and did not suffer, but the life inside such narrow walls was so monotonous that we resorted to every conceivable thing possible to us to counteract the depressing effect, even to stripping off our footwear, rolling up our trousers, and running three times around the camp in the howling cold, before coming in. It was a severe ordeal, but a splendid way of keeping up life and courage.

It was on Cape Brown that I experienced the most fearful blizzard possible to imagine. With me was one white companion and a Loucheaux Indian. The coast country of all this region is very low and level and we had travelled hard all day in an effort to cross Cape Brown to Russell Inlet, knowing our only chance for fuel was in reaching the coast, where we might possibly find some drift-wood. Fortune smiled upon us most graciously, for we reached the coast and found an abundance of wood near a little level plateau convenient for camp. Men and dogs were in good spirits and the evening, though very cold, was calm, promising an ideal Arctic night. I had no thought of storm, but was delighted with the abundance of wood and the prospects of a hot cup of tea, for no climate in the world can provide a greater thirst than an Arctic night. Our little tent was soon up, the small sheet-iron stove in place, my big caribou skin spread down as a rug on the smooth floor of snow, and our sleeping-bags put in on top of that, and

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In camp with the Eskimo on Allen Channel the last of May.—The end of sledding.

camp was complete. Then we ate our supper of pemmican (dried moose meat pounded to a pulp and filled with the fat) and hard biscuits. We could have only an allowance of these, as we were living on a ration of slightly less than thirty-two ounces per day, but we had all the tea we wanted. After supper I fed the poor hungry dogs their ration of whale blubber and dogfish, and then I thawed the ice off of their moccasins and dried them and darned them by the light of a candle and made them all ready for the next day, then made my notes of the day's work, and crawled into my sleeping-bag quite tired enough to go to sleep. For all this camp duty always added several hours to the day's work, and it was late before I could get to bed. I awoke the following morning almost suffocated. The tent had blown down on top of us and the snow was drifting hard upon top of that, and a storm was raging with a fury beyond description. Arousing my companions we managed, with difficulty, to get out of our bags and from beneath the heavy mass of snow and canvas. We always slept in our deerskin suits, and this was very fortunate, for we only had to slip on our big fur mittens, which we kept inside our sleeping-bags to keep them from freezing, and we were ready for the worst. The wind struck us with a force that made it difficult for us to stand, the atmosphere was so full of flying snow that we could scarcely see, and the roar of the storm was so great we could not hear each other speak. The sound of it was exactly that of the wind and water during a heavy storm at sea.

The only sign I could find of my sled-dogs would be when I would stumble over a mound of snow and discover there was a dog inside of it. At such a time a practical knowledge of how to do things saves many a life. The snow of these regions is always hard, packed by the winds, and we set to work with axes cutting and carrying huge blocks of it and building walls with them around our camp. For three hours we worked with all our might, building heavy walls on three sides until they were almost as high as our heads. Then we cleaned the snow off of the top of the tent and once more erected that and made it fast. Then we

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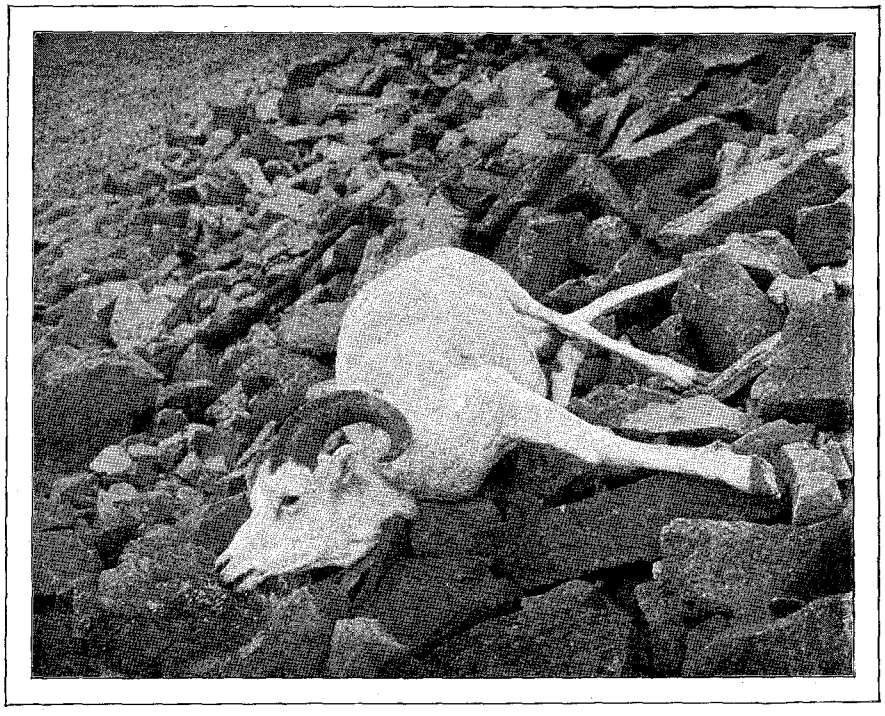
dragged out our bedding and deerskin rug and shook the snow out of them and rearranged the camp inside. Luckily we had prepared a lot of wood the evening before, and the stove was soon again in place and a fire going.

Never was anything quite so welcome as our hot tea after that fearful awakening. Not only was such work of the most laborious kind, but the severity of the storm was beyond the endurance of any but the strongest of men accustomed to the elements of an Arctic winter; but I had experienced months in camping and travelling this coast, and had learned to face every sort of thing that came to it.

Just seventy-two hours of monotonous inactivity, with a growing scarcity of food, was experienced in this camp before the storm ceased, and during the whole time the dogs never stirred except when we shovelled them out to feed them. Our provisions had become so low that we were compelled to share a part of the dogs' dry fish, which we would boil three times a day with a little rice. This I regretted very much, for they were thin and very much worn out from long, hard travel on scant food.

Leaving camp in the morning after the storm had passed, we travelled all day across Russell Inlet in the face of a fearfully strong, cold wind, reaching Cape Dalhousie just at night. Not a particle of wood could be found, and tired and thirsty and hungry, we dug a deep pit in the snow, in which to sleep protected from the wind, put our sled to windward and fastened our tent above us, and then kicked our way into our frozen sleeping-bags. At nine o'clock the next morning we found a little wood, and stopped to make tea, after which we crossed Liverpool Bay to Nicholson Island, a distance of forty-five miles, a long day's run. Two days later we found a whaling ship frozen in at Cape Bathurst, where we took a short rest and, securing food, continued east.

I left camp one day to the east of Darnley Bay and followed the general course of a stream in hunt of musk-ox. In the afternoon I grew fearfully thirsty. I did not have so much as a cup in which to melt snow or ice, even though I could find



A beauty, and the first food of any kind we had for forty-four hours of travel.

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Male caribou of a new species, discovered by author.

fuel. The case seemed hopeless, but it was not, for I was determined to have a drink if I could find anything that would burn. On a high gravel bar I found some little broken pieces of willows that had at some time drifted down stream and lodged there, and with these I set to work to secure a drink. I went on to the level river ice and with my jack-knife cut a little trench in the surface of the ice about fifteen inches long. At one end of it I chipped out a basin the size of a saucer, at the other end I placed a small block of ice that I had secured from a broken-up jam, and against this block of ice I stacked my bits of dead willow and set them afire. My little saucer-like basin at the other end soon supplied my wants.

To travel such countries successfully, one must be strong, self-reliant, practical and resourceful. With these qualifications only can a man bring his work within the bounds of a possibility. It was in these very latitudes and only a short distance from my furthest point east that the entire Franklin expedition of 129 souls perished, leaving not a single individual to tell the story. Such a fearful tragedy is almost beyond the conception of the experienced Arctic traveller, and yet circumstances must have woven around them a net-work of difficulties through which none of them was strong enough to break. Had the blizzard caught me in the snow-pit at Cape Dalhousie without fuel, instead of at Cape Smith, where we had plenty of it, my fate might have been very different.

There is abundant animal life in Arctic America and it is all of the greatest interest, but is in every way very different from that found in temperate zones. The attitude of birds and animals in temperate regions, when undisturbed, is a happy one —the reflection of the sunshine and the warmth they absorb from their surroundings. In the Arctics solitude has spread her wings over the great, limitless expanse of frozen waste, and every kind of life is affected by their depressing shadows. The birds and animals have not the same merry voices or playful manner possessed by

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their southern relatives. Though life is everywhere, it is a quiet, stolid, almost monotonous life, and throughout almost the entire year a stillness that is painful to contemplate pervades land and sea. The few exceptions are the roar of an occasional storm, the grinding of the ice-fields, and the arrival of our feathered friends in spring. Aside from these, one hears only the occasional weird sounds produced by the croaking of a lone raven or the howl of a wolf, and yet the whole of the animal life is as much at home as animals in any other part of the world. They are fitted to their environments, content to know only such things as these afford.

The one great break in the monotony of the whole year along the Arctic coast is the coming of the birds in the spring—the nature of it is almost violent. The last of May they begin to arrive. The notes of the first few comers are musical, and buoy one with a feeling of messages from home and friends. But the stream of birds rapidly grows, and the few first joyous notes merge into a ceaseless, hideous, distracting din, that robs one of his rest, and for a few days becomes unbearable. Swans, cranes, geese, brant, ducks, gulls, and terns swoop down upon the coast by thousands. The old birds are delighted at the sight of the old family nesting-ground and the young ones at reaching once more their birth-place, and the thousands of them are all talking and screaming at the same time. The contrast of the now endless days of sunshine and abundant and animated life, with that of the still Arctic night, is very great.

In a few days, however, each happy family has settled down in its own little home, and quietude reigns supreme through the short summer, and then again sets in the long solitudinous night.

Many interesting things may be learned of the birds that annually visit the Arctic coast for the purpose of bringing up their families; of their reasons for going there, and of the intelligence displayed by them in many ways. They have not the enemies there they have further south. The fox is very nearly their only foe, and they find so many ways of avoiding it, that it would surely go very hungry were it dependent on birds for food. Little islands in lakes and streams that are free from foxes become great nesting-places, and the birds swarm to them until, on many of them, every available space suitable for nesting is pre-empted.

When nesting on the mainland or where exposed to the depredations of the cunning little fox (though really the white fox is not at all cunning when compared with the red one) the weaker birds seek the protection of the stronger ones in the most interesting manner. The Canada goose has but little fear of the white fox and makes its own defence if disturbed, and the swans delight in driving it from the field by pelting it with their great, strong wings. Large numbers of the great snowy owl nest in the same regions, and they too are more than a match for the fox. The timid little snowy goose, and many others of the weaker varieties of birds, find protection by nesting alongside the swan and the owl, leaving them to do the battles of the neighborhood. It is the quiet peace and mutual protection birds find in bringing up their broods that cause them to travel yearly to these far-off lands, and it is upon the mating-grounds one is afforded the best opportunity of studying them.

Both sea and land furnish interesting studies in animal life. During the few weeks of the short summer the monster bow-head whale finds a congenial playground among the vast fields of broken ice, and pays its annual dues to the commerce of the world by contributing baleen (whalebone) to the value of millions of dollars.

In July and August of each year, the beluga or white whale visits Allen Channel and its many small inlets in great schools, and the Eskimo gather there from hundreds of miles along the coast to join in the capture of it. These white beauties of the sea, often weighing a ton each, are the base of the food supply of the primitive people who live upon these desolate shores. From it they put away each year great stores of meat and fat that serve as food for themselves and dogs and provide oil for their lamps, while from the skins they cover the frames of their comiaks (family boats), make their dog-harness, sled-lashings, and every kind of lines and toggle they require.

It is difficult for one to conceive how,

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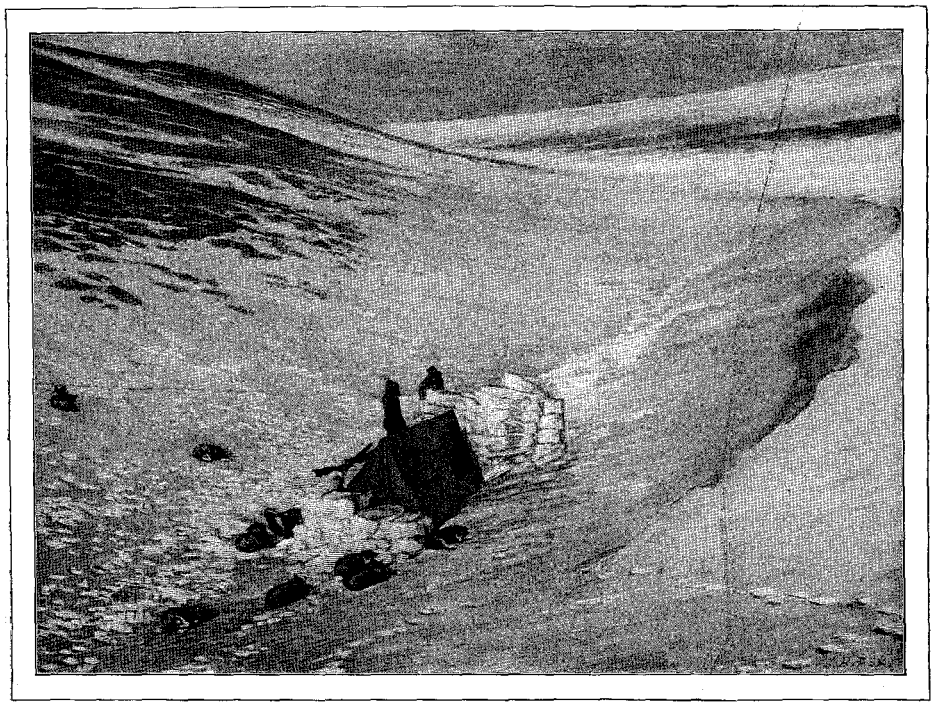
in this land of ice and gloom and solitude, so many beautiful animals live out their existence in perfect content.

The little harbor seal lives most of the year beneath the ice. As winter approaches and the new ice forms above its feeding-ground, it will make a hole in the ice for a breathing-place and visit it daily. As the ice grows deeper and deeper, often reaching a depth of ten to fifteen feet, it will keep this hole open large enough to admit the passing of the body, and in the very midst of the relentless Arctic night it will climb out daily through this aperture to the surface of the ice, leaving for a short time its subterranean life for a breathing-spell in the open air, it matters not how cold the air. In doing this it will often experience a sudden change in temperature of seventy to ninety degrees with no evident discomfort.

Far out to sea the winds and currents cause the mighty fields of ice to break and separate, and the Polar bears (the ice bear of the Eskimo) wander up and down the edges of these open lanes of water, watching for seal, never hesitating to plunge into the icy depths at the sight of their prey. Dragging their helpless victims upon the solid ice, they will enjoy their dinner in the midst of storm and frost, with their long shaggy coats of tawny white hair soaked and dripping, with not the slightest thought of inconvenience. A human being subjected to such an experience would freeze almost instantly. I never heard of one of these animals playing, or in any way indicating a happy disposition, but the severest cold of an Arctic night is to them a matter of perfect unconcern. Down into the water they go, and then out across the fields of ice, in temperature so low that one fails to see how they escape turning to solid ice.

Just inland, on the open plains, the timid caribou live throughout sunless winters, digging through the snow with their broad, flat hoofs to find their daily food of moss and lichens, little heeding the relentless cold of the long, cheerless night.



In camp in a storm near Darnley Bay, on the Arctic coast.

In a basin between two hills, with the tent in a three-foot excavation in the snow and snow walls built higher to protect the tent.

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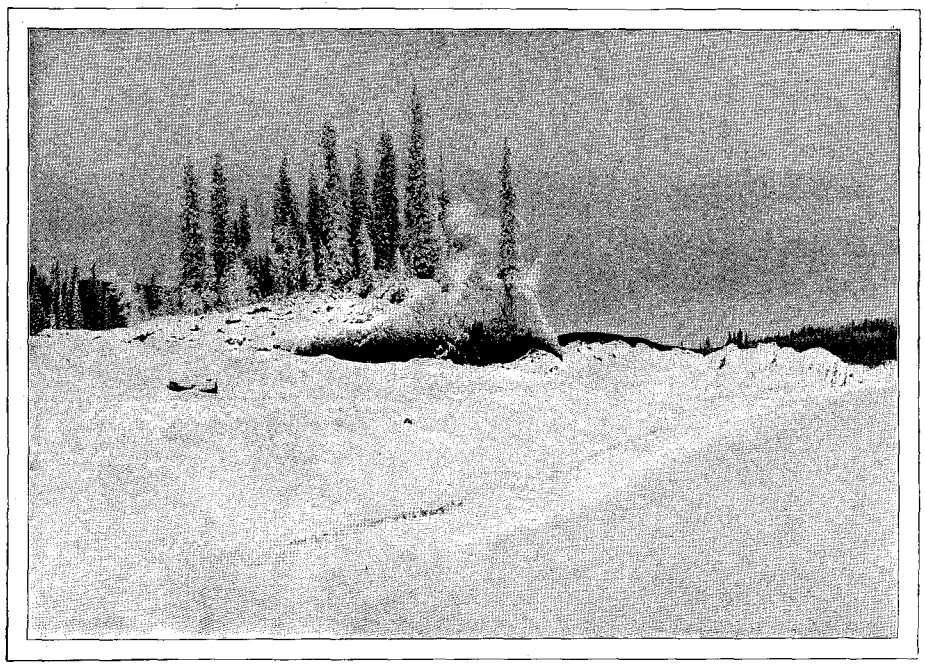
In the most northerly reaches of the mighty Rockies, as they trend west along the Arctic coast, the beautiful white sheep (the Ovis Dalli) find a home. Who can fail to admire the magnificent ram who proudly walks the highest storm-swept and barren rocky ridges in midwinter, where no sun has shed its warming light for weeks? They cannot so well dig through the deep snow for their food, for their hoofs are not large enough, and they must therefore seek the crest of the highest ridges, where the wind keeps the little plateaus swept clean of snows and the single tiny blades of dry grass that peer out from between the rocks are left exposed to furnish them the food that gives them warmth and strength with which to defy the elements. Magnificent, proud, beautiful animals; white as the snow that furnishes their only bed—timid in the presence of man, but grandly courageous in the face of that which is beyond his endurance—content with their lot as the little deer that roams the tropical forest!

Here and there, across the spotless fields of white, trips the little Arctic fox, so nearly the color of the snow as to often give it the appearance of a ghost-like shadow travelling before the wind.

The splendid long, heavy coat of the musk-ox, unequalled by that of any other animal on the American continent, with its soft silky lining, insures it perfect protection in the highest latitudes, and it has been found almost as far north as man has gone, living in northern Greenland and in Grant Land upon vegetation that would seem inadequate to sustain any sort of life. In color it shades from brown to black, a striking contrast to that of all the rest of the animal life of such regions. The Polar bear, Arctic fox, and Arctic hare, all found in the same latitudes, are white.

The wolverine has honestly won the reputation of being the greatest thief in the Arctics, and the wolf, that of being the most depraved character. A pack of wolves when pressed by hunger does not hesitate to fall upon one of their own number and sacrifice it to their beastly cravings. They are utterly lacking in conscience, and the young or weak of every class of land animals suffer from their wanton lack of mercy.



Winter on the Liard River.

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"If anyone comes in while I am gone, treat them yourself."—Page 622.

THE RESOURCE OF RANDALL

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON-WATKINS

"THE place may be all right to paint in, but it's a fallow field for the practise of medicine. It's so confoundedly healthy. There wasn't a single case of typhoid fever here last summer, but we hope for better things this year."

The artist sighed sympathetically.

"It seems as if you ought to get something from the Hunt Club once in a while. I read in the paper almost every week about someone getting smashed up."

"Sunderland gets all that. He ambles out to the meet on that long-legged giraffe of his, follows the thing along and renders first aid to the injured, then rides home, shoves his hunter between the shafts of a buggy and starts on his errands of mercy. I can't afford to join the club, and I'm too heavy to ride anyway."

"Why don't you try to break in through the Golf Club?" suggested his friend.

"I have, but the luck was clean against me. First time I drove off I sliced the ball and it flew through the window of the clubhouse and came near knocking the President's eye out. They stretched him out on the window-seat and telephoned for Sunderland."

"Adding insult to injury," commented the artist.

"There seems to be a fate in it," continued the doctor, savagely, "there's plenty of work among that rich summer crowd, but I don't seem to be able to get in the

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thin edge of the wedge. Why, do you know, the only patient I've seen to-day was that Jew peddler that went out as you came in, and he called because when Mary cleaned the windows this morning she put my shingle back upside down and he saw it as he was going past and took it for a Yiddish sign."

"Do you go out much socially?" asked the artist, presently.

"Not a great deal. I don't think it pays. If you don't drink when you're asked to they put you down for an unsociable brute, and if you do they shake their heads when you're gone and say that a doctor that drinks can't be depended upon. Besides, about two minutes after you've downed one cocktail, you get a hurry call to the bedside of the President of the local W. C. T. U., and in the rarefied atmosphere of her saintly bed-chamber, that one cocktail is more in evidence than a dog-fight at a Wednesday night prayer-meeting."

The doctor arose and lighted his pipe.

"Another thing I've noticed," he went on, as one who having started the pebble, calmly watches the avalanche of his troubles, "the woman who shows you her chest and shoulders at a dinner is strangely loth to show you her knee-cap in the sanctity of your office. More so, in fact, than the woman who has never considered you except from a professional point of view."

"It all sounds pretty rough," commented the artist, "but what is the ultimate outcome?"

"Oh, just the spin of the wheel. If you play long enough your lucky number is bound to come—only you want to be on hand to claim your stake." He walked across the room and picked up his medicine case.

"Just make yourself at home. I'll be back in twenty minutes. Got to run down and look at a sick baby—charity patient, of course. I'm quite rich in them just now. They're as frequent as kittens. If anyone comes in while I'm gone, treat them yourself, and we'll take a trip to Europe on the proceeds."

He departed heavily, and the artist fell to contemplating the vista of elm-shaded street that stretched away from the door of the doctor's cottage. While so engaged the peaceful monotony of the view was suddenly broken by a high English dog-cart which swung smartly around the corner and rapidly approached the house. It was not until it had turned sharply in toward the doctor's gate that the numbed perceptions of the artist realized that there possibly was the turn of the wheel of which his friend had so recently spoken, and he, alas! not there to claim his stake.

The excited artist was able to enjoy a careful scrutiny of the occupants.

The dog-cart drew up at the door, and from his ambush behind the window-screens the excited artist was able to enjoy a careful scrutiny of the occupants. Perched on the raised driving seat sat an athletic looking girl, whose pretty face was strangely familiar, while beside her sat a man at one glimpse of whose world-famous features the now quivering artist needed no further introduction. The gentleman, who was past middle age, portly, shaggy-eyed, and immaculately well groomed, began the descent with such perilous unsteadiness that the artist, whose only hope was in some way to delay the callers until the return of his friend, felt obliged to hasten to his aid.

"By Jove, Doctor!" exclaimed the gentleman, "I was just about to give it up and drive on home and send for Dr.

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Began the descent with such perilous unsteadiness.—Page 622.

Sunderland. I have given this confounded ankle of mine a twist and it's pretty nearly killing me. I don't think the real damage to the ankle——"

"Is as great as the damage to your soul in delaying medical aid," commented the girl.

The perplexed artist found himself upon the horns of a dilemma. Realizing that whereas to say that the doctor was not at home would be to lose for his friend the one star case of the season, to withhold such information seemed to be to expose himself to no slight personal risk. He recognized at once the famous trust magnate, John M. Dorr. The lady was undoubtedly his daughter.

In the swift mental conflict that ensued in the artist's brain, loyalty to his friend triumphed over base turpitude. The first strategic movement most obviously consisted in landing the patient safely within the professional walls, after which, if necessary, he might defend the door with his life's blood. With a skilful assumption of an expression which in his mind seemed to mingle humane compassion with professional interest, he swiftly offered his

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The hazardous ascent of the steps was made without mishap.

shoulder and honeyed words of condolence at one and the same time.

"Most unfortunate. How did the accident occur? But perhaps you had better let me first get you comfortably into the office. I will send my man out to hold the horse."

His "man" was as much a piece of imagination as the artist had ever constructed of colors, but the words welled forth prettily, and the search for the man would mean a heaven-sent delay.

"Thanks," replied the girl, demurely, "but I will tie him to the post. He stands very well."

Rather aghast at this piece of information, the artist was tempted to suggest that the cries of the patient might cause the horse to break his bridle, but reflected in time that such information would hardly prove reassuring.

"I think it would be better for me to have him held, as some patients are apt to drive in at any moment. In fact, I expect some in a drag about this time."

"Oh! damn the horse!" snapped the magnate, "how about my ankle?"

"If you will just drop your weight on my shoulder," began the artist. The magnate followed the instructions, and the artist being broad of back and tough of sinew, the hazardous ascent of the steps was made without mishap.

"Much easier to come up than it would be to get down," puffed the artist, with rare presence of mind. The patient grunted.

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The girl in the meantime had snapped the chain on the horse's bridle and was following up the steps.

"By the way," remarked the artist, as the patient with a sigh of relief sank back into an armchair, "in my sympathy I may have omitted to remark that I am *not* Dr. Melville."

"What?" roared the patient, leaning forward so suddenly that his weight came upon the injured ankle thereby producing a snarl of rage. "Do you mean to say you put me through all this for the privilege of waiting for him, after my telling you that the only reason I came here was to get immediate treatment?"

His demeanor was so terrifying that the artist quickly abandoned his plan of frank and simple honesty.

"By no means, sir," he hastened to answer. "I simply remarked that I am not Dr. Melville. I am his assistant, Dr. Randall, and as my specialty is in fractures and dislocations——"

"Oh, yes, yes, I see. Pardon me, Doctor, but I misunderstood you."

"I did not know that Dr. Melville had an assistant," began the daughter in her limpidly disconcerting voice.

"He did not until recently, but the growth of his practice, especially accident cases, made it necessary for him to procure someone to help him."

"What is Dr. Melville's specialty?" asked the girl.

"Er—er—diseases of the—er—general system, and operations on the organs, with a special regard to eye, ear, nose and throat, appendicitis, and diseases of the heart and stomach."

The blue eyes of the girl opened wide.

"What a sweeping specialty!"

"Oh, a country practitioner must be pretty well up in everything," explained the artist, glancing furtively at the clock and longing to wipe his handkerchief across his dripping forehead. "He has also had a great deal of experience in insanity and diseases of children, also malaria," he added, fearful lest he might have omitted something.

"What school are you, Doctor?" inquired the patient.

"Oh, the—er—College of Physicians and Surgeons," panted the artist, purposely misconstruing the question in his fear of electing a cult antagonistic to the medical convictions of the patient.

"I think we had better get off this shoe in order to study the comparative relations of the tarsal bones," he hastened to add, inwardly thanking Providence for having retained this fragment of his course in art anatomy. "You must know," he went on hesitatingly, but with the air of one carefully choosing the simplest terms of expression that he might not confuse a primitive intellect, "that the ankle, or more properly the upper part of the foot, is composed of a number of small bones bound together by ligaments, and sometimes when the ankle is wrenched these bones get jumbled up together like—like—" he cast about desperately for a simile, "like—er—kernels of corn in a chicken's crop."

The patient glanced at his foot with

All the names upon the bottles were but suspicious strangers to him.—Page 627.

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"It is known as a most excellent preparation where tissues appear to be of exceptionally high grade."—Page 627.

some misgiving. The lady's limpid eyes rested admiringly upon the artist.

"How intensely interesting—what do you suppose can be nature's object in this arrangement, Doctor?"

"I am afraid you would not understand it if I were to explain it to you," answered the artist with a smile, cadaveric in its mirthfulness, "besides it would take too long and we must get this shoe off at once. I am afraid that the foot may swell so as to stop the circulation, in which case we might expect incipient gangrene——"

"For the Lord's sake get it off—quick!" gasped the patient. "Never mind the pain! *Cut* it off."

The artist drew the edge of his pen-knife along the shoe lace and pulled off the boot, then sawed carefully along the seam of the sock, and disclosing the injured ankle, gazed upon it with somewhat the air of one who, having struggled to the top of a steep mountain, surveys the view from the summit.

The foot had already commenced to swell and was exquisitely tender. Under any other circumstances the artist would have treated it locally and rationally and according to the laws of common sense, but in consideration of his assertions as a specialist in such cases, he felt called upon to accomplish something beyond the ordinary, which he at once proceeded to do.

"H'm," he remarked professionally, prodding the most painful places with an air of firm regret at the misery he felt obliged to cause. "There appears to be some local inflammation."

"How are the bones, Doctor?" queried the patient, anxiously.

The artist squeezed the swelling firmly before replying. "Everything appears to be in its place," he replied, conservatively, "but it will be necessary to stimulate the powers of healing by a counter-irritation."

From the expression of the patient it appeared that this course of treatment had

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already begun, but the artist was sympathetically firm.

Walking to a cabinet filled with bottles he proceeded to overhaul them, outwardly with calm professional scrutiny, but with an inward frenzy for finding one with a familiar label. He had hoped to find some iodine with which to paint the injured part, feeling confident in the stimulating mental effect of the ensuing discoloration. In vain, however, for all of the names upon the labels were but suspicious strangers to him.

At length, feeling the eyes of the daughter upon him, and a grunt of impatience escaping from the sufferer, he desperately selected the nearest solution, which appealed to him owing to its rich burnt sienna hue. Taking a camel's-hair brush from a little bundle on the doctor's desk he proceeded to paint the more inflamed region with a dexterity of touch that seemed to impress both father and daughter.

"What a beautiful color scheme!" remarked the girl, pensively. "Might I ask the name of that preparation, Doctor?"

Like a flash the supple mind of the artist reverted to his college course in chemistry. His agile tongue repeated the formula of an old enemy without a hitch.

"Why, certainly. It is known as Dimethyl-amido-azo-benzol, and is a most excellent preparation for cases of just this character, where the tissues appear to be of exceptionally high grade."

The magnate stole a glance at his daughter and nodded sagely with an expression which seemed to say "At last, my dear, we have got the real thing." But the girl only rested her dreamy eyes thoughtfully upon the kaleidoscopic ankle.

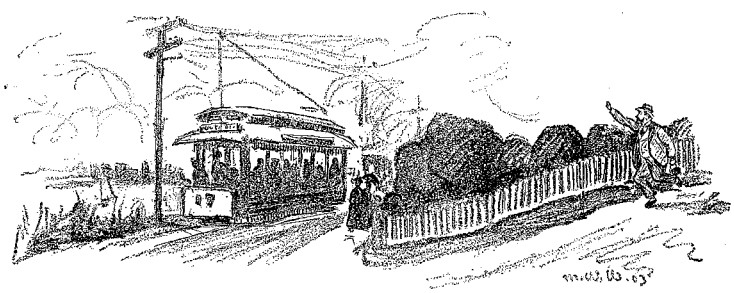
"Now," remarked the artist, surveying his work with supreme satisfaction, "we will permit the ankle to swell, and to-morrow or next day, when the tenderness is somewhat subsided, it will be well to put it in a splint." He did not add that it might be necessary to send his associate to perform this office. "I think," he went on, "that in consideration of the pain and subsequent depression of the injury, it would now be wise for me to prescribe a full dose of stimulant."

The gratified expression on the face of the magnate gave way to one of such genuine admiration that the sensitive soul of the artist expanded in a rosy glow. Having previously discovered the location of some rye whiskey of unusual quality, he immediately produced it, on observing the label of which, the admiration on the face of his patient deepened to a look of absolute respect. The fair face of the daughter, however, preserved an enigmatical calm.

"Doctor, shouldn't I have a bandage on it?" inquired the magnate.

"Why—er—I think not," replied the artist, profoundly distrusting his ability to apply a bandage with the skill that might be expected of a specialist. "You see," he continued, hurriedly, "if the bandage is applied now it would prevent the curative action of the sunlight. What I want you to do," he went on with desperate calm, "is to keep the ankle exposed to the direct rays of the sun for the rest of the day. The effects of such treatment are really miraculous!"

The magnate nodded with the complete scientific comprehension to be naturally expected of one who had amassed a fortune in pork. The blue eyes of the daughter gazed into the soul of the artist as a child might look into a lake. The hand-



The next moment the doctor was dashing out to meet the car.—Page 628.

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some features of the artist were aglow with professional zeal, which expression gave way to keen apprehension as, happening to glance through the window of the office, he caught sight of the large figure of the doctor just entering the gate.

The soul of the artist was smitten with a pallid fear. Knowing the utter lack of histrionic qualities in the strong but simple nature of his friend, his heart was shadowed by the black dread of calamitous possibilities which, given a little time for explanation and preparation, might be easily averted. Before he had committed himself he would have welcomed the advent of the doctor as the lost traveller welcomes the dog of St. Bernard; now his entry would but precipitate a tragedy.

The Machiavelian diplomacy of the artist did not desert him at this crisis.

"Ah!" he remarked, "Here comes my associate, Dr. Melville. If you will excuse me I will run out and tell him of an urgent call that has come in since he went out."

The artist met the doctor half way up the path.

"What's the matter, Frank?" asked the latter, rather startled at the look of excitement in the face of his friend.

"Telephone call. Couldn't make it out very clearly, but I think they want you down at the depot right away!"

"H'm. Accident, I suppose. I'll run in and get my instruments and gear."

"Oh, never mind that!" gasped the artist in dismay. "They—er said for you to get right down as quick as you could. I—er—sent all your things down by a messenger!"

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed the doctor in surprise.

"I'll just look around and pick up what you overlooked anyway." He took a step toward the door, but the artist seized him by the arm.

"Don't stop, old man. They said that they were trying to get Dr. Sunderland—and—here comes a car now. I think it was J. M. Dorr that was hurt, and it seems as if this were the chance——"

The name of his rival had proven a magic word, however, and the next moment the doctor was dashing out to meet the car.

"How warm you are!" commented the girl, as the artist returned, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Yes," he remarked with simple honesty, "I suppose that when I have been in practice longer I will not take my work so seriously, but just now every new and important case——"

"Seems to require all of your resource?" suggested the girl.

"Precisely!" replied the artist, glancing at her with a strange misgiving.

Poured himself a liberal libation.

The artist obtained a large, new sock of the doctor's, and drawing it carefully onto the foot of the patient for the drive home, assisted the now genial magnate to the carriage, repeating his instructions for the care of the injury. A minute later the dog-cart was whirling down the drive, and the weary artist, returning to the office, poured himself a liberal libation and sank back limply into the chair just quitted by his patient.

. . . .

With an inscrutable expression the doctor listened to the artist's description of the case.

"Show me what you painted on the

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ankle!" he demanded in an odd voice at the conclusion of the tale.

Rather nervously the artist pointed to the small vial on the table.

"H'm—Gentian violet," muttered the doctor, non-comittally. "What was the other?"

The artist produced it from behind a stack of books.

"H'm." The heavy brows of the doctor came down over his gray eyes. "Chrysarobin, eh?" He relapsed into a portentous silence, broken only by the aggressive ticking of the clock and the labored breathing of the artist.

"Wh—what will it do?" he ventured at last in a quaking voice.

"Lift the hide as you'd peel a pancake off a plate," replied the doctor, indifferently, "probably leaving an extensive, incurable ulcer," he continued, with the gusto of a Methodist elder discussing future damnation.

"And me an orphan!" wailed the shivering artist.

"I doubt if the damages could be estimated in terms of cash," continued the doctor, gazing at the ceiling. "It would be more a matter for the criminal courts. Here, put down that bottle. Where are you going?"

"To commune with Nature!" replied the artist, weakly. "She is the only parent that I have."

. . . . . .

When the artist called the following morning the doctor was out. The artist tremblingly awaited his return, which was not long delayed.

"How is it?" were the first trembling words of the artist.

"She has a bad follicular tonsilitis," replied the Doctor, calmly.

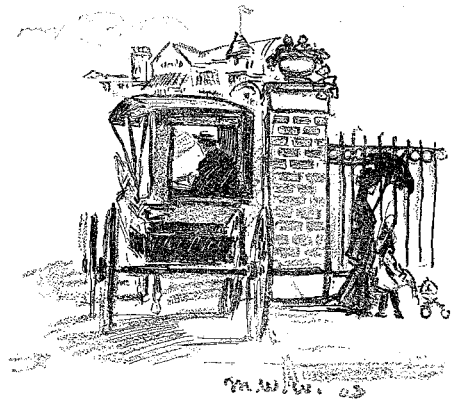
"*She!* Who?" demanded the outraged artist.

"Why, Colonel Dorr's housekeeper, of course!" replied the doctor in a tone of surprise. "He sent for me to go and see her this morning."

"Oh, damn the housekeeper!" cried the maddened artist. "How is the old man's blooming ankle?"

The doctor looked at him with an expression of pained surprise.

"Why, my dear fellow, you can hardly expect me to mix myself up with a criminal case of that sort—to say nothing of professional etiquette. Besides, I doubt if he would let me interfere with it. You're a specialist, you know. He's been expecting you all the morning, and when I passed his room the sounds coming from within were quite enough to prevent me from entering. No, you've got to keep up the bluff, my son—it's the only course now open."



It required all of his courage to guide the horse through the massive gateway.

Deep black rings were forming under the fine eyes of the artist as without a word he strode majestically from the room and climbed wearily into the doctor's buggy, but the pride of his bearing and glitter in his eye bespoke the line of heroes from which he claimed descent.

When he reached the stately summer home of the Dorrs it required all of his courage to guide the horse through the massive gateway and up the long winding drive which led to the house. As he drew near his faintness of heart was not relieved by discovering a gay party assembled on the piazza, who as he approached, appeared to indulge in what he considered a most ill-timed levity in view of the unfortunate condition of their host. The artist, however, in spite of his sensitive temperament, possessed the fineness of temper of a Toledo blade, and once having laid out his plan of action would only modify it in the case of a better plan presenting itself.

Miss Dorr came forward to meet him as he stepped out of the buggy, and the artist thought that he detected a shade of sympathy in her big blue eyes.

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"I am *so* glad you have come, Doctor, as Father has been getting worse and worse——"

A shiver ran down the spine of the artist.

"The ankle?" he began, speaking with a dry mouth.

"I was referring more to his disposition," said the girl. "Will you go right up?—Is there anything that I can do?"

"Er—I think you had better come along," replied the artist, with a frantic effort to throw a note of professional indifference into his tremulous voice. "I might need some assistance." Inwardly he felt a strong conviction that this last statement was one of the very few truthful ones that he had made.

They made their way to the patient's room, where, to the ecstatic surprise of the artist, he was greeted most affably.

"It appears greatly improved, Doctor—in fact will bear a little weight, but I'm getting mighty sick of sitting here all day holding it in the sun."

"H'm, yes—quite natural," murmured the artist, who had completely forgotten this feature of his treatment. With bated breath he leaned over to look at the injured ankle.

"Why, by George! it actually looks better!" he exclaimed, surprised out of his self-control.

"You don't speak as though you had any undue confidence in your treatment," commented the girl.

"My dear young lady," replied the artist suavely, "possibly my tone is misleading. I am only surprised at the power of your father's recuperative ability. He must be a man of powerful vitality."

A glow of pride spread over the features of the patient, and his chest visibly projected.

"Your tissues possess the elasticity of youth," went on the artist to the gratified patient. "All that is necessary now is rest, daily light massage, and I would advise keeping up the general physical tone by the judicious use of stimulants."

"Just what I would advise myself," replied the gratified patient, nodding wisely. "Appears to me to be a most sensible course of treatment."

"Aren't you going to paint it again?" asked the girl in a disappointed tone.

"No," replied the artist, shortly. "Why?"

"It looked so pretty," she murmured, "and then you paint so well, you know," she added, looking at him innocently.

A rush of inspiration, the brilliancy of which was positively dazzling to him, suddenly suffused the being of the artist.

"Speaking of painting," he remarked, "I might say that the study of art has always been my favorite recreation. In town I actually have even gone so far as to rent a studio, where I spend the little time which I have at my own disposal."

A puzzled look, followed by one of positive chagrin, spread over the girl's pretty face.

"Usually I paint portraits," pursued the artist, "but this summer I hope to do a little landscape work. The reason that I speak of this is because I could not help but observe from the first glance what a strong, splendid type Mr. Dorr would be to put on canvas. Not only that, but it seems to me that it is the actual duty of a man of Mr. Dorr's prominence to at some time sit for his portrait, and his present incapacitated condition seems to present such a rare opportunity——"

A conscious look appeared upon the face of the magnate, who surreptitiously glanced at his reflection in the mirror opposite.

"But, Doctor, do you really do serious work?" he asked in surprise.

"I have three times exhibited in the Society," replied the artist, modestly.

"Why, bless my soul—you don't say so! Go ahead, then, by all means, and if you do pretty well by me, I might get you to do a portrait of Nellie here."

The artist glanced at the girl, and metaphorically licked his professional chops.

"You are very kind," he replied, cheerfully. "I will bring up a few things tomorrow morning when I come to rub the ankle, and make a sketch or two."

With a few brief directions gleaned over night from the doctor's Manual of Surgery the artist made his adieus. As the door closed behind him the magnate turned to his daughter.

"A most remarkable young man that, Nellie. If he's as good a painter as he is a doctor, I'll expect to see something very fine."

. . . . . .

The apple-blossoms which were sprinkling the velvety lawn like snow-flakes,

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"I am *so* glad you have come, Doctor, as Father has been getting worse and worse."—Page 630.

when the artist had paid his first visit to the country home of the Dorrs, had ripened into heavy, succulent fruit. Beneath the bough bending under the weight of luscious Strawberry Sweets sat the busy artist in rapturous contemplation of the daughter of the house, who leaned against the tree-trunk, one rounded arm resting on a low-hanging limb. Beside the artist stood an easel: the most unobtrusive chaperone ever invented by the mind of man, and in the present instance far from overworked in its part of the little drama there enacted.

"And what did papa say when you told him that you were a sham medico?" asked the girl.

"I did not put it in just that way. I told him that whereas I had always felt that I possessed the component parts of a famous healer, through no fault of my own, these faculties had never been trained. You see that rather let him down by degrees. Just the difference between dropping out of a balloon with a sandbag or a parachute. When I finally landed on his bump of comprehension, he swelled up until I thought he was going to burst —and then he did burst, but fortunately it was with laughter. Finally he admitted that nothing was impossible to a man with a nerve like mine—so I feel encouraged."

"Don't let it carry you away!" warned the girl, with a toss of her head.

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"No, I prefer to carry *it* away," replied the artist, polishing an apple on his sleeve. The girl regarded him dangerously.

"Once when we were cruising near Bar Harbor," she began impressively, "I saw a sea-bird soar down and fasten its talons in something that was swimming in the water—possibly a mermaid. Then the bird tried to rise, but the mermaid was too heavy. For a while they struggled on the margin of their two worlds, neither being able, or possibly willing, to let go. Then slowly the bird was drawn after the mermaid, until both had disappeared!" She looked at him seriously.

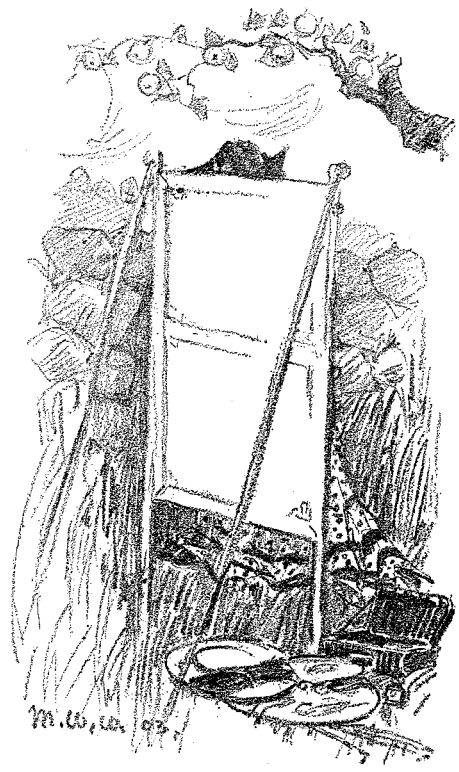
A dogged look, quite new to him, had stolen into the face of the artist.

"Right kind of a bird," he commented. "Knew what he wanted, and was going to have it, or nothing. I think I know how he felt, though, just as the water was closing over his head. That was how I felt when I came to look at your father's ankle!"

The girl's face glowed. "I *did* admire you that day. Of course I knew you were a painter because I had met you in Dupré's studio at a tea. You fooled me for a moment, though, when you spoke of being so fond of art in your idle hours."

"I shall never fool you again!" said the artist with deep conviction.

The girl rested her little chin on a pink forearm, and let her eyes wander dreamily down the shady vistas before them. The artist, with the soul of the true strategian, arranged the easel with its large canvas in such a manner as to completely eclipse the distant corner of the verandah.



"How fortunate that that easel happens to be just where it is."—Page 633.

"If you were only a little less plausible," began the girl, irrelevantly. "Our first meeting was under false pretences—and——"

A look of real pain crossed the fine features of the artist.

"But, my dear girl—it was entirely disinterested on my part. I was just trying to do my best for poor old Melly—and once I got myself all tangled up it seemed only decent to stand up and take the consequences like a little man. If I was resourceful enough to metaphorically pad out my small clothes a little——"

The girl turned away her head, and for the first time the artist remained silent and downcast.

"If I only knew whether it was through an underlying, irrepressible sense of humor—or an insatiate craving for deceit——" began the girl at length.

There was no reply.

"I can't believe that it is *all* deceit——" (tentatively).

"Because" (looking around a trifle), "your men friends all swear by you—and men don't fool each other as a rule when it comes to square dealing." Still utter silence.

"And, as you say, most of your insane performances are for the benefit of someone else—certainly Dr. Melville has profited by this one——" Another backward glance. "Why don't you say something?" (impatiently).

The artist stepped quietly to the lady's side and took one firm little hand in his. His face wore a look which had become more and more frequent during the last few

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weeks; entirely different from the happy-go-lucky expression of old.

"There is a time in the lives of all of us, my dear, when we cannot be absolutely sure, and it becomes necessary to take a chance. Sometimes it turns out well—sometimes ill. It is the great human lottery. Do you think that you would dare take the risk of marrying me some day?"

There was a rustle over head and a whispering below, and after a few minutes the girl spoke.

"How fortunate that that easel happens to be just where it is!"

THE POINT OF VIEW

FROM several quarters in the academic world complaint has lately been heard about the reading of college students—or rather, their lack of reading. The librarian of Columbia University has published tables showing how great is the amount of collateral and required reading in the modern curriculum. This, however, is task work. It usually means getting through a book with a "Thank Heaven, I'll never have to open *that* again!" and Librarian Canfield is careful to certify that his statistics yield no light upon the question how much or what students read for the joy of it. A Princeton professor has been more explicit on that point, and bewails the disappearance of the reading habit in college. The urgency with which he commends to his own classes the delight of long evenings with book in hand—and pipe in mouth—seems to argue strongly for the increase, even in the halls of learning, of that tribe whose voluntary reading, as Walter Bagehot put it, is apt to consist of one book per existence.

On Reading in College

It is not necessary to suppose that all students of two or three generations ago were great readers. There were idlers and vacant minds before this athletics-ridden era. Not every Harvard man of his day was a *helluo librorum* like Charles Sumner. Indeed, it was implied in Wendell Phillips's well-known allusion to the light burning on until two in the morning in Sumner's room, that the roisterers who blinked at it wonderingly or mockingly, as they got back to the Yard from Boston, were in a comfortable majority. It was, even then, the remnant that read. In the larger world of his time Lowell whimsically lamented his loneliness as the last of the omnivorous readers. It is certainly not only in college that the race of the *bibliophagi* has seemed bent on suicide. What with the multiplication of those who, with Disraeli, do not read books because they are so busy writing 'em, and the diminished power of attention which results in the reign of the big newspaper headline and in the demand for literature only in the form of predigested pemmican, it does sometimes seem as if the habit of reading would have to be painfully acquired by our descendants. The student without reading is as much a consequence as he is a cause of the tendency to surrender abjectly in the battle of the books.

There can be, however, no possible doubt that the student who does not read is losing the best of his college course. The testimony of men who graduated anywhere from twenty-five to forty years ago is unanimous on that head. It is astonishing, they tell us, how routine studies, and even all but their most virile instructors, fade in the memory. But the world of letters first dawning upon them—that earliest glimpse of Heine, that introduction to the critical spirit through Sainte-Beuve and Arnold, that eager watching for the next poem by Tennyson or Browning—there is something that abides. To be taught to read, and then to be turned loose in the library, is not a bad definition of the best that a college can do for a generous-minded boy. His reading in those susceptible and formative days is the best index not only of his taste but of his ideals. "What do the students read nowadays?" is the question which a philosophical observer always puts to the young collegians of his chance acquaintance. He can ascertain nothing more significant. Is it still Stevenson and Kipling, even Churchill and Tarkington? So far, good. But is it the latest tawdry novelist? Is it merely the flaming sen-

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sation of the hour? Then, alas for the jaded and unhappy middle life and old age which is in the making! Jowett once advised a weakly student to attack some large work, lasting for years, as the best means to health and content. The feeble boy lived to point, forty years later, to a monumental volume on an Oriental language. All college students cannot do that, but all may form a habit of reading which will bring them into life-long intercourse with the master spirits of mankind, and prove for themselves an endless refreshment and an unfailing resource.

IN a little group in one of the large lunching clubs of New York there were recently gathered in animated conversation an ex-President, an ex-Secretary of the Navy, and an ex-Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The youngest of them was sixty-six years of age, the eldest seventy-three. They have each had a strenuous and even arduous life and attained eminence in their professions as well as in public life.

Relative Age

A casual observer, seeing them for the first time, would have thought any one of them ten years younger than in fact he is. I wish there were some test of psychologic chemistry to determine the consciousness of age, and that records had been kept that I might know whether it is true, as it seems to me, that men do not feel as old at the same age as they did some two score years ago. Of course the mere impression of anyone, like myself, old enough to make the comparison from what he has seen and experienced, is not very trustworthy. It may well be that the men beyond sixty whom I knew in my youth did not feel as old as they appeared to me to feel. The impression is, nevertheless, pretty strong.

For one thing, I think that the difference between the older and the younger men in their common intercourse does not show as plainly as formerly it did. They meet on more nearly equal terms; they find more to enjoy in each other; their pursuits, whether of affairs or amusement, are more alike and are followed more in the same spirit. In the cities this is manifest in the growth of club life and in its character and manners. Ordinary club intercourse betrays curiously little regard for difference in age. It is genial, interesting, natural, easy for members of all ages, and often gives rise to friendships between older and younger of real sincerity and permanence. The club, if it be an established one, is often the home of fathers and sons, and it is interesting to note not only the relations between them, but those between their respective circles. They are usually cordial and often intimate, and if the difference in age counts it is likely to make the older more young rather than to sober the younger. While this is true of the city clubs, it is also true of like organizations in the smaller towns. Anyone who has had the opportunity of observing the life of the members of the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country, will, I think, agree that there is a striking proportion of elderly men among the active members, and that they are quite as apt as the younger in their aid to the wholesome pleasure-seeking which is a most valuable element in the work of the organization. An equally significant, if not so important a field for the study of this *rapprochement* of the young and the old is the golf links. It cannot be merely accidental that in the last twenty years the surface of our land has been dotted all over with more or less expensive reservations for the practice of what is the only satisfactory old man's out-door sport known in American experience. And on these reservations, swarming as they are with the young also, the elderly taste the common intoxication with as much zest and are as welcome as those who are, in order of time, the next generation.

Nor, I like to believe, is there lacking evidence of the change I have noted, in family life. Parents and sons, perhaps even more parents and daughters, are more than formerly comrades with like interests, occupations, enjoyments, and this because the parents keep fresher the springs of sympathy with their offspring. Here, too, personal observation may be untrustworthy, but the testimony of current literature seems to sustain the inference. The spirit in which Thackeray described Colonel Newcome's sad discovery that he was not as welcome to Clive and his friends as he had fondly wished, is not the spirit in which a like relation is now treated. Current fiction supplies instances of the contrary. And if the elderly do feel younger than in former time, why is it not a natural effect of those complex forces which, as the actuaries assure us, have lengthened the average of life within the last century some fourteen per cent.? If, when we have completed the traditional three score and ten,

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we are warranted in expecting an extension of our lease, why may we not logically drop from our consciousness a dozen or so of the years we have borne?

On the Ownership of Yourself

A CERTAIN American man of letters likes to believe that he is modest, even if he is forced to admit to himself that his modesty may be due to the unfortunate fact that no one of his works of fiction has attained a sale of a quarter of a million copies. Whatever the cause of his modesty, he cherishes it carefully; but it had a rude shock last summer, which it survived only with great difficulty. He received a letter from a firm in Milwaukee stating that his "name and books are now so widely known that we desire to use your name and portrait on a cigar-box label." Here was fame suddenly thrust upon him in its most obvious form—or if not fame, its illegitimate brother, notoriety. The joy which a prima donna feels when the horses are taken from her carriage and her admirers insist on dragging her themselves from the opera-house to the hotel cannot be as acute as that which fills the soul of a modest man of letters when he is besought to lend his name and his portrait to a box of cigars. For a brief moment he perceived that he had a chance for once to be "in everybody's mouth," as the phrase is. He beheld his name attached to the Cigar That Made Milwaukee Famous. He looked forward and foresaw that bold letters in the primary colors might soon declare him to be either An After-Dinner Favorite or Generously Good.

There is no use in denying that he was sore tempted. He was assured that "the label will be as artistic as it is possible to make such labels," and that it "shall be used in the most legitimate manner." His attention was called to the fact that men and women of a distinction far outrivalling his had "given their consent to a similar use of their names"; and he read on the list of these men and women the names of the chief magistrate of the republic and of the chief humorist of the race, and also the names of two ladies of enviable philanthropic reputation. The letter which made the request was as alluring as it was courteous, and the modesty of the man of letters was almost plucked up by the roots. But it must have had a firm hold, after all, for it still lives; and the temptation was repulsed. The man of letters wrote to the firm in Milwaukee, and thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, and begged that they would excuse him. He rejected the flattering opportunity to be proclaimed An After-Dinner Favorite or to be hailed everywhere as Generously Good.

After he had posted his letter of refusal he recalled the pungent remark of Stephen H. Douglas when Pierce was nominated for the presidency: "Hereafter no private citizen is safe." He could not but acknowledge that he owed his own safety from cigar-box notoriety solely to the courtesy of the gentlemen composing the Milwaukee firm. Supposing that they had not been courteous gentlemen; supposing that they had been unscrupulous hustlers; supposing that they had gone ahead without his advice and consent; supposing that they had thrust his name and portrait on their cigar-boxes; supposing that they had insisted on pointing out his Generous Goodness in letters ten feet tall; supposing they had chosen to disregard his wishes and to outrage his cherished modesty—what redress had he? Had he any exclusive right to his own "name and portrait"? His name was his trade-mark serving to identify his books; could they attach this trade-mark to their cigar-boxes without his consent? His portrait was a part of himself; could they violate this privacy and paint the portrait on the house-top and at the edge of the gutter, in spite of his protest? In other words, did he own himself, or could anybody "jump the claim"?

These are interesting questions and they raise nice points of law, some of which are likely sooner or later to be passed upon by the courts. In the meanwhile one State at least has taken a step in advance and secured by statute the right of the individual citizen to own himself. On the first day of September there went into effect in the State of New York the Elsberg law "to prevent the unauthorized use of the name or picture of any person for purposes of trade." This law will do much toward providing the needed protection throughout the whole United States, even if the majority of the other States do not care to follow the example of New York, since no large advertiser will risk his money in any venture which is contrary to the laws of the most populous State in the Union.

It is to be hoped that this Elsberg law will be invoked to protect the person of the President of the United States, whose portrait—so long as he is our Chief Magistrate—ought

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no more to be used for advertising purpose than the flag itself. If any advertiser happens to be so lacking in elementary manners and morals as to wish to commit this indecency, it is well that there should be legal means of restraining him. The passage of this law is really a step toward a higher civilization, and a step of real importance.

René Bazin

SINCE long before that "home-staying youth," William Shakespeare, exercised his anything but "homely wits" on the subject, the minds of English-speaking people have been very curious as to France, and France has never been more interesting, more different from other lands, richer in changes and in puzzling developments, than in the generation since the downfall of the Second Empire. Through difficult, confusing, tormenting ways the people have been adjusting themselves to the novel and exacting conditions of real self-government in public affairs and to the equally trying conditions of modern industrial life, with necessarily profound modifications of their social life. The process has been, to an outsider, exceedingly complex and obscure, however close his study, and if one may judge by the literature and the journalism of France, it has been hardly less so to the natives; has been to them sometimes, it would seem, even more so.

One writer, however, modern France has "thrown up" to whom all students of her life, and especially those whose curiosity is rooted in affection—no other will be greatly rewarded—are deeply indebted. It is that modest and loyal gentleman, René Bazin, whose recent election to the Academy has attracted little attention compared with that of his companion in honor, the brilliant author of *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon*. To the literature of his country his contribution is not less rare, though it is less conspicuous; in its way it is quite as valuable—possibly more so. M. Bazin is peculiarly *de son temps*. His vocation is that of the intensely eager and sympathetic yet sane and conscientious observer. He has watched, with patient eyes often dimmed by tears, but not obscured, the passage of his people from the old conditions toward the new. His writings constitute a singularly informing *procès verbal* of the varied trials to which different classes have been summoned at the relentless bidding of what we like to call Modern Progress. In *La Terre Qui Meurt* he recites the struggle of the small land-owner with the fierce competition of the fertile lands beyond the seas, brought near by the development of machinery, transportation, and combination. In *Les Oberlé* he traces the heart-wringing, inevitable, possibly beneficent germanization of the conquered provinces, revealing its infinite pathos and recognizing the depth and range of the forces that guide and impel it. In *Madame Corentine* he touches lightly, but surely, the complication, the dislocation of domestic and social relations due to the legal relaxation of the marriage bond. In *Donatienne*—his latest book—he studies the life of the peasant—man and wife—dislodged from the ancient moorings by the rising tide described in *La Terre Qui Meurt*, and drifting, the husband into the almost hopeless existence of the *cheminau*, or wandering laborer, barely above the level of the tramp, the wife into service at Paris and then to the verge of the gulf of common prostitution.

The impression the studies of M. Bazin leave is by no means wholly cheerful. They are too searching and too nearly complete for that; the life they embody is sadly intricate and difficult. But they do leave with us a sense of the persistence in the French character, and particularly in the character of the common people, of precious qualities which the trials of the time do not crush or undermine, and which, as the imperative adjustment goes on, assure to the people a wholesome and reasonably fortunate future. Simplicity, patient energy, loyalty to the fundamental obligations of individual and, still more, family life; a rude, somewhat narrow, but steadfast and sustaining patriotism that is half pride, half stubborn affection for the past; above all, a silent semi-conscious heroism that faces danger and difficulty and change with no thought of surrender—these are the elements of the national character which M. Bazin discloses to us. It is needless to say that in his portrayal of the attitude toward life of his people, he reveals his own, and to the student of France he becomes not only the helpful guide, the instructive philosopher, but the trusted friend toward whom the heart goes out in gratitude and affection. That does not happen often with writers of any tongue, and least often with a writer of a foreign tongue, and it is as pleasant as it is rare.

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THE FIELD OF ART

ON SOME TENDENCIES IN CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART

EVEN in the field of art some consideration may be bestowed upon the weight of numbers;—that the great American public is seriously interested in the contemporary American art is, perhaps, not so frequently asserted as it was after 1876, or after 1893, and it is frequently vehemently denied. A very recent writer on the current university commencements calls attention to the fact that in all the colleges the scientific departments are encroaching on the classic, on the "humanities," as they were formerly called. He asserts that the college student is interested primarily in athletics, that he cares nothing for art, literature, or music, and never reads a book. (This, it will be observed, is far from meeting President Eliot's "new definition of the Cultivated Man.") That the national contemporary art is not duly appreciated at home, the painters, the potters, the sculptors, and even the musicians, declare. The annual exhibitions of the various societies do not awaken any more popular interest than they did twenty-five years ago, and in the number of visitors and the amount of sales not unfrequently show an actual decrease as compared with previous years; the portrait painters complain that they, the natives, are neglected by the wealthy classes of society, who import foreigners to execute their numerous and lucrative commissions (these foreigners being, in their turn, ignored by the native societies and committees); the anomaly is also presented, the painters assert, of a national capital (of the arts, at least) cherishing in its bosom an avenue full of dealers all sworn to discourage the national and encourage the cheap foreign. For American artists such social positions, such authority, such residences, as those of Leighton, or Alma-Tadema, or of the great Parisian artists of the *Institut* and the *Académie*, are wildly impossible. The United States is, moreover, distinguished from all other important civilized countries by possessing not one periodical of any importance devoted to the arts.

The lack of a national standard around which to rally, so to speak—the absence of patriotism, noisy or otherwise—is curious, and somewhat interesting. It does not arise from any critical rejection of the work of the native contemporary artists as unworthy, because equally unworthy work from across seas is accepted; and high vision and sound thinking in art are much more rare than good technique, in *all* countries. A certain facility in the purely material technical qualities is largely monopolized by some of these visiting foreigners, and appreciated by the public; the "Italian decorator" and the "Italian sculptor" flourish, in the Eastern cities at least. It is not impossible to find the most important places of public amusement, those with an international reputation, decorated by these alien professionals, quite unknown in the annals of the contemporary art,—even when, as in one or two instances, the mural paintings or sculpture had been, in the first construction, confided tentatively to native talent. This lack of a standard manifests itself in many other ways,—the handsome ballroom ceiling, *La Danse*, painted with unthinking facility by a *pictor ignotus* in Paris, will, when the owner's whim changes, be given over to a professional from the banks of the Tiber to completely transform. In more legitimate matters, as in the selection for a series of important works in monumental buildings of a number of good painters, without inquiring too closely whether they are all also decorative painters, the custom of older communities has been followed, with much the same results.

In spite of this apparent indifference of the great populace to art as such, encouraging symptoms, tending toward betterment, are not wanting,—as the official recognition, by the administration of Greater New York, of a commission to take charge of the official art of the municipality; the maintenance of im-

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portant annual international exhibitions of paintings and sculpture outside of New York City, notably at Philadelphia and St. Louis; and the absence as yet of visible symptoms of that decline in standards and execution so evident in European art, and apparently greatest in France. The characteristics of this contemporary American art are well known: a generally high order of technical ability and artistic sanity, a general temperance and discretion which hinders the artist from essaying foolish tasks, from going hopelessly astray with his Muse, from endeavoring to interpret with affected and imperfect workmanship incongruous or impossible themes,—as they constantly do in the Royal Academy. Enough good qualities and promises to enable this art to take its place among the great national schools of the day, honored abroad and worthy of somewhat more appreciation at home.

The struggle against popular indifference and neglect is, of course, a very old story in the long history of art; and there is no doubt that a little of it is a good thing. Too much coddling has encouraged the over-production of the weakly and unnecessary, ever since Lykurgos's time. The thousands of art students who have graduated from the schools in the larger cities within the last twenty-five years might have been a real menace to the country. As it is, they have probably served to raise the general, popular standard—at the cost of a myriad heart-burnings. The effect of the popular neglect of art varies of course with the individual; in very many cases the artist is driven to pot-boilers, and there is a definite loss. Even the more pecuniarily fortunate, not living in apprehension, may gradually abandon their ideals and lower their standards. The general diffusion of education and conventionalism has affected even the Latin Quarter; the long hair and the velvet coat have almost disappeared; the painter is no longer content to live in ostentatious poverty and to make of himself a Guy Fawkes in the street. Hence the inability to earn a comfortable livelihood in New York or Chicago becomes a very serious matter, and if the usual alternatives—teaching or illustrating, or possibly literature—fail, the artist, unless he be a man of good quality, will abandon his art, or debase it.

These small matters affect the individuals, and not the general principles; the great things of the creative faculties, of Art and Literature, lie in serene domains in which popular majorities count for nothing. It is still true, speaking largely, that Man, that noble animal, shares with his servants, the horse and the dog, and other minor creatures, a certain tendency to attach weight and importance (and frequently all the attributes of terror) to those things which to him are not commonplace and well defined. Art, being one of the very most important mediums through which he makes known to his fellow-men and to the surrounding worlds his perception of both the known and the unknown, thereby becomes one of the widest and strangest of human manifestations—very variable both in the nature of the things considered and in the manner of record thereof. Hence its importance in human society,—an importance which even the scientists are obliged to recognize. The question of St. Gaudens's "Sherman" is more serious on Clio's pages than that of the advisability of the "eye-bar cable" construction on the new Manhattan bridge. The capital of Massachusetts is, at this present writing, assuming even more than her usual airs of superiority because she has on view a collection of Sargent's latest portraits. No convocation of astronomers or metallurgists would so excite to pride. "And if there is something sacred in the artist's intrinsic superiority," say The Publishers in their preface to Tuckerman's "Book of the Artists," "is there not also something sacred in his function?" But, as there is for art no definite, imperial standard, preserved in the Mint or in the Tower, almost everything is a matter of controversy; it is even asserted that painting and sculpture are merely matters of good technique. All this subject is further complicated by the very varying modifications of men and their methods, brought about by national and individual idiosyncrasies, and by time.

National characteristics frequently disappear in the works of the painters and sculptors, or manifest themselves in a contrary sense. "American Art" has been repeatedly abused, even abroad, because it gave no demonstration of any peculiarly national school. Our qualities as a people, both individual and collective, it is needless to say, have been abundantly described—we know all about "our, etc., etc." But few of these fine and strenuous characteristics seem to manifest

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themselves in our contemporary art: in the very obvious matters of big canvases and ambitious compositions we are quite timid and unenterprising. Such huge pictures, portraits, landscape themes (sometimes unimportant), and (generally trivial) allegories as are common in the Royal Academy are unfrequent in American exhibitions; and the immense "machines" of the Paris Salons are a source of wonder to all good Yankee tourists. The American landscape painter's explanation of this lack of enterprise on his part is very prompt: "No sales;" he will, perhaps, add, that there is no particular reason for painting things so big. Both of these statements are quite correct; but the incongruity is striking. For another of his deficiencies, however, this painter has not such justification: this is, his indifference to noble line and dignity and style of composition, which has already been noticed in these pages. Possibly, this style of landscape painting is "academic," and the great American citizen is not yet academic.

The marine painters, from the very nature of their art, are forced to contemplate wider horizons, but "Dutch Fishing Boats entering the Harbor of Honfleur in a Heavy Gale," stately and laboriously built-up compositions such as "The Battle of Trafalgar at Three O'clock in the Afternoon"—which appears in two or three forms in every Royal Academy Exhibition—even as much of a marine "academy" as the late M. Clays was in the habit of painting—all these are practically unknown in cis-Atlantic ateliers, nor does there seem to be any prospect of their appearance. A more intimate, a simpler and better endeavor to suggest the sea and all that therein is, may be said to characterize the best of the studies of these marine painters—as in Mr. Homer's admirable and dramatic canvases. The battle painters, both of sea and land, are by no means unknown, but they are not nearly so important in numbers and influence as in the great European states; and the temporary impetus given this art by the late Spanish war seems to be already disappearing. In it, both military and naval, the tendency is to seek accuracy of detail rather than the grandiose or the poetical; the stress and the terror and the murder do not possess the painter's soul. Unlike Kipling's onyx-eyed white oxen he does not "see the souls of the dead arise." Of course, this careful and critical method of rendering is of far more value as a record than the purely imaginary and romantic pictures which formerly abounded in all the European schools of painting. In their conception of their art these artists follow the dignified traditions of the Revolutionary painters, Trumbull and West and Copley, encouraged in their adoption of modern costumes by the Father of his Country himself.

In the matter of national characteristics—at least, of those usually attributed to "the Americans"—*not* manifesting themselves in the contemporary art, something might also be said concerning the singular lack of bumptiousness revealed in the complacency with which landscape art has long been accepted as that in which the American painter peculiarly excels. As has been said aforetime, "What would Velasquez, or Michael, or Titian have thought of an artist who painted only landscapes—landscapes, that is to say, backgrounds?" It is probable that he would have been ranked somewhere below a good goldsmith. It is true that the landscape sentiment, as distinguished from a knowledge of *material* landscape, is a modern conception, that neither the Greeks nor the mediævalists knew it—the former, at least, only in connection with their graceful human personifications, the Hamadryads and the water nymphs, and that it is one of the greatest contributions to the richness of art; but it must be admitted, even by those who are not figure painters, that an art which leaves man—proud man—entirely out of her scheme is, to say the least, not very comprehensive. This reproach—a most unseemly one to address to "a world power"—is now happily removed from us; the mural painters have come to the front to redeem us, and in a most noble and important manifestation of art the United States takes a position amongst the foremost nations.

The qualities required for a good mural painter are so rare, and so much the result of careful scholastic training as well as of natural aptitudes, and, moreover, require for their fullest development such opportunities and advantages, that it is not much matter for surprise that the country waited long for the advent of these craftsmen. The sobriety, the general temperance and good taste, the avoidance of extravagance and unseemliness, which characterize American art, are as noticeable here as in other branches of painting and sculpture. There are none of

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those disorderly flights of fancy, of those wild cavortings in the clouds, of those grotesque bodily foreshortenings and scandalous reversals, which the European painters have inherited from their forerunners of the late Renaissance and the Decadence, and which they unfortunately still practise. There is in American work, also, practically none of that unregulated, wearisome, and excessive use of the nude female figure which vitiates so much of the contemporary art of Paris.

How much of this restraint is due to the artist himself, and how much to the exigencies of his client or patron, it would be difficult to say; it is one of the natural developments of the aforesaid American national character that the art worker works in probably stricter bondage to his employer than abroad. His own rank in the community is less assured than abroad; the usual patron—municipality, corporation, diocese or individual—is probably disposed to pass judgment and to issue decrees in all these æsthetic matters of which he may know naught. Added to these restrictions are those imposed upon the mural painter by the very limitations of his art,—to him, far oftener than to the easel painter, comes home that everlasting question of theory and of legitimacy of method. In their consideration for these most important rules of general harmony and consonance the American mural painters are frequently more praiseworthy than their European confrères,—it would probably not be possible to carry out here the decoration of a great building in such violently opposing methods as those which war on each other in the Panthéon and in the Paris Hôtel de Ville. This particular national school of painting may be said to be practically one school—there are no such divergencies, as, e. g., between Bonnat and Puvis de Chavannes.

In the work of the figure painters, painting easel pictures, several things are missing, as well as a wealth of invention, imagination, and research, and vast and scholarly compositions. Historical art is very little in evidence in the contemporary exhibitions, and the mystical and imaginative also. Canvases such as West's "Death on the Pale Horse" or Cole's "Voyage of Life" seem to be to-day impossible. Even Mr. La Farge no longer creates Lamias and Wolf-Men, nor Mr. Vedder, Lost Minds and Lairs of the Sea Serpent. Of those ignorant and perverted "mystics" who render the creations of a disordered imagination by most awkward and unpleasant technical methods, and deal mostly with "religious" themes—the most numerous and objectionable flourishing in Germany—there is not one on the surface in these United States. Such painters as Mr. Ryder and the late Mr. Blakelock represent a poetical imagination, excellent and quite within bounds; for, for art at least, the great world of the Imagination has quite as well-ordered laws as the lesser one of Reality. The sculptors—their Pegasi carrying at their heels the heavy weight of the material limitations of their art—naturally essay much less frequently these lofty flights, though one of them, at least, Mr. Barnard, has courageously endeavored to suggest the inexpressible in colossal marble and bronze. One of the many qualities or characteristics which are not to be found in contemporary American painting is that one which adds lustre to the "Spanish-Roman" school of some twenty-five years ago, and of which traces are still to be found in one or two of the best Italian painters (and in some of the earlier pictures of François Fleming and Louis Leloir)—a most unpedantic rendering of certain picturesque epochs and localities, of the fine flower of the artificial wit and civilization of the eighteenth century, done with the utmost possible skill and lightness of hand, directed by a quickness of spirit, a sense of humor, and a subtle irony that warn the spectator not to take it too sadly. Masterpieces painted apparently for the purpose of demonstrating their futility! Such a picture as Fortuny's "Spanish Marriage," or Villegas's "Christening," of the Vanderbilt collection, at present on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum, is very far indeed from our more conservative ways,—it is certain that these most skilful *raconteurs* wrought with their tongues in their cheeks and in great content. Possibly, if some of these particular things were not missing in the national contemporary art of painting, there would be less complaint, by the artists, of the popular indifference.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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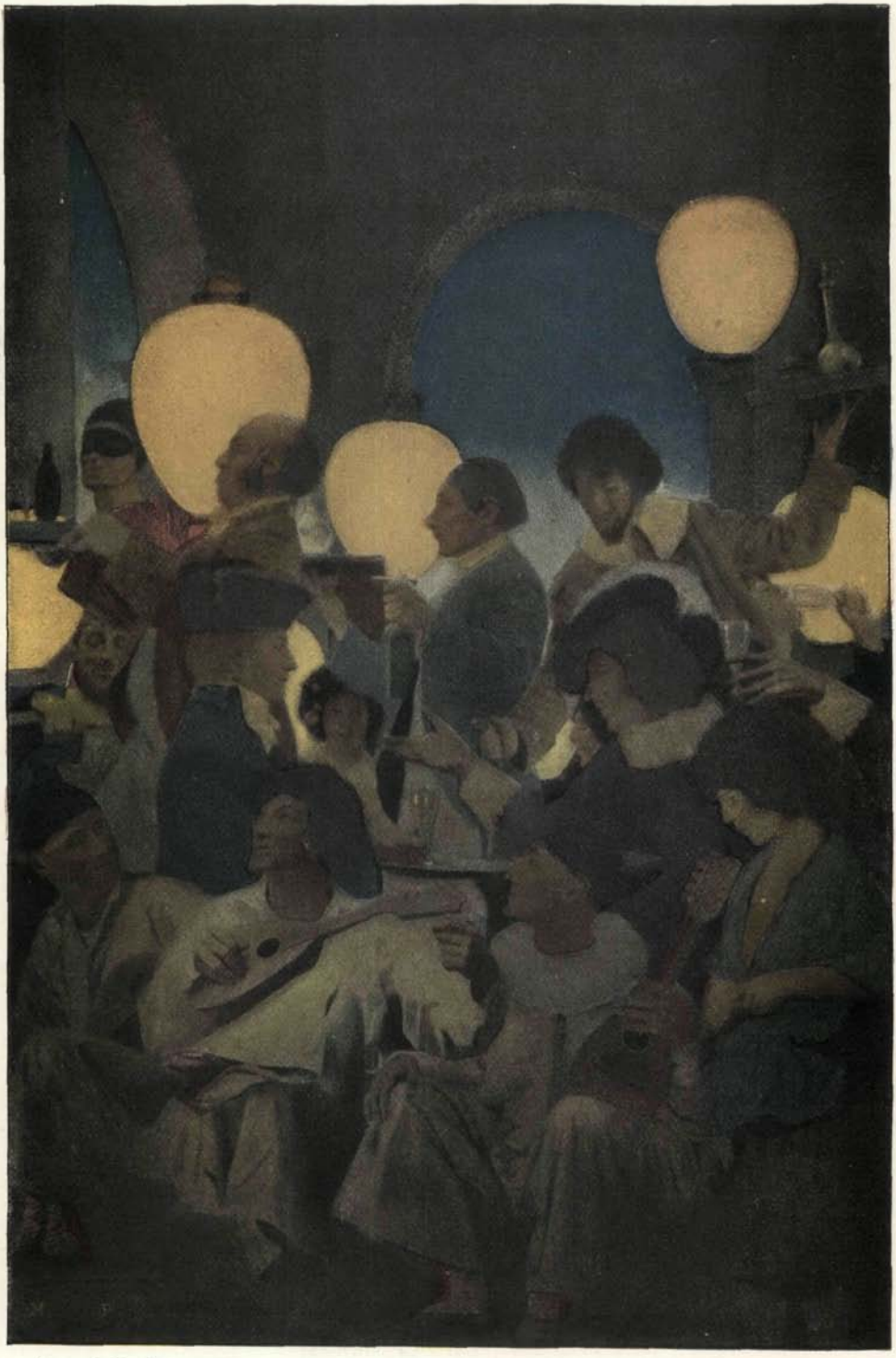

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

THE TWO YOUNG MEN WERE PRESENTLY HOBNOBBING OVER A GLASS OF CANARY.

—"A Venetian Night's Entertainment," page 643.

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